HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

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Literary Department

A VISION.

An ambient garment encircled her,
  Woven of mystic air,
And o'er her brow in beauty fell
  Long threads of golden hair.
A net of cloud-wrought silver
  Her tresses did ensnare,
And when I tried to touch her
  She vanished into air.

I sought her hand to clasp it—
  Her spirit hand—in mine,
For there it lay like a rosy shell
  Seen through the frothy brine,
And sense-entrancing odors
  In mists encompassed were,
From flowers which had faded
  In giving their breath to her.

But as I prest her airy hand,
  It seemed to melt away,
Though it left an impress where it touched,
  Like the kiss of a vanished day.
And as she floated by me
  She kindled my room with light,
Like a star that has drifted earthward
  To say to the world "Good-night."

Had she, then, a "good-night" for me,
  Down on this earth so far?
Yes, and had brought me a lily from heaven
  To lay in my bosom and wear.
At last to words her lips trembled,
  As petals of roses might
When the zephers stop to kiss them
  As they pause in wayward flight.

"This lily pure was sent to thee
  By one who could not stay.
But just behind the veil she waits
  Thine immortality."
This said, she smiled and kiss'd it,
  On my pillow there it lay,
Then into a turret of darkness
  She floated in cloud away.

And when I am sad and weary,
  With earth's dull masquerade,
I think of that night's sweet vision
  And what the angel said,
When on my restless pillow
  She laid this lily of love,
To strengthen me for days to come
  Till that one bright day above.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

LADY MACNAMARA'S STORY.

It was eight-and-thirty years ago, and I had been married five or six years, when I went to live at Manorbere Lodge. The ship in which my husband had been first lieutenant was paid off. He had got his rank as commander, but had no immediate prospect of employment afloat, so his mind naturally turned to the occupation he loved best, next to his profession—fox-hunting: a passion for which sport came to him by nature, as the second son of a Lincolnshire squire. His younger son's portion, with my dowry and his pay, though altogether making up a comfortable income, would not suffice for that very expensive amusement, unless we could find a house in a good situation, at a moderate rent; and we were looking for such a house, when one day Dick came in, radiant with expectation, to tell me he had heard of one beyond the dreams of avarice, or rather of economy. It was in the heart of the shires, within easy reach of three first rate packs, had capital stabling, and was all to be let by the year at a fabulously low rental.

It is a maxim with me that nothing is to be had for less than its value, so I was not quite so sanguine as Dick; but I agreed with him in thinking it was worth while that he should run down and look at the place.

He went down and came back delighted. He had spared no pains to find out what there could be amiss with the house, but had come to the conclusion that it was almost faultless. Indeed, it seemed to him such a prize that he had feared to lose it by delay, and had taken it at once for a year certain. "I am sure you will like it, my love," he said. "It is an old house, a great deal larger and handsomer than we want, but that does not matter." I was quite content so that he pleased himself, and a very few days saw us settled at Manorsbere.

I found the place all that Dick had said it was. The house as it now stood had apparently been only a wing of the ancient mansion. Part of the principal building had been completely pulled down, but for some reason or other a portion abutting upon the present house had been left standing, and was converted, the lower part into a cart-house, and the first floor into a place for carpenter's work, lumber, and so forth.

On the ground-floor the communication had formerly opened upon a passage running nearly the length of the present house. A similar corridor ran along the first floor, and here the disused part of the house was divided from the dwelling only by a strong oaken door, heavily barred and bolted. A staircase led up from the ground floor to this end of the corridor; but it was seldom used, as we inhabited the rooms at the other extremity, and the servants' chambers were reached also by a different stair. The door itself looked as if it could resist everything except treachery in the garrison, and even a traitor would have had some difficulty in removing the defences, so rusted were they in their places.

There was nothing at all gloomy about the house. The rooms were large and light, with the ample windows characteristic of the English houses erected before the imposition of the window-tax gave our builders their present traditions. The principal sitting-room was a very large one on the ground floor, looking nearly south, and catching all the sunshine in its bay-windows. These opened on a raised terrace, beneath which was a pretty flower-garden, and there was a paddock with fine trees beyond. The stables were of a much later date than the house, and were excellent.

Of course we soon made acquaintance with our neighbors, and the assemblies to see the hounds throw off on a fine morning, were very pleasant and sociable. We had no close carriage, and our house was at a considerabe distance from any visitable families, so at first we declined all dinner invitations. But that sort of thing never goes on long when those concerned are still young, cheerful, and sociable, and very soon we got into the way of going frequently to dine and sleep at our neighbors' places. At the very first of these dinner parties, the truth came out about Manorbere.

"It is very nice having you, and Captain Macnamara at Manorbere," said a certain lively Mrs. Brodrick to me, when we ladies went to the drawing room after dinner. "I do so hate having a house shut up; and, indeed, there was a talk last year of its being pulled down, since nobody would take it."

"But why would nobody take it? I think it so charming," said I.

"Well, perhaps it is foolish; but you know a great many people really do not like living in a house that has such a name."

"A name for what?"

"Being haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Good gracious! did not you know about the ghost?"

I burst out laughing. "So that is the reason of our getting it so cheap? I am really very much obliged to the ghost."

"How very odd that you should not have heard of it! But I am so sorry I mentioned it. You are so much alone there. I hope it won't make you uncomfortable."

"Thank you; it only makes me laugh. But do tell me the story of the house."

"Hush!" said another lady, "dont talk about it now. Here comes Mrs. Dormer" (our hostess), "and she never quite likes the subject."

My curiosity, however, being roused, I begged Mrs. Brodrick, the first time an opportunity offered, for a *tete a-tete* to give me particulars as to our *tiers-parti* at Manorbere. And this is the substance of her narrative.

The first family that had lived in the house was that of Colonel Fearon, a widower with three daughters. They were a very pleasant, cheerful set; hospitable as far as their means, which were not very large, would allow; and ready to promote or join in anything that was proposed in the way of social amusement. But unfortunately a few months after their arrival the colonel got a bad fall out hunting, and became a confirmed invalid. He recovered ultimately, but at that period it was feared that he never would be himself again. His nervous system was so affected by the blow he had received on the spine, that he could bear hardly any noise or company, and he was so weak as to be reduced to a wheel-chair in which to take air and exercise.

The family had selected for their own occupation the same set of rooms we had chosen for ourselves at the opposite end of the corridor from the condemned door, and the rooms near to it were reserved for guests. The hitherto gay and lively house had, however, for some time become quite changed in character, the girls giving up all society at home uncomplainingly, for their father's sake. Eleanor, the eldest, thought, however, after a time, that it was a pity her young sisters, Effie and Lucy, should be debarred from taking part in the gayeties suited to their age which were going on during the winter: so the girls took it in turn to go out two and two together, some neighboring matron being always ready to act as chaperon when they joined her at a ball or *soirée*.

On one of these occasions two young friends who had come to the same party from some distance on the other side of Manorbere, had been offered a night's lodging at the latter place to save them the long winter drive after midnight, and also that they might accompany the Fearons to a ball on the ensuing evening. Though it was not very late when the girls returned home, the invalid had retired to rest, and Eleanor was ready to follow his example, when she heard her sisters and their friends coming up stairs, and went out in her dressing-gown to meet them, and see that they had all things comfortable in their rooms. The girls were in high spirits, and, though subduing their voices lest they should waken their father, Eleanor feared that some incautious laugh or exclamation might disturb him; so enjoining silence by a gesture, she led the way to the chamber at the further end of the corridor, which had been prepared for her guests, stirred the fire into a bright blaze, lighted the candles, and told them now they might laugh and chatter their fill. The young folks did not hesitate to avail themselves of the permission, and hung over the fire discussing the party of that evening, and the prospects of the morrow's ball, till Eleanor declared she must take her sisters away, or they would talk all night. She had twice risen with this intention without getting them to follow her, and was now standing with the door half open in her hand waiting for them, when they saw her suddenly put her finger on her lips, and peep cautiously out; then she set down her candle, and stepped softly into the passage. The others ceased talking in a minute, and looked inquiringly towards her. "What is it, Eleanor?" whispered Lucy, coming to the door.

"The most extraordinary thing! I thought I heard the door open."

"What door?" said Effie.

"Why, the great barred door."

"My dear Nellie, you must be dreaming. It is time we went to bed, indeed," said Effie, laughing, and taking up her candle. Eleanor took hers also, but instead of returning to her room, walked straight up to the door and examined it closely, followed by Lucy, who looked at her in smiling wonder.

"Are you satisfied, dear?" said she, pointing to the cobwebs which in many places stretched across from the door to its lintel.

"Yes, I must have been mistaken. But it is very odd!"

"What did you hear, Nellie?" eagerly asked the others, coming to their room door.

"The first time I signed to you to be silent, I thought I heard footsteps coming gently and cautiously up the stair, and fancied it was one of the maids. They know I do not allow them to sit up so late, and I waited to see who it was, stealing up this way where they have no business. But instead of passing by this room, the footsteps seemed to stop at the top of the stairs, and then the door turned slowly on its hinges."

"Did you *see* it?" asked Lucy.

"O no! It only sounded so."

"The wind or something."

"Perhaps. Now do go to bed, children." And they all separated.

The next evening one of their visitors, Isabel Murray, being rather tired, declined to go to the ball, and said she would prefer staying to keep company with Lucy, whose turn it was to remain with her father. After he had gone to bed, the two girls became so absorbed in a game of chess that the time slipped away unobserved, and they then bethought them of sitting up for their sisters, to give them what is called in Ireland, "a raking pot of tea," on their return. The bright idea was immediately carried out. The tea-things were set in the guest-chamber, the fire was made up, the maids were sent to bed, and the girls, after partially undressing, met together wrapped in their dressing-gowns to enjoy the vigil. They had brought up their chess-board and books, but presently agreed that if they took a nap they would be all the fresher by and by; so, curling themselves upon a sofa, they were soon asleep. Perfect silence reigned throughout the house, and in the room nothing was heard but the soft breathing of the sleepers. Suddenly and simultaneously both awoke and sat up, Lucy's little dog at the same time starting from his slumbers and pricking his ears.

"Is it the carriage?" said Isabel Murray.

"I don't know. Something woke me, but I can't tell what. Yes, it must be," continued Lucy, as the dog went sniffing to the door, and she opened it and looked out. "I hear footsteps, but there is no light. How quietly they have come in!"

Just then Pincher, who had run out when the door was opened, came cowering back with drooping tail, and at the same moment came the grating sound of a door turning on rusty hinges, and then quietly closed. Isabel sprang to Lucy's side, and softly closing all but a chink of the door, stood listening. Nothing more was heard. The girls looked at each other, and drew a long breath.

"There's something wrong here, Lucy," said Isabel.

Lucy quickly shut the door, and bolted it.

"O Isabel, I am so frightened! Only think if anybody can get in here in the dead of the night! We may all be murdered!"

"We must tell Eleanor, and, of course, it must be looked to. But the strange thing is, that the door seems as if it had not been opened for a century."

"O dear! that's nothing. These people are up to all sorts of tricks——"

"What people?"

"Why, house-breakers and burglars!"

"I don't think it can be a burglar," said Isabel, "as he has been here already, and nothing appears to have been stolen. Perhaps one of the maids has a *follower* whom she lets in by stealth. What is there on the other side of that door?"

"I don't know. O yes, I do! A sort of lumber room and carpenter's work-room."

"We ought to go to morrow and examine it on that side. I do not think there is any danger for to-night, as the intruder, whoever he be, seems to have departed. What's become of Pincher? Did you shut him out?"

On examination, the dog was found under the bed, pressed closely against the wall, and trembling all over. Lucy had some difficulty in coaxing him out, and even when she had got him in her arms, her caresses failed to restore him to his usual spirits. "Is he ill, poor fellow?" asked Isabel.

"Only frightened, I think; but he is usually so courageous! I cannot understand it. You may be sure he has seen some one who has terrified him somehow. I wish the others were come home!"

After this the raking pot of tea was not so jovial an affair as they had intended. The two watchers had not quite got over their alarm, and the others heard their account with anxiety and uneasiness. Eleanor agreed that the first thing to do was to scrutinize both sides of the door, but cautioned them all to keep entire silence on the subject meantime.

The next day they made their investigation of the carpenter's work-room, which was entered by an outside wooden stair. Eleanor made the pretence of wanting a piece of old-seasoned wood for a drawing-board, which gave them an excuse for poking about unsuspected. Not only was the door, and all its adjuncts, as rusty and cobweb-tapestried here as on the inside, but they found heaped against it a quantity of wood, which had been cut up for making new hurdles.

"They might be put there only for a blind," Isabel suggested, in a whisper; so the astute Eleanor put a leading question immediately.

"Have you not been a long time about those hurdles, Jones?"

"Well, ma'am, the hurdles is ready, and has been any time these three weeks. It ain't my fault they bean't put up long ago, and I'd be glad to get 'em out of my way lumberin' here. Perhaps you'd speak about it?"

Eleanor promised to do so, and remarking that her father's illness had caused some neglect of out-door work, gave directions about her board and withdrew.

"No light thrown on the mystery yet," she observed, as they walked away. "That door cannot have been opened for years, I am positive." The Murrays were to leave the lodge next day. "I shall move into that room to morrow. When the servants know one of the family is close by, they will hardly dare to carry on any clandestine meeting."

"But that's no good," said Lucy; "if it is one of the servants, the man will be let in elsewhere. Dear Nellie, do get at the bottom of it. I am sure if you do not, I never can feel that we are safe for a single night."

"My child, it is not proved that anybody did come in. On the contrary, it seems impossible."

"We will watch to-night, anyhow," Effie.

When night came, however, Eleanor desired her sisters would go to their own rooms, as she thought so many of them together could hardly keep quiet enough to avoid giving some warning to the mysterious visitor. She also begged the Murrays to go to bed as soon as they were ready; and they had done so, though they could not sleep. And now, in the dead of the night, she sat in their room, the candle closely shaded and the door ajar, breathlessly awaiting she knew not what. She had, without saying anything about it, brought with her one of her father's pistols. The fire burned low and red, and everything was profoundly still, when the ominous creaking struck on their terrified ears. Eleanor quickly seized her candle and ran into the passage, followed by the other two, who instantly sprung out of bed. Footsteps were distinctly audible descending the stairs.

"Who is there?" demanded Eleanor. "Answer, or I shall fire!"

No voice replied. They held their candles over the balustrade, but no one was to be seen. At the same moment Lucy darted from her room, and came down the corridor to join the group.

"Is it broken?" said see hurridly.

"Broken—what?"

Lucy ran past them to the stairs, bidding them follow. "Look here," said she, showing them a thread, the two ends of which lay across the stair. "I tied this to-night to the balustrade, and fastened it into the wall at the opposite side. You see it is broken in two."

"My child," said Eleanor, "a cotton thread might easily snap, merely from being stretched too tight. That is no proof of any one having passed by. Indeed, I am certain nobody did, for I was out on this landing before he could by any possibility have got down stairs, and I must have seen him."

"How brave you are, Eleanor!" said Isabel, glancing at the pistol, and thence to her calm face; and shivering with fear and cold, she crept back to bed with her sister. As she carefully bolted her door inside, she could not repress an exclamation of thanksgiving that this was to be their last night in that dangerous house.

Eleanor now declared her conviction that the mysterious noises were produced by some occult vibration or echo, as is not uncommonly the case in ancient houses, and that they have nothing alarming in them. Lucy, however, would not be persuaded. Though she did not openly assert her incredulity, she ventured, by herself, to the terrible spot, next night, when all had retired, and tied a packthread firmly to the balustrade, fastening it with a tack to the opposite wall.

Waking in the morning, almost as soon as it was light, she immediately ran to look at her trap, and hurried back to Eleanor with the intelligence that the packthread was broken!

"How those stairs creak, at the end of the passage!" said Eleanor to her maid, as she was dressing her hair that morning. She had chosen that moment because, from the position Mrs. Wilkins then occupied, behind her chair, her Mistress could watch the expression of her face in the looking glass. "I heard them creaking quite loudly under somebody's footsteps, after I came up to bed last night. I can't think what took any one that way."

"None does go that way, *never*," said Mrs. Wilkins, emphatically.

"It is not the proper way, certainly, as there is the back-stair from the offices. But I have heard persons going up or down, while the Miss Murrays were here."

"I'll undertake to say that you were mistaken, ma'am. Not a servant in the house would go up or down them stairs after dark. Not for a thousand pounds, ma'am."

"What do you mean, Wilkins?

"I mean, ma'am, as they has a bad name. Them's the parts that's haunted."

Haunted! Rubbish. Who put that into your head?"

"You may call it rubbish," said Wilkins, resentfully, "but words can't alter things. Them stairs is haunted; all that knows about the place will tell you as good; Sarah, as lived here with a former family, she knew it well. But she don't mind, because she says the ghost never did no harm as long as it warn't interfered with."

"I thought you had more sense, Wilkins," was all that Eleanor replied, as she left the room to go down to breakfast. The thought, however, did come across her that this story had perhaps been impressed on the minds of the other servants by Sarah, in order to keep the coast clear for any operations she might wish to carry on under the rose. What these could be, Eleanor could not divine, but she did not feel altogether comfortable. A vague feeling of suspicion and doubt took possession of her, and with that subtle infection which some attribute to animal magnetism, her uneasiness seemed gradually to spread through the whole family, the colonel alone remaining unaffected by it. Her sisters became silent and abstracted, as if always on the watch. The maids went about in pairs, and were found holding whispered colloquies behind the doors. The butler, under the pretence of black-beetles in the pantry, "which he could not abide nohow," got permission to remove his sleeping quarters into closer proximity with the footman.

At last, Eleanor felt it necessary, unwilling as she was to annoy him, to speak to her father on the subject. Her fears of any ill effect upon him were soon set at rest. The colonel's nervous malady was purely physical, and the old habits of ready decision and action reasserted their force when called upon. He listened to his daughter's statement with attention, questioned her carefully, and came to the conclusion that a thorough investigation must be made. Without further loss of time he wrote to the inspector of police for the district, requesting him to call privately at Manorbere Lodge as soon as he could; and desired that in the meantime the subject should be entirely dropped, so that the nocturnal intruder should not be put on his guard.

The inspector soon made his appearance, causing himself to be announced as the builder from Barton, come to see about certain repairs; in this character he was able to go over every portion of the house after holding a consultation with the colonel and the ladies. Before he left it was settled that two constables should be sent to pass the night at the Lodge unknown to the servants. They were to be let in by Miss Fearon, at a door opening from the terrace to one of the sitting rooms, after the house had been closed for the night. This was easily effected; and the men, with dark lanterns, were stationed, one at the foot of the stairs, the other on the landing half-way up. They had been here in perfect silence and darkness nearly an hour, when the sound of a heavy door grating on rusty hinges made the one on the landing grasp his truncheon and hold his lantern in readiness. Footsteps came softly down, and something seemed to brush by. He struck at it as it passed, and at the same time turned on his light, calling, "Look out below, mate!" Nothing was visible. There was a low, moaning cry as he struck, but he felt no resistance. The man at the foot of the stairs heard the sound, quickly turned his lantern on in that direction, and rushed down the passage as if in pursuit, followed by the other at full speed. The noise roused some of the household, who, when they had summoned courage to appear, were confounded at finding themselves met by guardians, instead of disturbers of the peace.

The two policemen were utterly puzzled. Both had distinctly heard the great door open, and the descending footsteps, as well as the low cry, like the cry of some one in fear or pain. Each had felt something flit by, but both described it as more like a cold blast of wind than any bodily thing. They had both run to try and prevent its escape, but on reaching the end of the passage, where it was crossed by another in the form of a T, nothing was to be seen. They were quite certain that no door had been opened on either side, and this part of the house terminated in the cross passage, the only access to the principal sitting-rooms and vestibule being through a passage-room, or the kitchen, which was built out. Both these doors of communication were always locked at night, and were now fast. The rooms were examined, but no traces of any invader were perceptible in either. While this was going on below, Eleanor, who had sat up in her father's room, had, at the first sound of any movement, gone at once to the bedrooms occupied by the maids, every one of whom, including the suspected Sarah, she found quietly asleep.

After this signal failure on the part of the police, the ghost became an established fact, and the place became uninhabitable. Servant after servant gave warning. Mrs. Wilkins became hysterical; the cook took to drinking,—"her spirits was that low," she said in excuse; and, except the stoical Sarah, who "never knowed the ghost do no harm as long as it was let alone," every body was more or less unnerved.

A few weeks after these occurrences the colonel's medical attendant having advised his trying some new galvanic treatment, the family had to move up town. Effie and Lucy were glad enough to go, both sharing, to a certain degree, the alarm felt by the servants, though each in her different way. Effie inclined to the supernatural view, while Lucy held fast to her burglarious theory, for, she said "How could a ghost, an immaterial being, break her thread and string?"

It was now late in the spring, and most of the neighboring families had left the country: so the Fearons had not many adieux to make, except among the few poor people with whom they held relations, Manorbere being removed from any closely-inhabited part of the country. There was an old bedridden woman to whom the girls had shown kindness, and they went over one morning to pay her their farewell visit. The family had been much liked, and their sudden departure was a regret to all.

"Ah, dear, said the old dame, "I heerd as how you a goin' to flit! Well, it will be a loss to me though I did not see ye often, being at a distance. But it was something to think of, that I might have a look of your bright faces when you stopped in your rides to say a kind word, or bring me a little dainty nows and thens. I'm main sorry to lose ye, young ladies, but I ain't no ways surprised. None does stay long at Manorbere, The ghost drives 'em out, all on 'em."

"You don't seem to believe us when we say it is on account of papa's health that we are going away. But you know he came to these parts expressly for the hunting; and as, since his accident, he has never been able to go out, there is nothing to keep us here."

(To be continued.)

☞ A boy in Quincy, Ill., swam four miles for five dollars, one day last week.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

NEVER DESPAIR.

GEORGE LYNN TO DR. J. K. BAILEY.

"Then let us cheerful acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state."—BURNS.

Dear brother, in thy sad refrain
I read no victory such as thou
Should welcome in thy throbbing heart,
Or wreathe its laurel on thy brow.

God's hand, that closes mortal life,
Is one of love and bears no sting,
But ope's the way to life and work,
And bars the door of suffering.

The victor's crown is nobly earned
By those who 'mid earth's toil and strife
Work bravely on, and rise above
The ills and stings of mortal life.

Go where the widowed mother toils
Through daily routine, brave of heart,
For scanty pittance wrung from wealth,
Yet uncomplaining bears her part.

She breaks her humble crust with love,
And reads in eyes that meet her own
The smiles of heaven; and thus her soul
Holds converse with the pure alone.

The earth is full of souls like these;
If we have sown and do not reap
The failure is our own—not theirs.
We soar too high or dive too deep,

We fail to read our stars aright,
And follow paths that lead astray,
Till, weary grown with useless toil,
We rest despairing by the way,

And dream of other lands more fair,
Whose skies are ever clear and bright,
Where love and peace and justice reign,
And error sits in endless night.

Be sure, dear friend, if you would find
A land like this in spirit sphere,
Your heart and eyes must feel and see
Its love and beauty pictured here.

The earth has room for all to work
With hands and hearts, and tongues and lips,
And if too weak to hew the logs,
We're strong enough to gather chips.

Lockport, Ill.

July 22d, 1870.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MAGNETISM VS. SOMNAMBULISM.

Dr. Underhill Attacking the Theory of Wm. B. Fahnestock.

I see in the last JOURNAL a reiteration of Dr. Fahnestock's very remarkable doctrine that there is no magnetic fluid; that the French committee proved that there was none, and that Dr. Franklin was one of the investigators! Neither of these statement are true. I beg the Doctor to have patience; it will be a very long time before he proves to a clear-minded person his non magnetic fluid theory.

To make him a little humble, I will set him right about the French committee. The committee was composed of members of the Academy of Medicine and the Academy of Science, and the king made Franklin chairman. So far we are agreed, I suppose.

Mesmer refused to meet them, and Dr. De Eslon did make a few experiments before them. Franklin was never present at one of the experiments.

This was great investigation! truly, very great investigation. Mesmer had avowed a theory. That theory was that a subtile magnetic fluid pervaded all nature, and that it was the instrument with which he acted. The committee modestly reported that they did not find proof of his theory, and they guessed that imagination was the cause of all the results.

"What are your proofs that Franklin did not attend any of the experiments?"

My proofs are two fold. Dr. Duconnien said in New York City, in Fanny Wright's Hall of Science, in the Year 1829, that he was with the Committee all the while, and that Franklin was never present; that when Franklin reluctantly signed the report, he remarked that he thought "they might well let the man go on, for he believed the imagination often made men sick, and he did not see why it might not cure them."

My other proof is found in a letter by Franklin himself, which you will find in Jared Sparke's Life of Benjamin Franklin. He there tells the story that he was not able to attend the investigation. Now, don't put Franklin in the scale any more. If your doctrine was true, half a silent Quaker meeting would be entranced.

A Hindoo sect hold that by looking steadily at the end of the nose for a long time, they would get a glimpse of celestial light. Your self entrancement is very similar. You have one cobeliever, the great Leroy Sunderland; and you two are enough to feed on such a mass of absurdity. You pity us fools who are blind to facts so palpable. Your late experiment, including two persons who had been frequently mesmerized, ought to help you to see your folly. The experiment proved a total failure, yet I admit that to an unexpanded mind, influenced by Dr. Franklin's opinion about a thing which he had never investigated, there are occurrences which seem to lean towards such a conclusion. I think you are a good man, in rather too great haste to establish an absurdity.

Before I array the facts that prove such a fluid, I will beg the question a moment, just to say how and where this fluid originates. There circulates upon the human brain ten times as much blood as upon any other portion of the human body of the same volume, and the brain, by a glandular action, secretes this vital nervo fluid, being the animal vitality, the instrument of volition; the nutritive and organic ganglions furnishing the involuntary motions, the cerebral giving general vitality and voluntary power. I can demonstrate this by making a current flow from my hands to yours. I send this across a roomful,—it strikes my subject, and by its action on his muscles forces him to come to me. I said I could demonstrate the existence of this aura; and if the existence is demonstrated, it must have a source. The clairvoyant sees it as a halo encircling the head of the operator,—sees it streaming from his hands,—sees it flowing like rays of light from all parts of his body.

But you leave me to think that you do not know how to develop a good independent clairvoyant,—so that neither yourself nor any one else can mislead them at all. You make me think of the boy who whistled in school involuntarily. The teacher inquired, "Who whistled?"

A boy answered that it was Abijah. Abijah said:

"I didn't whistle."

"Who did?" again asked the teacher.

"It whistled itself."

You make it out that it whistled itself. You make me think of Dr. Braid of Manchester, England, and his champion bottles. He said that looking at the tinsel made an impression resulting in sleep, but there was not any clairvoyance, for his subject could not see. He cured himself of this folly after a little.

In my next I intend to arraign before you a body of facts to prove my position.

You know, Doctor, that I am the author of "Underhill on Mesmerism." In that work I have referred to Sunderland's effort in the same direction, and I owe it to my readers to justify my position. I like you; would be glad to have a visit with you. I have seen Miss Keizer, who has found your theory a failure. She says whilst you remained near her she could go into the trance at will, but after you left the place she ceased to be able to do it. You give a reason that makes me think of Dr. Sangrade. You know that he got out a book, teaching that the sure remedy for all diseases was bleeding, and then drinking hot water. All his patients died, but this never made him doubt his theory. They were bled too little or too much,—drank too little or too much hot water.

You published your theory too soon. Being appointed by the State Medical Society (or Convention rather) of Ohio, in 1839, chairman of a committee to investigate and report on this subject (I had been investigating at that time seven years), I continued the investigation twenty five years more before I published my book, whereas you gave publicity to your ideas too soon. Dr. Sunderland wanted we should agree that he practiced phreno magnetism before Buchanan. I was in New York at the time, when we would not crown him the first one who practiced phreno magnetism. He soon espoused Pantheism,—which is your *ism*, though you don't take his name for it. Sunderland's was so out of credit that, after getting his last book stereotyped he failed to find a publisher who would accept it as a gift until he got to a house in Chicago, the office of the *Liberal*, a paper opposed to all Spirituality, and Atheistical.

Your few sporadic cases, as I expect to prove them, can all be accounted for in harmony with the views I teach.

You talk about the healing power being nearly equal in all, and yet I think you would not like to have a man with small pox or the measles operate on you, though you had had both. When we heal, virtue goes out of us. And yet we often awaken hope with great benefit to the patient.

I must close this introductory article. I am glad that in the JOURNAL of July 23d, you give a fresh edition of your own original views, and express your confidence in the conversion of the world to them. Accept the assurance of my good will and of the love of truth.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON INSPIRATION.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

BRO. JONES:—I have been requested to give through the columns of your JOURNAL my own especial ideas in regard to inspiration; but it is a subject so broad and deep,—so significant in its beauty,—so sublime in its grandeur, so comprehensive in its vastness, that it becomes impossible for me in this brief essay, to impress on the minds of my readers even a vague shadow of my most sacred impressions in regard to it. It is a boon from heaven, a gift from Deity, bestowed upon those whose souls are prepared to receive it. It embraces many phases, and diversifies itself into myriad forms of power and glory,—bearing upon its azure wings from the enchanted groves of Immortality, aromas redolent with the dewy freshness of spring,—the golden noon of summer, and the gorgeous twilight of autumn. Nothing can impede its progress, or impel its forces into other channels than those chosen from its own primeval source. Would we mar its luster or dim its teachings? then all the more potent doth it become in dispelling from the world the last vestiges of doubt and scepticism. It is a star, scintillating down through the past ages of bondage and darkness, flashing its diamond pointed rays from the deep, imprisoned mines of God's own vast wealth of thought; growing brighter and brighter, until we behold a full-orbed sun bursting upon an age of peace and freedom. Shall we not believe in the inspiration of our lamented Lincoln, when he issued, for the redemption of a long outraged and an oppressed race, his ever-memorable decree of emancipation? It is possible that there were opposite elements of the same power seething up through the eternal seas of hatred and revenge, leading against the immortal battlements of truth and justice their demoniac forces of evil and desperation,—but of which now I have no time to speak. Let me rather dwell on that which comes to us ladened with all good and perfect gifts

Bailey, the highly-inspired poet, tells us that inspiration comes from God, that poesy is a part of God,—and the more we feel of its influence the more do we become like Him in love and power. His poem of "Festus," written in three years isolation from the world, in which, to use his own words, he made a ghost of himself, is one continuous strain of inspired prophecy,—one great life poem, showing the growth of a master soul; its temptations, short-comings, and final triumphs over all material influences,—making it one of the most sublime productions of the age, but one which the age is scarcely yet prepared to comprehend.

Let me insert here as relating somewhat to my subject, a brief extract from the German poet Schiller:

"Thus scattering flowers, poetry leads us on through tones and forms, ever higher and higher purer and purer, till it shall at last attain that point when it becomes but sudden inspiration, and the instantaneous intuitions of truth—when the art sought by the poet, the truth sought by the philosopher become one. In those ages when Truth is persecuted by the bigotry of her own time, she seeks refuge in song. The charm she takes from the muse but renders her more fearful to her foes. Aspire then to the beautiful; covet no meaner reward. If art escape you, search for her in nature. Remember that the excellent and perfect must ever be found in whatsoever fair souls esteem fair. Do not bind yourselves to your own time, let your works reflect the shadows of the coming age. It matters not what paths you pursue; you have before you the whole labyrinth of being and all its paths, for you unite at one throne."

Shelley's "Queen Mab" is a highly inspired production, written while the author was in an elevated and illuminated condition of soul. In it is shown the grand triumph of Freedom over all form of tyrany; and to his expanded and advanced ideas must be attributed much of that persecution which an unenlightened age thrust upon him. But his day is now dawning upon humanity, to which he was so firm a friend and so faithful an advocate. Let us all bless and revere his memory.

There is also that little wierd fragment of "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge, which, according to his own account, was given to him in a dream or vision, and the remaining portion of which he was never afterwards able to obtain.

And we would not forget our truly inspired Mrs. Browning, whose "Aurora Leigh," and many others, if not all, of her productions give evidence of this same immortal element; showing that no poet is worthy of the name if he has never beheld its glory, or revelled amid its enchanting visions. He may in his time have written much verse, but if his soul has never felt this divine influence, he must be content even though his productions do not survive the day of their birth.

The world is seldom greeted by an organization capable of high and lasting inspirations. To be sure the records of the past furnish us with illustrations of a Joan of Arc, a Tasso, a Byron and a persecuted Christ, and away back in the mythic age we behold a Prometheus calmly expiating the fate of greatness beneath the demoniac scream of vultures, preying upon vitals as consumeless as the inexorable rock to which he was bound.

I have long believed that all great musicians, sculptors, actors and orators, as well as poets, are inspired,—no matter what the calling may be; in proportion to their greatness are they indebted to its power. Would the soul receive this divine influence? If so, let it go forth, healing the sick, binding up the wounds of the unfortunate, pouring the balm of consolation upon the miseries of the bereaved and destitute, elevating, cheering and soothing the poor diseased soul of humanity, until its presence shall be greeted as the only true Savior, instead of a myth to frighten the diseased fancies of those who have not yet attained a knowledge of those laws over which it most regally presides.

The grandest and most sublime thoughts flow in silent and serene channels; they speak to the soul in whispers, coming in the still hour of midnight, blending their glory with the early beams of the morn; or perchance we hear their rustling wings in the sweet and purple twilight, clothed in forms of light and beauty, and imbuing the soul with a reverence for all that is lasting, majestic and divine.

The world is teeming with mystery, its atmosphere is full of sounds,—sometimes harsh and dismal, sometimes soft and bland as those which are now wafted through the golden twilight of its most sublime experience,—sounds, bearing to us on their wings of incense as they silently flit through the gorgeous avenues of life, thoughts that thrill alike to the gentle breathing of hushed melodies, the deep and impassioned songs of grief, or those wierd and æolian murmurs whose echoes are only heard from unexplored shores that adorn the perpetual beauty of the inner world,—changing to symbols of light, as we muse beneath the sombre wings of imagination, forms that would otherwise float silently out upon the vast, the measureless and ever-yawning sea of death and oblivion,—the grand and majestic import of which it is not at present possible for our lips to breathe or our souls to portray,—forms, as they flit forth and dimly hover beneath the silent space of shadows, that reflect from the crystal mirror of the soul hues that would otherwise be lost in the diversified rays of immensity.

Ivy Cottage, Haskell, Ind.

"MAGNETIC CONTROL."

What the Old Mohawk Says About the Magnetic Fluid and How it is Used in the Healing Art.

Under the head of "Magnetic Control," Mr. Wm. B. Fahnestock makes several statements in the JOURNAL of July 23d, of a sweeping nature. Among others he makes the following:

1st:—That there is no such thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature.

2nd:—That the only good effected by the laying-on of hands has been the result of faith, friction, etc.

3d:—That spirits cannot effect cures through mediums, unless they are in somnambulic condition.

4th:—That to heal successfully knowledge is wanted.

As these statements seemed a little remarkable, I was induced last evening to step over by the City Hall, and consult the "Old Mohawk Chief," the Indian control of our great magnetizer and medium, Dr. W. W. Herring. I had but fairly got seated in the shaded porch when the old Indian appeared at his post.

"How is it, Chief, about this question of animal magnetic fluid in nature?"

"To be sure there *is* magnetic fluid in all animal bodies. Where there is animal life, there is animal magnetism. Magnetic fluid is the positive power. Without this you neither move, nor think nor breathe."

"But Mr. Fahnestock says all this magnetic healing by the laying-on of hands comes by faith, friction, etc."

"Faith is good. When the squaw came before the big healer, Jesus, he said her faith made her whole. It showed great sympathy between them. Their "influences" mingled; they took the elements from his body to heal her body. His touch would have healed her the same. In healing, positive faith is not wanted; a receptive spirit—a desire to be healed—is all that is needful. We don't count 'faith' as an element in healing at all."

"How about friction, etc?"

"Friction does some good; it establishes a sympathy between the internal and external nerves, and tends to equalize the circulation. But friction would do nothing unless the magnetic fluids of the patient are assisted to throw off disease."

"What brings on disease?"

"It comes from obstruction; obstruction brings on heat; heat brings on inflamation; inflamation brings on humors,—which are, in fact, disease."

"Cannot spirits effect cures unless mediums are in a somnambulic condition?"

"Of course we can. We can throw a magnetism independent of the brain, but we can use it more effectually with the brain closed."

"How is it done?"

"We gather the refined electric fluid from the atmosphere, and combining it with the magnetism of the medium, we impart it to the patient through the nervous system."

"How is it with magnetism?"

"They use the same fluid, with the aid of spirit influences."

"Do spirits assist all magnetic healers?"

"All; nobody breathes but has spirit influences around him day and night continually."

"Do they assist Newton?"

"Yes, and all other magnetizers; but magnetizers cannot influence mediums without the permission of the spirits."

Much more was said about the nature and operation of the magnetic fluid,—but enough. Mr. Fahnestock says animal magnetism is a myth. The Indian says it is a reality. Whom shall we believe? Who understands these occult agencies best? The Indian control can look the body through and through, and detect any hidden disease and disturbance. He is tested a dozen times a day, and rarely, if ever, sees amiss. He makes no account of the medium's "knowledge" which was obtained among the logging swamps down in Maine.

M.

Milwaukee, Wis.

☞ Indiana has a preacher who gets his congregation in church, locks the door, and preaches to them until the deacon collects a specified amount. He preached three hours last Sunday before they came down with $100 he had levied on them.

☞ The Boston *Post* says the carriage in which Prince Arthur rode to Central Park, is engaged for five weeks ahead by New Yorkers, anxious to get a rub of royalty.

☞ Virginia temperance societies are being thinned out by delirium tremens.

INDIANA.

LETTER FROM S GRIFFITH

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am in arrears since the 1st of June, and cannot help it. I expect to transmit to you the "root of evil" some time in August,—not sooner.

I have been confidentially (!) informed by others here that they were much more behind than I. It is humiliating to acknowledge consolation in that, but "misery loves company," according to the homely adage. I do not feel called upon to correct this human weakness, and if I did, have not the power.

I fear, though, there are many, too many such delinquencies. The causes for delinquency are various. Some are careless, some forgetful, some dishonest,—too large a sum,—and some too poor. I claim position with the latter, and brag of it,—because of its being the most legitimate. "Poor, but honest!" ah, that sounds well, and there is hope in it.

We appreciate the JOURNAL. We wish to sustain it. We intend to, or, what amounts to the same thing, give our support so far as it goes.

The JOURNAL gathers and dispenses to us new developments that are springing up all over the land. It is cheering to read of the accessions of strength constantly swelling the tide, giving tone and power to the cause we advocate.

Now, there is "Brick" Pomeroy's *Saturday Night*. Who can read it without feeling better, aye, without being bettered? How can so noble a soul dip his pen in the fires of partisan strife? Why should he stain the white garments of sympathy for human woe and suffering, that evidently drape around him? Why should so grand a spirit soil that fair mantle by contact with the garbage of any political kitchen whatever?

The two articles from his pen, recently published in the JOURNAL, under the head of "Our Saturday Night," are gems of pathos and power seldom equalled, never excelled. Graphic indeed is the picture of that worn, pale mother, wearing out the machinery of life 'midst scenes of desolation and woe, for a meagre subsistence at best, but now, with the added calamity of an accident that crippled her child, her only available aid in their mutual inheritance of want,—the little prematurely worn-out thing, who swept the crossing on rainy days, for a miserable pittance, all to "help her mother." No descriptive analysis of the hidden by-ways and channels of suffering, degradation and woe, contingent always in great cities, that lay festering beneath the surface of wealth and splendor, could be given that would surpass this.

No sweeter sympathy could be wafted by fabled "angel wings," than fanned the fevered brow of that "little bundle of nervousness and aching pains," than was given most lovingly by this same "Brick" Pomeroy.

There were no angularities in *that Saturday Night*; no passion, except indeed to wipe away the tears of suffering, and bring joy to a desolate home. The strong man gazed upon the attenuate form. He noted the glimpses of gratitude and surprise that flitted from beneath the tear-wet eye lashes of his little protege. The idols of earth were prostrate then, and the altars broken down and forsaken. The sheen of the spirit spheres was upon him. He was the "good Samaritan,"—a prophet better than Jonah,—a Savior not crowned with thorns.

I arraign the political opinions of no man; my allusions are directed only to the fiery discharges that ofttimes characterize the pen of the noble and gifted author of *Saturday Night*.

That was a glorious saturnalia. All hail, that *Saturday Night!*

THE SHERMAN BROTHERS.

COMMUNICATION FROM J. WARNER.

Having recently read a very interesting account in the BANNER OF LIGHT, of the wonderful spirit manifestations through the Sherman Brothers, I feel urged, as an eye-witness of these facts, to still farther advance these glorious truths, and show to the world by my signature, that I endorse them. I will give you some of the particulars in regard to their seances—viz: Showing of hands, arms, speaking through the trumpet, playing on musical instruments, being encased in large wool sacks, while both brothers are securely tied to chairs or benches.

These brothers have been tried and tested in every way and manner, and pronounced perfect, honest and good mediums. Scientific minds have investigated, philosophers have been at work, but as yet nothing but real substantial evidences have been realized. I have visited the brothers at their home in Newark, Ohio, and seen them tied and untied, and the rooms echo and re-echo with spirit voices. The elder brother has been tied and untied four times in five minutes, hand cuffed, and the cuffs taken off almost as soon as put on. Last spring, the character of these brothers as mediums created quite an excitement in the city of Newark, and as a starting point for investigation, a committee of gentlemen waited upon them at the American House, and there tied them with 127 feet of quarter inch cotton rope, spirits rapping while this was being done. They came out untied in a minute and a half.

Many more such facts could be stated, but it seems not necessary. Their good works and honest intentions will give evident good reasons for their glorious and well begun mission, as co-workers with the people of another and better world.

The above is attested and verified as a true statement by Joseph Warner and H. W. Bragg.

Granville, Ohio.

The Merits of Christ.

A REPLY TO A FRIEND.

From your statement that "the saved are such solely by the merits of Christ, and the lost solely from their own fault," I dissent. If the testimony is true of all as of him who said, "Of myself I can do nothing," there is no such thing as merit or demerit.

Each person being made differently from all others, and experiences, also, so differ, declares that He who fashioned us, is infinite in resources,—wise and beneficent in designs. Surely, if we live and have our being in him, none can be lost, but each guided through all necessary trials and sufferings to his own home of peace. Eternal life is not to be purchased or taken on, but is inherent in our natures and needs, only to be brought to light by wisdom and knowledge, which all will obtain—"from the least to the greatest," in process of time here and hereafter.

It is true Christ's death is often spoken of in connection with salvation, but wherefore? Surely not to appease the Father's wrath, but to reconcile His children unto Himself, by a wonderful display of His love to them—by the gift or permission of one so worthy as the man Jesus to make manifest to the world the greatness and power of love, as he died for *His enemies*. Many have died for their friends, but who beside him ever died so nobly, meekly, prayerfully for their enemies? Now, since there is no salvation but by love and sacrifice, why should not his death be often spoken of in connection with salvation? Why pervert the true meaning for one so absurd as that he died to reconcile the Father to us!

This is in the creeds, but not in the Bible, or Nature's volume. Christianity is not a mysticism, but a religion of science; salvation not a scheme, but a progressive law of our being.

C. P.

Waterford, Me.

Voices from the People.

QUINCY, ILL.—M. H. Hopps writes.—I am happy to find a man occasionally, that dare read your valuable paper, and once in a while one that dare take it for three months. My friend, R. Long, takes it, but is opposed by his parents, who take it from the office, and he never gets a sight at it. He wished me, to take the last number from the office, which I did, and by request, order it stopped. This last subscriber took a paper home and kept it over Sunday. I asked him some questions about an item in it, to which he answered that he did not believe any such thing, and condemned the whole system. We laughed at him for condemning before investigating, and told him of some phenomena, and he concluded he would read for himself. Now he sends fifty cents as a trial subscriber, and he thinks another friend of his will do likewise. If Foster or Mrs. Ballou would come here, I think they might wake up the spiritual sleepers so they could feel interested enough to keep up regular meetings or lectures, neither of which have they had for three years. I cannot close without saying something about your paper. It has improved so much that I can not do without it now. It has something new every week. Those lectures I prize above rubies, your articles on "spirit and matter," more than gold. The miscellaneous pieces are all instructive and interesting, and I would not be without it for triple the subscription price, and have often wished I could take several to distribute among the creed-bound, bigoted orthodox. By the way, a Baptist preacher here has advanced some new ideas to his old fogies, such as—the world should not be burned up, and never would cease to move, with strange explanations of portions of their sacred infallible Bible, for which he has lost his pastorship. May he continue to progress.

PARIS, ILL.—J. Curl writes.—I find I can do a good work in this way. By obtaining new subscribers for the paper as I travel through the country, and often in the city, without inconvenience to myself or business, and generally when they have read the paper for three months, they are very apt to continue it, and thereby become permanent subscribers, and in this way the light from the Spirit World will soon begin to illume that community, and shake old theology to the centre. Sometimes when I cannot induce them to subscribe for three months, and am convinced that a little light will open their eyes to the truth, I pay for their subscription out of my own pocket, and after the expiration of the time, they generally become permanent subscribers. Now, it appears to me that those who are able and willing to work for our glorious philosophy, that in this manner the paper could be spread over the land in a very short time, and the great truths from the Angel World thereby penetrate the darkest corner of our country. You shall hear from me again soon.

STOCKHOLM, NEW YORK.—Austin Kent writes.—In writing on God, or on good and evil, I have ever meant to hold in doubt what I could not prove. To me it seems wiser and more just to do so. Dr. E. B. Wheelock virtually if not directly assumes, (see JOURNAL of July 7th), "God," "Deity," "infinite and absolute perfection," and on this he dogmatically asserts that "there is no evil in an absolute or positive sense." I am now too sick to write on any subject. But I beg him to prove his assumptions. Were I to assume an almighty self-existent infinite devil, or assume absolute and positive evil, and on this dogmatically affirm,—"there is no good in an absolute and positive sense," it would be a fair and just reply to the meaning of his entire article. Who has not found evil as real, as absolute and as positive as good? I know one man who has and does. In deep affliction, but in love, I am yours and his,

A. KENT.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL—H. E. Seymour writes.—Nearly every one of your subscribers have to send you a word of congratulation. Here is mine. I will not bore you with the numerous "Thou arts," that a large portion of humanity have been boring God with for quite a while. You are probably fully conscious by this time that "Thou art the man;" a man in the right place, doing the right thing, and that thou art publishing a good paper—a paper that will ultimate in more real good than ten thousand tons of King James' Version, or the cheap effusions flowing from the press of the Young Men's Christian Association. Labor on, then, for thou art aware, as well as the rest of us, that the salvation of our race will depend upon the efforts of those capable of enlightening the benighted.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS.—Eliza M. Hobart writes.—I love the truths contained in the JOURNAL. I love its free strong spirit. May it ever be as free and untrammeled as the air of the far West. I had thought when I sent you the remittance, to send our spiritual statistics, but have been unable to call around to see the scattered ones. The most remarkable medium we have in town is a lady who has passed through much affliction. She is a member of the Congregational Church, and dead set against Spiritualism and mediums. But when she is entranced, it seems as though the veil which separates the other world from this, is lifted or swept away. Oh, what a blessing is thus brought to man! I never saw any one so determined to have nothing to do with it as she is herself.

SIDNEY, OHIO—S. W. Davis writes.—Again I write to emphasize the call for articles in the JOURNAL on the development of mediums. My wife is a writing medium, and I am to be a speaking medium,—so the immortals say. I have been influenced but twice, as yet, and am very much concerned about the manner of proceeding so as to be developed to the best advantage. I hope you or some of your experienced contributors, who are mediums, will give us *full practical details in this matter*, through the JOURNAL, applicable not only to the development of mediums in general, but to each particular form of mediumship.

OTTO, N. Y—Mrs. J. Nye writes—I like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL much, and will herein inclose one dollar and fifty cents, to renew my subscription for it. I think the papers are too good to keep, so as soon as I get them read, I give or send them to some one that I think will read and appreciate the grand and noble sentiments therein contained, hoping that whoso readeth may understand our beautiful philosophy. Of the ten papers I have received, I have but two left at home. There are so many souls starving for spiritual food, and I am sure they will find it in reading your valuable paper.

DODGEVILLE, WIS—Sam Clegg writes—Many are anxious here to hear a lecture. There has not been a lecturer within twenty miles of this place. Iowa County is almost ignorant of the nature of Spiritualism. Three men in our town will defray the expenses of the Court House, and I am sure that an over crowded house would be the consequence if a good lecturer and medium should come here.

PLEASANT GROVE, MINN.—I. C. Bardwell writes.—I am much interested in the JOURNAL. It affords me spiritual food that I cannot well do without. I have been a subscriber from the commencement of the first volume, and even when it was reduced to the *Spiritual Republic*, and when it returned to the beautiful faced JOURNAL, under the control of one in whom we could trust, I was glad—very glad.

LINCOLN, ILL.—Mrs. E. A. Corwin writes—I acknowledge the receipt of four numbers of the JOURNAL, which you so kindly and generously sent me. I have given them all away, except one. The paper is universally liked and praised for its many noble qualities, sound and instructive arguments, and the glorious cause it so fearlessly defends.

AU SABLE, MICH.—C. C. Field writes.—On the 2nd of June, Horace Slackman went out of his worn out tenement, to try the beauties of a higher place. He was a staunch Spiritualist and earnest advocate of our philosophy.

NORTH TUNBRIDGE, VT.—H. L. Foss writes.—I must have the paper, for I cannot live without it. There are but few Spiritualists here, but we are stirring around some, trying to help the cause, and cannot do without the paper.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Media"—"The Mad Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—The Rivals, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

(CONCLUSION.)

Steadily employed in business pursuits, and closely occupied with his own mental communings, Somerville had not attended any spiritual circles for several months, though many were being convened within easy access to his residence.

Following, one evening, impressions, he could no longer resist. He attended a seance of especial interest, because at it were to be gathered a number of mediums of prominence in the city. Rachael Le Bon, Grace Chermon, Elsie Charlton, Marian Harlan,—rather Ronaldson, it is now, though *divorced* and a *widow*,—and Magdalena Clifton, with her sweet little Lillie the child medium, the seance was public, and an immense gathering it proved, there being not less than three hundred persons assembled. The evidence of such interest on the part of the public in the beautiful and charming truths of the philosophy of Spiritualism, proved promising and grateful to many a soul previously despised for his or her faith.

When all were seated, who were able to obtain seats, though such was the crowded state of the little hall, many had to be content to remain standing. The seance was opened by a beautiful inspirational invocation through Magdalena, the sweet and chastened spirit of whose inspiriting words, breathed peace, good will and hope o'er all the blest scene. She expressed earnest emotional gratitude to the great spirit and source of every good and perfect gift, for the dear guidance of her feet, and clear opening of her eyes to witness and enjoy so enrapturing an evidence of the races' sure progress in, and nearness to the better life. Invoking the divine and liberalizing spirit of love and free thought, would lift from the inquiring minds of the people the thick veil that had so long enshrouded them like a pall, with fearful forebodings of the future,—that it would free them at last from the enslaving trammels of religious fear, and by the voluntary reception of the truth of the spirit's immortality, and of its ability to make itself known to the loved ones,—make them free indeed!

A pleasing spell of holy calm rested on the assembly at the conclusion of the invocation, and a large number of voices joined in singing a delightful melody to the lines:

"Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
Be fervent in spirit,
And then a golden chapter,
Forever thou'lt inherit."

"Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow—
Nor wait until the dial
Points to noon below;
And come with strong sinew,
Nor faint in heart nor cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold."

Magdalena becoming entranced, said:

"Man, petrified by his fears, has continued so long in his infancy, and become so benumbed by mental indolence and sloth, he has quite forgotten the Mother Nature that bore him, and has neglected her ways, because by some designing teachers, he has been taught to disdain reason, disregard his experience, to debase and humiliate self, and in thought and act, exalt up and up into the highest heavens, an imaginary being of vast and infinite capabilities, in whom or by whose sufferance only, man was supposed to exist. Through the long weary night of the races' past years, men have been terribly, woefully deceived. All error is prejudical to the races' best interests, and the uninformed man is a child, whose fears are alarmed at whatever astonishes his senses, and trembles before that his ignorance fails fully to comprehend. But let him understand the causes by which the wonderful though necessary and conserving changes are affected, and learn to shun that which may injure him, and his fears cease at once. He no longer trembles at the rustle of a leaf, nor the lightning's shimmer, but learns to look calmly, affectionately upon all the chemical, beautiful changes of nature, as on the smiling, though sometime weeping, always endearing face of a mother,—a mother o'er whose bosom, indeed, are sadly,—nay, hopefully tracable, many physical disasters, dreadful,—yes and melancholy events, upheavals, swells and floods of water, and flame,—spreading consternation and terror among the younger of the race. Vast continents have been inundated. Seas breaking their previous limits, have usurped the dominion of the earth. Volcanic fires have belched forth frightful volumns of flame and destruction through their craters, spreading disaster and dismay on every side. What then must have been the fears of the progenitors of our race, as believed at various periods they saw the entire of nature, at least the 'governor of the universe,' armed against their peace, and menacing thus with destruction their very abode. Pressed thus with fearful alarm to the very edge of the roaring sea, and turning at length like the pursued stag at bay, only to behold a world seemingly ready to be dashed into atoms at their feet, the solid (?) earth went suddenly assunder, and proved the awe-inspiring grave of provinces, cities and entire nations. What kind of ideas, we modestly ask, would man thus overwhelmed with terror, be likely to form of the irresistable cause capable of producing such extended and calamitous results. Why, in their trembling and fear, they for thousands of years have remained quite unable to see that these tremendous revolutions were then, and are now, the necessary effects of natural causes, laws immutable in themselves, and contributing to the general order by which nature subsists. And so from these earlier and terrible evolutions and upheavals of our globe, have emanated the childishly crude and ignorantly confused condition of man's religious ideas, and were they likely at the first to be correct? No, if to arrive at a correct knowledge of truth, it be absolutely necessary to possess our conclusions from experience. 'Tis this decipline, indeed, familiarity with the truth that imparts to us all our moral value. Progress from the soul enslaving meshes of error, has been tediously slow to the race,—because, notwithstanding the occasional and latterly more frequent scintillations of spiritual light, through the Cimerian gloom of theological darkness and slavery, priestcraft still keeps man enthralled in fear. But at length, as the great spirit is represented by one of your writers, moving o'er the face of the deep, and flooding the bosom of the dismal waters with light,—so now has the affectionate fiat of the All-Father gone forth,—'Let there be light,' and Spiritualism to-day echoes, 'Yea! light, more light still.' And transform, Father, as thou hast the habitable parts of our beautiful world,—the face of all society, the spirit and nature of this people, that they may understand and know that thou great and all loving spirit, art no longer to be feared, but loved. That it was this great truth thy offspring Jesus, our elder brother, labored lovingly to teach and to reveal, and has even come the 'second time,'—which coming is the revelation of this beautiful truth. All men are brothers,—war is unnecessary. I return to see again 'the flowers.' M. De Mirabeau."

With a most beautiful involuntary smile upon her face, the medium sat down, and the "beautiful Jewess" stood up imperiously.

"Speak to the people that they go forward," she commanded with a power that thrilled the assembly. Continuing, she said:

"Thus spoke the spirit to Israel's dauntless leader, on the banks of the sullen sea; and thus speaks the revolutionary spirit of a scientific religion to the masses of to-day. Excelsior,—onward and upward still, let our motto be, through all this wilderness of trial or on the troubled sea, bound for the fair land of liberty and love. The valleys shall be exalted and the hills of sectarianism and bigotry made low, crooked places plain, and rough places smooth. We have had quite enough of the bellowings of priestcraft into the ears of the people, of hell, and eternal burnings, arousing continually their fears, looking for fiery indignation, that would destroy even the demons themselves—fearful forebodings! It is time the claims of a priest-ridden people were broken. Let the people but think for themselves, and soon they will be free. The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them,—the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and all leaders of the people, comprehending their better mission, preach no longer bloodshed, war and hate, but love. Speaking not to Jerusalism only, but comfortably to all people, that their warfare is past, yet all that sin, violate natural law, must suffer in their own bodies for such violation. 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' saith the prophet, and all flesh shall see it together! But we say that ere the arrival of that blest millenium of universal peace and joy, revolution must go on, and not the earth only be shaken, but also the entire race of mankind be terribly shaken and revolutionized, and beautifully transformed into more aimable sons and daughters of an all-loving Father. The course of real science is onward, and the progressive impulse of the present is excelsior, forward! The present phase of an imbecile christianity, must give place, be shaken out of the way, for the higher life of the practice of a superior faith, and even Spiritualism, rather much of the shallow and weakly conception thereof, or even as it is in most part accepted to-day—think you, friends, sister and brother mediums, it will remain twenty, or even five years, the same (?). Nay, verily. Hard and difficult as it is for even us to part with our darling prejudices, pet ideas, we tell you, friends, plainly, we are now on the vortex of mighty revolutionary changes,—physical, political, social and religious. The world *does move*, and were inertia possible, it would indeed prove eternal sleep. We must move on. Forward is the life giving impulse. We tell the clergy without fear of successful refutation, that they have already too long held up the maker of heaven and earth, as 'sitting' high up in the heavens, and hyena-like, laughing at the calamity and ignorance of his offspring, mocking and deriding them in their fears, when he sends after them in his hot anger, a whirlwind and tempest of destruction. (See proverbs, first chapter.) Such a conception of the character of Deity, by any human being, and by a christian minister more, is a scandal on the progress and intelligence of the nineteenth century. How can they, now dare they, indulge the orthodox effrontery of attempting to reconcile or harmonize so crude, undeveloped and beastily a character with its opposite, love? The more sublime, rational and humanitarian conception, now being so readily grasped by the divinser thought, that 'God is love,' and that he is neither a priest, a king, nor a tyrant, but he is 'Our Father,' and we are all his offspring; therefore, partakers of his divine nature, and must be like him, divine. Therefore, what 'God hath cleansed, let no man call unclean,' and if the 'root be holy, the tree is also holy, and if the tree be holy, so are the branches.' We are God's husbandry, and all the children of his providence and care."

Lillie the child medium, by her sweet voice, led in the singing, now of the pretty melody, answering the query, "*Shall we know each other there?*" In the midst of which, Elsie Charlton being under complete control, arose and winding her way in a remarkable manner through the dense throng, to the farther end of the hall, and extending her hand to Somerville, considerably surprised him, for he had not known she was in the hall. He received her hand within his own, with much pleasure, for he felt sure of a pleasant communication.

"Well, George, something of a stir here this evening; quite a 'revival,' our Methodist friends would say."

Why, yes; it is considerable of a gathering for a spiritual circle. Is this the captain again?"

A cordial hand shaking, almost violent, was the response. Afterwards he answered:

"Again! why it has not been so frequent, George, that you have heard from me,—though I have sometimes been very near you, and in feeling shared a portion of your sorrow,—but, George, you do not sorrow without hope. No, you have entered upon a plane of life, the perspective of which is far more happy and congenial with the wants and cravings of your cultivated nature. You need have no regrets, George, for the past. True you have endured much privation. Your relations,—especially the nearest relation man may know in the earth-life,—were not harmonious, and in consequence of this lack of companionship, of congeniality at home, you suffered much; far more, indeed, than you have seemed intelligently to realize. Yet we would not say, George, that any thing has been lost. The ability to suffer proves also the capacity to enjoy. You have culled some flowers along the dusty way, and there have been times you caught glimpses of a happy future, and though you felt to all this there seemed a stern barrier, the removal of which, you could not see the possibility of; but in all good time, and without an effort on your part, that 'barrier' is effectually removed. At last, George, you are free. Look up and be happy. The future has much for you in store. Good-by."

"Good-by, captain, come again."

"Will try, George, to come whenever I can,—will be a pleasure. Good by."

Marian Ronaldson, sitting near at a table, with paper before her, and pencil in hand, now became suddenly influenced to write, and thus the message ran:

"Mabel, my dear wife, I am glad you are here, though owing to conditions, I can not get as near you as I would like. I therefore write to say, though you have not seen him yet, he is here, and at last the 'barrier' hinted at by him in a brief communication long since, is at last removed. Become better acquainted, and be happy. I remain your guardian and well wisher,

Capt. Elwood Grey."

Still entranced, the medium arose and slowly threading her devious way through the crowded audience, to a remote portion of the room, paused spasmodically in front of Mabel Grey, who sat in deep thought. But looking up at the medium a moment, to whom she was a stranger, she received silently the partially folded paper, and as Marian turned and retraced her steps to the table, Mabel read the brief message, which she at once recognized as coming from her deceased husband,—lost at sea some years before. She had heard from him but seldom, and this was the first written message she had received. A single reading of the encouraging lines, was not sufficient, but she read them o'er and o'er again.

But as will occur sometimes, even at the best managed circles, an unpleasant incident now happened here, which threw a chilling commotion over the entire assembly.

A large turbulent, coatless and hatless man, infuriated with the influence of liquor, and with blood and perspiration streaming down his bloated face, rushed wildly past the door keeper into the midst of the crowded hall; and without seeing her in the confusion, insisted with vociferous profanity, that his *wife*, if there, should come out and go home with him, forgetting in the excitement of the moment, that his only rightful "home," was the prison cell, from which he had lately absconded.

Kindly treatment from several gentlemen present, thinking the man insane, and with words gently spoken, induced the inebriate, Dexter Harlan, quietly to leave the hall, for the fresh cooling air of the street. Many leaving with the intruder, left the room in better condition for spirit manifestation and control, and without enumerating, there was a large number of very excellent communications containing convincing tests, received by the waiting ones. Poor Marian, at the moment in her normal condition, all her senses in the most acute exercise, and far from being recovered fully from the very saddening gloom cast over her by the decease and burial of her dearest and nearest friend, Darlington Ronaldson, shot by Harlan,—she trembled at the sound of the murderer's coarse words, and at sight of his delirious and dreadful appearance, breaking in so suddenly upon her in the midst of the circle,—she trembled like the frightened fawn.

Somerville kindly sought her out, and by the pure magnetic influence of his calmer presence, and a few whispered words of encouragement, reassured her of his ample protection.

Elsie Charlton joined the affrighted Marian; and as Somerville turned away, he encountered the earnest eyes dilating with something of affection and much esteem, of Mabel Grey, fixed upon him. For an instant, as her gaze softened, and he recognized her chaste and winsome smile, he felt as if circled by the charm of a holy enchantment.

They approached, though the movements of each seemed quite involuntary. As their hands joined in a cordial clasp, a few words of pleasurable greeting were uttered by each, and they sought seats in a more reserved part of the room, where without further intrusion, we must leave them, contenting ourselves with the perusal of a copy of the following brief, though enthusiastic love-letter, addressed by Somerville to Mabel Grey, on the day subsequent to their meeting at the great spiritual circle in Philadelphia:

"You then acknowledge an interest in me," Somerville wrote. "Thanks, my noble Mabel, thanks. Blest, thrice happy and blest am I, to win your chaste and holy love. Ah, where now are all those despairing thoughts, which once so pressed me down, and almost crushed me with their weight of woe. One kind word from you, sweet Mabel, and as the soft moon beams dispel the blackness of night, they have fled; and now around me shines the revivifying sunlight of joy,—hope confirmed, and happiness untold."

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☞ Those sending money to this office for the Journal, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

☞ All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

AN ORTHODOX SERMON.

From the Ottawa *Republican*.

By Rev. D. J. Holmes, on Sunday evening, July 3rd.

The words of my text may be found in first Timothy, fourth chapter, first verse:

"Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and now let us look at some of these fruits. First, they teach that Christianity is a humbug; they believe what Christians do not; their religion is a religious negation, and one medium represents Lorenzo Dow's spirit as saying that "All Christians are idolaters." Henry Ward Beecher, in the Banner of Light, is accused of being a Spiritualist, but will not acknowledge it.

They are especially severe on the ministers. That Jesus Christ was a mere man, and the spirit of John Wesley is made to say, "Jesus never taught that he was the son of God, except in the sense in which other men might be. There was nothing miraculous about his conception, birth, life and teachings, more than there is about any other good man."

"All the thumpings of the past twenty-two years have not added one particle to our knowledge of the world to come."

They deny the atonement, and they deny that Jesus Christ performed any miracle. S. B. Brittain classifies Judge Edmonds, Pythagoras, Ben. Franklin, Jesus Christ, and S. B. Brittain himself among the prophets. A writer in a Spiritualist magazine says the theory of supernaturalism is precisely the thing they are laboring to overthrow. It is the constant effort of the spirits and Spiritualists to explain away and ridicule all the miracles of the Bible.

They forget that the two or three miraculous stories told by Vishnu, Budda and others, were ridiculed by the very men to whom they were told, while the miracles of the Bible were received as facts by the most remarkable people that ever had a history. They say the Bible is the work of disembodied human spirits, and not the work of God, that it is one of the worst of books. A. J. Davis says, in a discourse at Cleveland, "From the New Testament alone we get the entire vocabulary of profanity."

These are some of their teachings, from the "Great Harmonia" of Davis, down to the last one published. Their communications are filled with the most loathsome infidelity. They deny hell, savior, judgment, miracles, Bible, Christianity.

Spiritualism is what Spiritualists make it; so with Methodism, Protestantism and Christianity. The axioms of Spiritualism are at war with morality; for the medium must submit to the control of the spirits, and become irresponsible for what he says or does. He knows not what is coming, and since they affirm there are ten evil spirits to one good one, the chances are that an evil spirit will take possession of him. Many of the leading Spiritualists have in moments when they seemed clothed with their right mind, expressed doubts whether the communications were not, after all, merely the working of their own brains.

Spiritualism overthrows the Bible, which teaches that God is angry with the wicked every day.

In 1852 a servant girl, who could not read or write, being a medium, recited a hymn as given by spirits, which was afterwards found in the Baptist collection.

Other fruits of Spiritualism are fraud, deception and falsehood. The mediums are deceived, and they deceive us, since what a spirit may do, a mortal certainly may.

A cabinet maker in New York, 488 Pearl Street, who was hired by a Spiritualist to make a medium table, has declared himself ready to make as many more as they would pay for, with a little hammer under the table bed.

The Fox girls produced the raps with their knee joints, and could not make them without resting their feet on the floor. Others produce them with feet, knuckles, or toes, and one medium said he knew of seventeen ways of producing the raps. These communications are always found to be the echo of the opinions of the medium. They give utterance to blasphemy, infidelity and concupiscence, attributing the language to Wesley or Whitfield in the Spirit Land. Some infidel, Miss, Mrs. or Mr. in female attire, writes a communication against the Bible, the church of Christ and Christ himself, signing it Adam Clark, Payson, Roger Williams or J. Wesley. Why should not such mediums be indicted?

REMARKS.

This grandiloquent divine, whose criticisms sound like the death knell of an expiring demagogue, being compelled to speak to empty seats, in consequence of the encroachments of Spiritualism, vents his caustic spleen on its adherents, and raves like the raging gladiator who cursed God and died. Poor man, we pity you! Your ignorance of the true nature of Spiritualism is so palpable, and manifested so plainly in your sermon, that we believe you have long since concluded that

> "Ignorance is bliss
> And folly to be wise."

Like an ancient hunter who shot ninety-nine times at what he supposed to be a squirrel on a tree-top, and as he was about to fire again, found it was only a musquito taking its morning nap on one of the long hairs that overshadowed his eyes. This was a strange optical illusion, but no more striking than this wonderful mental hallucination under which this illiterate Divine is laboring in firing his shots at Spiritualists. The poor ninny is so exceedingly foolish in his conclusions, and makes such unwarrantable assumptions, that we deem it best to notice his idiotic scintillations, and his vain attempts to magnify mole-hills into mountains, as little as possible. He belongs to that generic species of *genus homo*, who jump at conclusions, and cry "impossible!" "humbug!" "fanatical!" "licentious!" without stopping for a moment to consider. He has not the sense to discover, nor the honesty to admit, that the Bible, on which his doctrine is based, is a book abounding in incidents illustrative of our philosophy; and, indeed, if we desired to convince the skeptic that there is a grand truth in our doctrine, we would start him on a voyage of discovery on that vein of Spiritualism which courses its way through every part of the Bible.

This Divine, who talks so freely in reference to that of which he is as ignorant as Agassiz of the origin of Gulliver's Lilliputians, should not commence his base insinuations until he has looked at himself.

We knew of a furious bull once, that, keen for a fight, went bellowing along, hooking and pawing the earth madly, yearning for an antagonist worthy of his strength. Passing a bridge, he saw himself reflected in the clear waters below, and indignant at seeing his motions imitated by an imaginary adversary, jumped off the bridge, in order to give battle, and broke his neck. Poor animal! he was brave, but his bravery brought him to an untimely end.—If Mr. Holmes had the honesty to discern the acts of his own church, as reflected in various ways, he would have no occasion to give expression to a tirade of abuse against others, although he would, perhaps, come to an untimely end, if he saw fit to attack them.

This Immaculate-Conception, hell-burning Divine has, perhaps, forgotten that the God he worships at one time sent forth a lying spirit, thereby violating one of his own commandments and becoming a criminal himself. The character of the God he worships can be learned from the company he keeps. There was David, the most miserable of debauchees, who is represented as being a man after God's own heart. He robbed Bathsheba of her innocence and purity, and caused the death of old Shimia, thus manifesting traits of character that the most hardened criminal in our penitentiaries would not dare to imitate! Abraham was a liar; Noah a drunkard; and Moses about as miserable a law-giver as ever degraded the annals of history. If Noah was in Chicago to-day, he would not be permitted to take out a license for a lager-beer saloon, and as for Moses,—the eminent law-giver,—he could'nt poll a dozen votes for alderman.

Your assertion that the "thumpings of the past twenty-two years have not added one particle of knowledge of the world to come," is a bare faced assumption that you know to be false. Had you the power, you would imitate your God, and send forth a legion of lying spirits, who, tinctured with sin and licentiousness, would try to lead the children of earth astray. You have already imitated Abraham, by telling several willful and malicious falsehoods in the above article, forgetting the passage of scripture which says:—"No liar can enter the kingdom of heaven."

Your scurrilous article was a sweet morsel to your tongue, and you wrote it knowing that you were imitating your avenging, angry God, who sits on a seven-by-nine throne,—nobody knows where.

"By their fruits shall ye know them." That is true.

Call at our office, and we will read to you the account of the Rev. Mr. Cook of New York, eloping with a young lady; of a Methodist minister who had eight wives; of the Stewart divorce case: in fact, we will give you all the fruits of your creed that you want,—enough, at least, to nauseate your stomach with the poisonous effluvia thereof, and, rising in a mist, to darken your vision, and permeating your mind, you will think yourself crazy.

Collect all the ministerial scapegoats that have been convicted of licentious acts, and it would make a crowd larger than the inmates of Joliet Penitentiary.

You say, "They are especially hard on ministers."

Of course "they are,"—especially hard on those, who, forgetting their obligations to God and humanity, not only violate the laws of our statute books, but trample under foot the "higher law," which tells each one what is right and wrong.

In regard to Spiritualism "explaining away, and ridiculing the miracles of the Bible," that is perfectly natural. The idea of Jonah reposing for three days and nights in the stomach of an enormous whale, is harder to believe than Gulliver's marvelous stories, or the narration of Sinbad the Sailor. Then the idea of God becoming a tailor, and making garments for Adam and Eve, is disproved by the old adage that, "it takes nine tailors to make a man."

Wesley was right in his statement that "Jesus never taught that he was the son of God, except in the sense in which other men might be." There was really nothing more miraculous about his conception, birth, life, teachings, than is connected with that of any other man.

St. Luke, a tolerably good man, said he "was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb;" which simply meant that the influence of a spirit circle was showered down upon him while in the embryotic condition, and that the spiritual magnetism, emanating from them, was the only "Holy Ghost" that he was ever affected with. If you wish to learn something of his early history and development, read our articles on that subject, on the "Spiritualism of the Bible," and then follow up your investigations by reading "Jesus of Nazareth," by Alexander Smythe, and then your eyes will become opened somewhat. He never performed a miracle,—that is impossible.

"Their communications are filled with most loathsome infidelity."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Call it "loathsome infidelity, if you please. Why, we only reject the chaff of the Bible. Abraham was a liar, Noah a drunkard, and David a miserable debauchee. We would advise all to not follow such examples unless they desire to be incarcerated in a dark cell in the penitentiary.

They affirm that there are "ten evil spirits to one good one."

That is a mistake. We do admit, however that your licentious ministers of the gospel can come back to earth and influence others from the path of virtue; they would be likely to do so, if possible.

"Spiritualism overthrows the Bible, which teaches that 'God is angry with the wicked every day.'"

Well, what of that? God with a sullen countenance, eyes glistening with a hellish passion, features wreathed in smiles of contempt and hate,—angry. Poor fool! to think so. God vexed! God out of patience, and scolding his children, like some old angular, fidgety, distorted, crazy old woman! The Rev. D. J. Holmes can, worship such a God, if he chooses, but we would rather be excused. We take no stock in such a being, who has no balance wheel to his mind, but who, like the wretched pugilist, shakes himself in anger.

"Other faults of Spiritualism are fraud, deception, and falsehood."

In answer to that, we refer him to the trial of the ministers of the gospel engaged in speculating off of the Methodist Book Publishing House of New York City. Also to the one hundred and fifty orthodox ministers now in the various penitentiaries in the United States. They will tell him something of the "fruits" of orthodoxy.

"In 1852, a servant girl recited a hymn which was afterwards found in the Baptist collection."

Yes, and an Episcopalian clergyman of Philadelphia, stole one of Channing's sermons, and passed it off as his own.

May 18th, the wife of a grocer, in Hartford, Connecticut, left her husband and little children, under rather suspicious circumstances, and it is supposed she eloped with a young "gay and festive" Lutheran minister, who had been stopping there a week or two, and had reported that he expected to be located at that point. The husbands seems to be satisfied, and thinks that the joke is on the minister.

Mr. Holmes, how is that for "fruits?"

The two Episcopal churches in Connecticut, whose "fruits" consisted of a free fight, puts us in mind of that beautiful epic which recites how

> "There onst was two cats in Kilkenny,
> And aich thought there was one cat too many;
> So they quarreled and fit,
> And they gouged and they bit,
> Till excepting their tails and the tips of their nails,
> Instead of two cats, there warn't any."

Your "fruits"—how do you like them?

This attack on Spiritualism by the Reverend gentleman, evinces an unpardonable weakness, for he presents nothing that militates against the truthfulness of the Harmonial Philosophy' and when his charges are of a criminal nature, it was unnecessary for him to venture outside the precincts of his own church, to find material on which to give expression to his splenetic nature. Poor man, alarmed at the progress our cause is making, he resolves himself into an Œcumenical Council, and undertakes to ostracise all who do not happen to entertain sentiments similar to his own. We pity the man, and hope that light will by and by dawn upon his soul. The song he sings in the exercise of his religious worship, embraces the sentiment he muses on in his meditation, and finds reflection in the article he has written against Spiritualism. It runs as follows:

> "Hark! The Eternal rends the sky!
> A mighty voice before him goes—
> A voice of music to his friends,
> But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
> Come, children, to your Father's arms,
> Hide in the chambers of my grace,
> Till the fierce storm be overblown,
> And my revenging fury cease."

The imbecile fulminations of this idiotic Divine, culminates in the declaration that the Fox girls produced the raps with their knee-joints, while one medium knew seventeen ways to cause them! and his insinuations against the morality of Spiritualists are worthy of just as much credit as like charges made by the minister who had eight wives, the full particulars of which he gave in the Journal some time ago. When he desires to learn the moral standing of his own church, we would refer him to the criminal calendar, and he will find enough there to satisfy his insatiable thirst for "fruits." He is so demented that he forgets the beautiful words of the Nazarene:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

He has failed to see the leprous sores that are seething and burning in his own church. Poor Holmes, we pity you! Bound down by the galling chains of ignorance, you are a worse slave than the negro who stands with trembling limbs before his cruel master. With your whole nature distorted, psychologized with the idea of the Immaculate Conception, etc., you seem like one indeed bereft of reason, in the fulminations that you send forth against the Harmonial Philosophy; but as they touch our impregnable redoubts, they only echo your own death, and passing away in gentle whispers, articulate your own folly.

☞ Bulletin-boards are suggested for churches, to do away with pulpit announcements.

PROTESTANT INFALLIBILITY.

[From the Tablet, Roman Catholic, New York.]

The sectarian papers ridicule the idea of Papal infallibility, and apparently with perfect unconsciousness of the fact that an infidel might retort their ridicule upon themselves. They tell us that it is absurd to suppose that any man can have the prerogative of infallibility. Yet they profess to have an infallible authority for their faith in the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. These Scriptures were penned by men, and how can they be infallible if no man can be the medium of infallibility? Suppose St. Paul or St. Peter were present, in the flesh, as they once were, and teaching by word of mouth; would they dispute the infallibility of the teaching of either? They could not, so long as they profess to believe in the infallibility of the New Testament. Why then is it more absurd to believe the Pope teaches infallibly than to believe that Peter and Paul so taught?

Do you say that the sacred writers were not of themselves infallible, and wrote infallibly only as inspired by the Holy Ghost? Well, is there any greater difficulty in supposing that the Pope, by the assistance of the same Holy Ghost, teaches infallibly what was delivered by our Lord and his inspired apostles? Nobody supposes that the Pope of himself, by his own natural ability as a man, is infallible, any more than was St. Peter or St. Paul. If infallible at all, he, as were the sacred writers, is only so by virtue of the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost. If it is ridiculous to believe that he can receive that assistance, how can it be less to believe that Peter or Paul could and did receive it?

The fact is that the Protestant who believes in the infallibility of the Bible, has to encounter all the difficulty he imagines the Catholic encounters in asserting the infallibility of the Pope as supreme teacher of the Church. If supernatural assistance is once recognized, the difficulty in either case vanishes; if it is denied, the denial is no less fatal to the infallibility of the sacred writers than to that of the Pope, and the pretensions of either are absurd.

Just so exactly; and it seems very strange to plain common sense people, that infallibility can be claimed in either case. While there is no evidence in the Bible, of its infallibility, there is very much in it which proves the contrary; and we see no more absurdity in the Pope's claim to infallibility than in the Protestant Church claiming the same for the various authors of the Bible; and the idea of the Protestant Church recognizing supernatural assistance is out of the question, as they contend that the days of inspiration and miracles have past eighteen hundred years since,—never to return until Jesus Christ "descends in the clouds of heaven." On the other hand, the Pope claims that he is the only one through whom inspiration can lawfully come, because he is in the direct line of apostolic succession. And thus we can see no way of escape for the Protestants. They must either come under the ban of the Pope, or else accept the inspirations of the present, which are so clearly demonstrated, and become Spiritualists,—but they will be very slow to do either, for in either case they would be obliged to take a *back seat*.

The Evangelical Alliance,—*alias* the World's Convention of Divinity Doctors, is about to assemble in New York City, and strenuous efforts will then and there be made for a union of all evangelical denominations, to the end that they may wage a successful warfare against the infallibility absurdity of the Pope on the one hand, and the great fact of plenary inspiration as demonstrated by the Spiritualists on the other, while the Pope pitches into both.

The Spiritualists out number both denominations, according to the estimate of a conclave of Catholic Bishops assembled at Baltimore.—These "poor, miserable and despised Spiritualists," having direct and constant communion with the spirit-world,—being backed up by all the known laws of nature, and the revelations of science and the Bible too,—commanding legions of angels whose agents we are, sent to a people who have been groping about in darkness for eighteen hundred years, and for the express purpose of bringing about the Millennium that Christians have so long looked for, and so earnestly prayed for, have little to fear; for if God and angels are with us' who *can* prevail against us? Surely not the devils of Popery and orthodoxy, who already hear the clanking of chains with which they will be bound for a thousand years at least, that the Scripture prophecy may be fulfilled which says, "The first shall be last and the last first."

SPIRIT PICTURES IN N. Y.

Quite a sensation has been created in New York City, in consequence of the production of a picture said to be the production of Raphael, the great Italian painter. The work is the portrait of a young lady, and was produced through the mediumship of Margaretta Fox Kane. A reporter of the *World* alludes to it in the following language:

"The mother of the person whose portrait the picture represents was one of the circle, and was so much pleased with it that she gave the medium $100 for her time at the seances.

As a work of art coming from the hand of Raphael, a more perfect production was expected. The expression of the face, with its eyes turned heavenward, is exquisitely sweet, and the left shoulder and breast are true to nature. The color of the eyes and hair are said to be like those of the original, and a strong family resemblance is recognized by all who have seen the picture. The hands are crossed upon the right breast with the fingers pointing upward, and from the right hand a rose bud droops toward the left shoulder. The arms, from the elbow to the wrist, and the hand, are badly drawn, and out of proportion. The defect is a marked peculiarity of the picture, and to some persons who have seen it, presents evidences of its production as represented. At the bottom of the picture, is written in Italian, in a bold hand, "*Estiva rosa somiglia mia vita*" (My life is like a summer rose), and across the left hand corner is the name Raphael, said to be a fac-simile of the great artist's signature.

The painting has created a decided sensation among Spiritualists, and whether or not it be a production of the marvelous master from whose hand it is said to have come, it is a curiosity, and the select few who have seen it, have at least found in it something to talk about."

THE NATIONAL STANDARD.

The *National Anti Slavery Standard*, which has been published as a monthly magazine since April last, is to be resumed as a weekly journal. It will omit "*Anti-Slavery*," and be known, hereafter as the *National Standard*. It will be devoted to reform, radical politics and literature. It will, as heretofore, be under the editorial management of Mr. A. M. Powell, Wendell Phillips, Lydia Maria Child, Frederick Douglass, Julia Ward Howe, Hon. George W. Julian, Col. T. W. Higginson, Louisa M. Alcott, Rev. John T. Sargent, Mary Grew, and other able well known writers are among its contributors. The first number of the new series of the *National Standard* was issued Saturday, July 30th, and contains an article by Wendell Phillips on the Chinese Question.

THE PSALMS OF LIFE.

As a collection of music for Spiritualist's societies, families and circles in their lecture rooms and grove meetings, their pic-nics and other social gatherings; in fact, for all occasions in which they may meet, at home or abroad, the "Psalms of Life" has always been considered a volume of standard merit.

Our old friend, John Pierpont, with his eyes always recognizing the best things in a liberal and reformatory direction, used to revel in the rich verge that waves its banner of free thought on every page of this book. Theodore Parker's society adopted it as the best collection for its purpose.

Hitherto, the use of the book has been somewhat retarded by the high price, and we are happy to announce that editions are now being printed at so low a price that every person of limited means may possess a copy.

The prices are as follows: In paper, fifty cents; in board, sixty five cents; in cloth, eighty cents.

Think of a volume of more than five hundred selections of the choicest poems, with the music of those inspired composers, Mozart, Beethoven, Handell and others, appended, for half a dollar.

See advertisement in another column.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON AS A HEALING MEDIUM.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the above named medium. No healing medium that we have ever known, has powers which excel hers. She is not only curing all who call upon her at her residence, of the most severe chronic and acute diseases, by one or more applications of the *Positive* and *Negative* forces, which are imparted by spirit power through her mediumship, but she sends such remedies or prescriptions as each individual case shall require, to any patient, no matter how far away, by mail, on application by letter, in the manner mentioned in her advertisement.

We have been shown numerous letters from those who have been cured of various types of disease, and she informs us that not in a single case has she been advised of a failure where she has prescribed.

That there are incurable cases she does not deny, but she insists, while under spirit control, that it is no evidence that a person cannot be cured because doctors have failed.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Annie Curran Torrey, late of Texas, is now in Topeka, Kansas. She is an excellent medium, and will do good wherever employed.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is still sojourning with her friends in New Castle, Penn.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is stopping temporarily at Augusta, Mich.

A. B. Whiting lectures on Sunday next at Crosby's Music Hall. He is engaged for a month. He is an entertaining speaker and will interest our people.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's lectures here have created new interest in our cause. Her eloquence, logic, sarcasm, and beauty of expression, place her in the front ranks of our lecturers. She is a noble woman, and devoted to our cause.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is laboring efficiently in Minnesota.

☞ Peter West is still at room 23, 189 South Clark street, where he continues to give his wonderful tests.

Amusements.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Shoo fly! Shoo fly! Positively one week only, commencing Monday, August 1st. The original and world-famous Bryant's minstrels, the oldest minstrel troupe in existence, from Bryant's Opera House, in New York, under the immediate direction and supervision of the eminent comedian, Mr. Dan Bryant, who will positively appear at every performance, assisted by his twenty-two first-class artists, supported by those talented burlesque artists, Unsworth and Eugene, Dave Reed, G. W. Griffin, Little Mac, the diminutive wonder—a dwarf in stature, a giant in talent—J. H. Ross' grand orchestra, and Bryant's Vocal Quintette, Brandisi, Norman, Russell, Grier and Campbell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

The attractive feature at this theatre during the past week, was Prof. A. Sylvester, the wonder of the world, recognized Illusionist of Europe, and inventor of the most prominent illusions of the age. He is assisted by the beautiful sprite, Miss Angelique Schott, introducing the Marvel of Mecca Mid-Air Suspension, the talking Lion, the Growth of Flowers, twenty changes in five minutes. Astounding Conjuration, Specie Payment, the air filled with gold and silver coin.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Monday, August first. Return for their second regular season of the great Manning's Minstrels. Billy Manning, Ben Cotton, Bob Hart, J. R. Kemble, C. S. Fredericks, J. J. Kelly, J. F. Dunnie, Myron Lewis, "Dancing Little Stevie Rogers," the famous double song and dance artists, Hogan and Hughes, Hunneman's entire Orchestra, and others. The finest combination of first-class artists in the world.

New songs, new jokes, a great new burlesque, new costumes, new properties, magnificent new scenery, theatre renovated and beautified, every thing sparkling and refined. Box office open on Friday.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August, is a choice number, containing articles from the pens of our best writers, among which may be found Bayard Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell, F. F. Trowbridge, and other distinguished characters in the field of literature. Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston. Terms, yearly subscriptions, $4.00

"Life and Moral Axioms of Confucius." By Marcenus R. K. Wright. In this little work can be found those glittering gems of thought that Confucius gave expression to, and which have been received with so much admiration by the thinking minds. It should be in the hands of all moral reformers.

[illegible], [illegible].

Some one writes from the above named place in regard to his paper, but fails to give any name, and we certainly cannot learn it by his chirography. We would once more say to all, be careful about your address. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Philadelphia Department.

BY........................ H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

How shall we prepare to meet the Loved ones on the other shore?

This has been a question with mankind in all ages. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins, was intended to illustrate it. We propose to examine this question more thoroughly, as we have heard from many spirits in various conditions, in reference to their first experiences in the inner life.

First, those little children who pass away from this mortal sphere, before they have any clear and lasting impressions from the external, are always received by kindly and sympathetic spirits, and ministered to according to their wants. They do not recognize the change, because they have no conscious experiences of earth-life.

It is not so well that spirits should thus be sent into the interior life, because they have difficulties in acquiring a knowledge of the earthly conditions. It is necessary that they be brought again into the earth's sphere, to acquire that which is essential to the full and perfect development in spirit-life.

Children, a little farther advanced, who have begun to learn something of the conditions of earth-life, and especially those who are under the dreadful pall of theological teachings, in regard to an angry and vindictive God, a devil, and a hell of eternal torment,—these enter spirit-life with a terribly depressing mantle of fear, that drives them to despair, and renders the task of familiarizing them with the scenes and conditions around them exceedingly difficult.

It is a fearful thought that false theology, or mythology and the ignorance entailed thereby, should thus torture innocent victims, and compel them to obtain the lessons of life through such deep and painful sufferings.

Oh, ye whose hearts are touched with warm and loving sympathy for these little ones,—think of the inexpressible suffering that results from these false theological ideas, and seek for more enlightened conditions for yourselves and for all humanity.

The third class are those who enter spirit-life just upon the verge of manhood and womanhood. There are a great variety of conditions here, a few only of which we can briefly notice. Many, with scarcely any unfolding of the spiritual nature, find the plans of their lives all frustrated, and with disappointed hopes and blasted ambitions, the scenes of the inner-life are often undesirable, and it is quite difficult for these to become reconciled to the inevitable changes which have come to them. These are met and kindly greeted by their loved ones, and by some philosophical minds who can present to them a comprehensive view of God's great plan,—the wisdom of which has been somewhat obscured by a dark spot upon the sun of their destiny. Many special instances, we shall reserve for future articles. One class we shall notice here, it is quite numerous. Those whose soul natures have so far risen above the material form and its surroundings, that they are ripened for the skies, and they lay aside the material tabernacle, and enter their new home amid the glad hozannas and the plaudits of the loved and loving ones. Thus is it often with those who are the victims of that fell disease consumption, whose slow consuming fires burn away the dross of the material form, and leave the soul free, pure and triumphant over the wreck of matter. There are, however, very many of earth's lessons for these to learn, and much of their spiritual experiences must be imperfect for want of the life lessons which they have failed to receive whilst in the form.

From the period of manhood and womanhood, mankind either go downward with their roots deep in the earth, each succeeding year, fastening them more firmly there, or they grow upwards, the leaves of their wide extending branches, being for the healing of the nations, and their rich and fragrant flowers, full of the sweet perfume of heaven. We need hardly say that the old saying, "As the tree falls, so it lies," is true, and that the reception of an individual in the spheres, is always in accordance with their conditions on earth, and to each man and woman, is appointed their own apotheosis.

A vision opens before us now, of the most divine apotheosis, or translation from earth to the spheres.

We see now, a group of old men and women in the interior—among these we recognize the tall form of the venerable Father Pierpont. Now the scene changes to earth, and we see an old man, standing erect in the serene majesty of a divine manhood, with a beautiful halo around the head and the whole of that venerable form. Four score years have marked their lines upon that outward body, but within all is freshness and beauty, the greenness of youth blending with the ripeness and maturity of old age. He stands consciously upon the threshold of two worlds, and gazes back over a well spent life of labor and of accomplished results, and then lifting his eyes upward, and looking forward, he sees the word excelsior written in glowing letters on the grand over-arching firmament above him. By his side stand two familiar spirits, with whom he has conversed freely for years. Over his head are hovering little cherubs, that had gone forth from his family,—these were singing sweetly the anthems of the better land. We saw him pause for a moment, the hour of translation had come, a slight tremor passed over that manly form, and it fell prostrate upon the earth; but immediately, there stood above it, a fair and beautiful angel, its counterpart clad in white robes. For a moment, he gazed upon the fallen form, and instantly recognizing the condition of things, he said, "Farewell, my earthly form! Thou hast done thy work for me. I yield thee up to thy kindred dust."

Then turning to the beautiful ones whom we had seen around, he rose up in majesty sublime, and the vision passed away as a scroll. This lesson was not alone for us.

Children of earth, you who would know how to meet your loved ones in the better land,—seek to fill out life's fullest measure, so that when the summons comes for you to be gathered home, you shall go like a shock of corn fully ripe, feeling that your work is done, that you have fulfilled your mission, and that henceforth there is laid up for you a crown of peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Invocation by Arthur Buckminster Fuller.

Oh, Thou Infinite and eternal presence. Whom we call God, our Father and Mother, we recognize that we are ever in Thy presence since Thou art omnipresent, and although Thou art incomprehensible to our finite minds in Thine Infinitude, yet we turn to Thee as little children to their parents,—feeling that Thy love warms us, Thy goodness and power protects us ever. And oh, Father, as we would know of Thee, we turn to Thy great volume, the beautiful book of nature, which thou hast outspread before us, and whether we look at the infinitely small or the infinitely great, we find traces of Thy handiwork every where. Even deep down in the rock-ribbed crust of our Mother Earth, Thou hast stamped medallions of all the ever varying grades and conditions of life, and laid them away carefully in the mountains and valleys, and under the depths of the seas, and as we read these, we are drawn nearer unto Thee, and feel that Thy perfect hand hath wrought all these wonderous works.

As we wander in thought and observation, among the insects that Thou hast formed so wonderfully and so curiously every where around us, we read the evidences of Thine infinite power and skill, in their most beautiful and perfect forms, so endlessly varied, so marvelously adapted to the ever-changing conditions which exist around them. Every where in the broad and beautiful and teeming fields of life, we read the glorious hand writing of Thine inimitable power. When by night, darkness covers our little world with her mantle, we rejoice to go forth with Thee, Our Father, among the shining hosts of heaven, and read there the grand lessons of Thy matchless majesty and power, in the star-lit dome of Infinitude,—whither we are permitted to walk with Thee. Then, oh, Our Father, we turn into our own souls, and there feel the throbbing pulses of Thy divine love and life,—Thine ever sustaining and protecting power. We bow before Thee, and would give forth the harmony of true lives, so that we may, indeed, come nearer in recognition to Thee, and realize Thy presence and power more fully, and know, indeed, that Thou art in all and over all, and that in Thee, we live and move, and have our being not only now, but henceforth and forever more.

Obituary.

Gone to the angels: Lydia Maria, only child of J. William Van Namee, aged 3 years, 5 months and 7 days.

After a severe illness of two weeks, the little sufferer was freed from her bonds of clay, and her spirit soared beyond the realms of time, guided by angel hands, and lives in eternity, waiting to welcome the loved ones she left on earth to her bright and beautiful home.

On Monday, the 25th, the angels called her.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fourth Annual Convention.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

Local Societies and Lyceums will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members and one for each fraction thereof.

Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates.

Emma Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

HUDSON TUTTLE, *Pres't.*
GEORGE WM. WILSON, *Sec'y.*

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 28th, 29th and 30th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

There will be good lectures for the occasion.

We cordially invite all lecturers and Free Thinkers to participate with us.

Come and see our young State Capitol, where we can speak our minds freely.

By Order of the Committee;

ALONZO ROGERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

GROVE MEETING IN OMRO, WIS.

J. M. Peebles, bringing the spiritual lore of the orient, and J. O. Barrett, state Missionary for Wisconsin, will be present.

The Omro Meeting will be held in a beautiful grove, on Saturday and Sunday, August 13th and 14th.

Come to the Feast of Tabernacles.

Cars run at half fare on the S. & V. R. R., on Sunday;—leave Fond du Lac and Sheboygan at 8: 30, a. m.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAONI, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Laoni, Chautauqua, Co., New York, on Saturday, and Sunday, September 3d and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

This Convention is called at Laoni by the solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

Past experiences at conventions of this kind furnish sufficient guarantee that another of those rich Pentecostal seasons will be enjoyed, and that good speaking and singing will abound. Invitations extended to all seekers for truth and Harmonial Philosophy.

J. W. Seaver,
P. I. Clum, } Committee,
Frank Rice.

GROVE MEETING.

The Lyceum and Society of Milan, Ohio

will hold a Grove Meeting on the 3d Saturday and Sunday of August 20th and 21st.

The beautiful Grove of the Western Reserve Seminary has been secured, and will be fitted up for the occasion.

Emma Hardinge, J. M. Peebles, and A. A. Wheelock will occupy the platform.

Friends from a distance will be provided for.

Lee Van Scotten.
Secretary.
C. P. L.

MILAN, OHIO.

JULY 18th, 1870.

BLACK LIST.

E. B. ENSIGN, of Vinton, Iowa, has removed to parts unknown. His dues to the paper amount to $2.75. Can any one inform us where he is?

ESTRANGEMENT.

(Republished from Number Eighteen.)

CHAPTER X.

The door bell had rang pretty loudly, and just as the Rev. Leander Mosgrove had spoken the last word of our previous chapter, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Marian, not thinking of the reverend gentleman's presence, was gleefully crossing the threshold of the entrance leading into the parlors. As suddenly looking up, she stopped short, somewhat abashed, and blushing, gracefully apologized, whereupon Rev. Leander Mosgrove arose, and extending his hand, expressed himself pleased to see her. Elsie would have passed on to her room, but as she momentarily hesitated at the doorway, Somerville arose, and inviting her into the room, introduced her to the preacher. As he continued to be pleasant a smile rippled over his rubicund face, as he extended his still open hand. But as the name, "Elsie Charlton," fell on his ear, none saw the spasmodic twinge that, like an electric shock, traversed in an instant his being. His clasp of her hand, though not slight, instantly relaxed, and his hand fell with something of a jerk to his side. He would have fallen into his seat again, but Darlington Ronaldson now entered, and was introduced to the smiling pastor. The unctious smile, though now seeming less free and full, he was confused and somewhat nervous. The spasmodic fall of the pastor's hand from that of Elsie's, was noted casually by Somerville, and he glanced almost triumphantly toward Lady Emeline, as he thought they were about to be favored with a present test and manifestation, confirmatory of all he had previously spoken to his theological opponent. But Elsie had turned away, and passing Somerville and Marian by, sat a little removed from all. That which George had observed in the pastor's movements, was occasioned by a dim, though sudden recollection, the sound of the name called up, and not as he had thought, a spirit or magnetic thrill conveyed by the touch of her hands.

A few common-place remarks only had passed between Ronaldson and the pastor, as the latter, seeming to be ill at ease, intimated to George and Lady Somerville his pleasure in parting company with them for the night. The music ceased, and he rose to leave. As he did so, Elsie also stood stiffly up, and facing them all, as all eyes were directed toward her. Hers were closed. Leander Mosgrove, hat in hand, began bidding them good night. "He did not wish to give countenance to such jugglery and *satanism*," Somerville placing his finger to his lips, intimated his wish that the reverend gentleman would remain a few minutes longer with them.

"Sylves Charlton," said the medium, in a voice clear and shrill, "at last we meet."

The pallor of his face blanched to very whiteness—whiter than the scarf he wore, and as he hastily shook hands with them to leave, his trembling was perceptible to all. Again, George urged him to remain, and the medium approaching, exclaimed;

"Stir not, but hear me. For years you have wronged yourself—wronged me. Why will you continue to stifle the voice that has spoken to you to-night,—has spoken to you before?"

"You must excuse me, friends. I wish to know no more of this," Leander stammered making toward the door. Somerville remarked that the message seemed to be for him,—asked him if he knew anything about it, and advised him to question the spirit.

"I know nothing of this, friends, I beg of you——"

Lady Somerville now came to the rescue, and hoped if this *demonstration* was, as it certainly must be, so offensive to "our pastor," She hoped they would not be so rude and unchristian as to insist on him remaining.

"Sylves Charlton, heed the voice of reason. You have evaded me long, but at last we meet.

"Oh, what have I not suffered since I have borne your name."

The preacher would have fled from the place, but a strange weakness seemed now to come over him, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he grasped the chair he had just vacated, and glared at the medium, with face of ashen hue, and eyes of ghastly gaze.

"And would you prolong your desertion,—continue to fly from your wife—fly from your wife and child? Will you not remember, Mary Charlton whom, within sight of the beautiful lakes of Killarney, you vowed to protect and shield with your life,—and will you not recognize this medium, *our child*, Elsie? You would have passed from here,—yes, without knowing her, though so near. But when the name was announced, it was I, Sylves, who impressed on your memory, and I started through your partially awakened soul, a dim recollection of the long, long past. Learn from this the simple fact of the spirit's capacity to gain love o'er and o'er their experiences of your sphere, and this will prove your punishment, until by an actual overcoming of evil you outgrow the errors and sin-stains, and their results contracted in earth life. This the purging and purifying process through which all must pass, by it many shall be made white and tried. But I must now give way for a while. There is another waiting impatiently to speak. In truth, he did much to assist me here. Sylves Charlton, be just, and fear not. Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God. Good-by."

"Well, sir, I've been an old salt, and I hope the lady will excuse my forwardness. But I was afraid she wouldn't say enough, and I was too fidgity to speak. Mr. Charlton, you will hardly remember me. You've changed some, and prospered considerably since you left so suddenly, the 'old country.' You'll excuse my bluntness. I've followed the sea considerably, and find myself sometimes a little abrupt. But I wish now to say——"

"Indeed, friends, I am violating my own conscience and better judgment. You must excuse me," pastor Mosgrove recovering, now expostulated, moving toward the door.

"Mr. Mosgrove, please listen a little longer. This spirit I know, and you can rest assured he will say nothing to wound you in the least. This is the captain,—is it not?" said Somerville.

The medium grasped his hand, and answering in the affirmative, shook him heartily.

"Yes, George, I'm here again, and I'm right glad this dear girl,—let me see, her name—Elsie;—yes, Elsie, my little protege she once was. But, Oh George, I'm so glad she's found her father after so long a search. It was partially with this object that I risked her on old ocean, when as yet she was such a wee little thing, a tiny sprite, so frail that but a slight wind would have carried her up and away. Yes, Mr. Charlton, this girl—you need not hesitate, she is your own Elsie. You, she never would know,—though you, sir, if you will come nearer, may soon decide beyond mistake that she is yours. Look on those features, how like your own! And that full and silken brown hair, so like her mother's; and her full expressive eye, floating in its own pellucid blue, as her's who bore her—Mary Charlton. Forget the past; embrace your child, and be happy."

The medium backed off slowly toward the seat from which she had arisen, and sitting down, drew her hands several times transversely along her brow. Then pressing her temples with her open palms, unclosed her eyes as if from deep sleep, and her first look was a prolonged involuntary stare at the wondering parson, as he sat in the chair convulsed with deep feeling, broken up and weeping as a little child. None disturbed his grief. Turning her gaze slowly from the penitentive man, Elsie's steady clear eye passed from Ronaldson to Lizzie at the melodeon, thence to Lady Emeline and George, and on to Marian, but for some minutes none seemed able or willing to speak.

At length, George, unable to bear the sight of the pastor's loneliness, in his grief arose, and approached him with open hands and a word of hope and cheer on his lips. The weeping man still trembling with emotion, reached out his hand, and said:

"Bless you, George: what is this? There is a power here that is all new to me; something I have never known till now. Oh George, how wrong I have been in opposing this influence so indiscriminately and relentlessly. Forgive me, George, forgive me."

He stood up, and shaking warmly the hand he held in his, embraced Somerville affectionately again and again. Permitting himself to be led like a little child, they crossed together to the wondering Elsie's side, and the exquisite joy produced by the revelation of their relationship, and the mutual recognition of father and child can not be told.

At the remarkable conclusion of the theological tilt designed by Lady Emeline, between her husband and her "beloved pastor,"—so adverse to her expectations and fondest hopes, she was completely dumbfounded, and as she retired silent and disappointed that night, this little sentence tingled in her ears, "They who came to *scoff*, remained to pray."

CHAPTER XI.

"Man shot! a man shot," was the hurried reply from many lips, in answer to the exciting questioning of the curious and hurrying crowd, as to the cause of the stirring commotion in the midst of a prominent thoroughfare, a short distance from them.

Many gathered round the wounded man, and as he was being conveyed to his room at the hotel, they gazed curiously at his pallid features, and wondered and questioned as to the particulars of the difficulty. Some distance from them, though yet within sight, Dexter Harlan, between two police officers, was being conducted to the "tombs."

The victim of his brutish jealousy and cowardly revenge, was A. Darlington Ronaldson. The deed though done at midday, was perpetrated without a moment or a whisper of warning, and though on the way to his room he suffered intense pain, yet not a murmur of complaint, nor a word of censure escaped him.

Arrived at his room, the crowd followed—some from idle curiosity, others expressing and feeling real sympathy for the sufferer; and the officers were leaving the room as a tall gentlemanly man pushed his way through eagerly, and reaching the bedside of his friend, George Somerville reached out his hand and almost breathless exclaimed, "Heavens, Darlington, what has happened? The wound,—is it dangerous?"

The attending surgeon near him replied in a whisper, "Yes, sir, it is dangerous, and unless we are very careful, and he remains very quiet, will prove *mortal*."

At the sound of Somerville's familiar voice, Ronaldson unclosed his eyes, and smiling faintly as he grasped the open hand of his friend, in a husky voice, said:

"George, bless you, I'm glad you have come. I fear I am badly hurt this time. Dexter I fear me, has been more sure,—fatal with his aim in his second attempt on my life. The pain, George, is terrible. I hope I shall recover, for his sake. But if I do not, God forgive him. I would not have him punished as I now suffer."

"You show a kind and noble spirit, Darlington. You deserve to recover, as I hope sincerely you will, but you must not speak so much now. The surgeon says you must try to be perfectly quiet. Shall I send Marian to you. I'm sure when she knows the worst, she will fly to your aid."

God bless her angel soul. But, George, she must not know the worst. It will not do. For her sake, George, she must not see me now. It is useless for her to brave alone the heartless gossip of popular opinion. The public will talk, and likes well to feed on scandal, even though it be fabulous."

"Darlington, I know Marian's kindly and impulsive nature, and I know she will not care for, nor consult public opinion, when she knows of this."

"She is noble and brave I know; far too pure a woman for the creature who calls her wife. But I must not speak of this. For his enmity to me, I could forgive and befriend him, would he but value as he should, the vestal treasure he has in Marian."

"He is a brutish man, an assassin and coward!"

"Yes; but I would not harm him. I hope he may escape. And though I suppose the law must have its course, yet I forgive him freely. Oh, this pain in my side and near my heart is terrible! I must stop."

"Yes, Darlington, rest quietly as you can. Try and get some sleep; it will refresh you. Good by! Bless you! I will be with you soon."

"Good by. Come often, George."

They clasped hands, and parting, Somerville left sadly for his home. And had he really desired to do so, he would most assuredly have failed in keeping from Marian's knowledge the fact of her friend's fatal mishap, for his rueful countenance, as he entered his home, led as the unerring index, direct to the secret of his soul. As in answer to her persistent questioning and solicitation, he gradually and gently led her on to the realization of the gloomy fact,—her face grew pale as marble, and she continued eagerly to listen to Somerville's recital of the intense pain occasioned by the wound which Ronaldson was then suffering, and the genuine nobility, patience, and forgiving spirit exhibited by the wounded man,—her tears, at the first to her imperceptible, began to trickle fast.

That evening with Somerville, Marian was at the bedside of her ardent friend, who for his noble friendship, had already endured so much, and now, perhaps, had received his death wound, a martyr for a principle. Marian seemed to realize this more than he, and it therefore seemed to her an easy victory to brave, as she had determined to do, the brazen front of "public opinion."

As the suffering Ronaldson reached out his hand to hers extended towards him, he was pleased to see her, of course, and smiled happily, though he reminded her gently of the sacrifice she was making, that public rumor with her thousand tongues, would be busy with their names. Mere public opinion she regarded as an impulsive tyrant, and when it crossed her path of right and duty, she gave it the cold shoulder, and esteemed it less than the feather's weight in the scale of justice. She hoped that he would give himself no uneasiness, but as he respected her, would acquiesce to the cheerful promptings of her heart's best impulses, and permit her to attend him, and to contribute as she could to his comfort, and aid in the alleviation of his suffering.

He blessed her for her kindness, and said with a smile she should do just as she deemed best.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Pyramid of Diamonds.

A Clairvoyant View of Our Future Home.

Being in the village of Canadea, New York, with a friend, in February, 1860, I became entranced, and remained in a clairvoyant state some three hours. I was taken over a vast plain of gentle descent, whose surface was covered with fruit and forest trees, as well as vegetables and flowers of every hue and variety. There were beautiful walks running in all directions.

While contemplating the beauties of the landscape, and enjoying the aroma of the flowers about me, I beheld in the distance a vast Pyramid of Diamonds, as it were, whose brilliancy far exceeded any thing I had witnessed before. I seemed attracted towards it by an irresistable influence, and as I neared its base, I became possessed of the power of measurement, which enabled me to get at its true dimensions. I found it 50 miles in diameter at its base, and 50 miles high, and upon the summit it was flat and twelve miles across.

Upon examination I found that the pyramid was composed of steps on all sides, forming a cylindrical pyramid, with the steps at the base of a nebulous color.

I walked up a little way, to take a look upon the beautiful landscape I had just passed over; and upon doing so, I became lost in contemplation, and when about to retire, I heard a voice say to me, "Come up higher," and instantly I became etherialized, and arose without physical exertion for several miles, the atmosphere still growing lighter and lighter, and my lungs inflating and expanding without effort; I noticed the steps began to be transparent, until I could see through them as through pure glass. Onward and upward I went, until I came within some fifty feet of the summit, when the steps before me entirely disappeared from my view. At first I experienced a vacuity of mind. I was at rest.

I looked below and saw the beautiful earth, and everything I had ever witnessed, before me, and there it was. I saw it in reality. Beautiful valleys with running brooks; even the speckled trout was there, and as it jumped to the surface of the waters, silver drops glided upon its surface, and all nature smiled with a real expression unknown to me before, and as I gazed, an indescribable fear came over me. I could not move! I was lost! Oh, the anguish of soul! I felt that every description of sorrow fell with a crushing weight upon my spirit, when a sweet voice, whose cadence thrilled me, said:

"Look aloft!"

I raised my eyes, and beheld two of the most beautiful spirits, extending a welcome hand toward me, and inviting me, as before, to "Come up higher."

Resolution forsook me; in reverential awe I stood still. "Save me ere I perish!" I said, "I sink! I sink!" when the dear ones replied:

"Dear brother, trust in the angels, and you have a sure foundation, "*firm as a rock*."

I contemplated, with fear and remorse permeating every nerve. At last fear left me, in a measure, and I cried:

"I will throw myself away,—it is all that I can do."

I was without fear. I was saved! and walked with firm tread to the summit above, into the presence of the angels. I there saw untold millions of the purest spirits, great and small, and as I walked with my guides around to the right, I looked back to the earth, and saw represented in their appropriate spheres all the nations and kingdoms of the earth, with the various forms of worship, even to the worship of leeks and onions.

I inquired of my guides, and was told that it did not make any difference what or how they worshiped, when they worshiped in sincerity and in truth; and that a spirit as it left the body was immediately attracted to its proper place, the "Pyramid of Diamonds."

I noticed a vast multitude coming towards us, and felt that we must turn out and let them pass, when my guardians told me that it was unnecessary to do so, as there would be no contact of body, as I was a spirit. Then, for the first time, I became conscious that I possessed *no material body*, but had left that below. "Immortality Triumphant!"

I was satisfied, and my soul went out in "gladness, with joy unspeakable and and full of glory." I went on, anxious to know the whole, and soon I came into beautiful groves,—spirit groves,—saw spirit birds, singing spiritual songs, vineyards supporting grapes without pulp or seeds, and containing spiritual wine,— everything of earth represented there in perfect order and harmony. I examined the leaf of the grape, and as I turned it up, the dew-drops fell below and spattered at my feet—*spiritual*, yet *real*.

"And shall it ever be thus?" I inquired.

A thousand voices replied:—"Evermore!"

I noticed the spirits were wearing the most beautiful garments I ever beheld. The texture and lustre far exceeded that of the most lustrous velvet. I asked where the material with which they were clothed was made, and was told it was made in the *sphere above*; that it was the garment of righteousness, put on by the spirit on its arrival, and that after that the desire of the spirit was to merit another by good works, etc., and as fast as they were raised in each sphere of progression, another and more perfect garment was put on, made in the next sphere above the one the spirit occupied.

I seemed lost in contemplating the beauties of the "Pyramid" as I passed from point to point, until I stopped at the entanace of the steps leading to the spheres above, where I felt that I must be permitted to go without delay. I was told by my guides that I could not be allowed then to go above, for my work with mortals was not finished,—that a good work was before me; so I was measureably reconciled to pass on till I came to the point where I came up, when the angels addressed me thus:

"Brother, we delegate you a chosen minister to carry the glad tidings to the earth, of the 'good time coming;' to heal the sick, comfort the afflicted; and when your work on the earth is finished, we will permit you to return again, and you will have no fears, as at this time. You will 'walk in the light,' press forward constantly, magnify and glorify the God within you,—and your future heaven, though spiritual, will be as real as the one you now leave to return to earth. Go, brother, with your attending guides."

I returned to the body, and found myself as before, possessed of the five senses again, with Brother D. W. Johnson, of East Cleveland, O., watching my body.

Angola, Ind.

☞ At a public sale of books in London, Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell."

☞ A little boy once said to his aunt: "Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God."

"He must be trouble enough; indeed, I should think so," she answered. "I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no devil to put him up to it."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Evening's Reflection.

BY DR. E. B. WHEELOCK.

When the evening shades were gathering o'er the landscape wild,—far to the west on one of Iowa's rolling prairies, I sat down beneath a lovely, lonely tree for a few brief moments of silent meditation. The golden orb of day in his gorgeous robes of crimson hue, had just folded the blue curtain of night gracefully over his glory crowned head, as he sunk to rest in the flowery beds of the still far-off western prairie.

The silvery moon was bright, shining in the blue vault of heaven far to the east, watching, beautifully watching the sleeping fathers and mothers in the vallies of New England.

From pole to pole, from the rising moon to the setting sun, the arched heavens were thickly studded with twinkling stars, those diamond worlds whose cotillion dances along the sky in time of night, is ever seen.

In this gorgeous temple of Nature the following modes of reflection came up for consideration:

All mankind have become the makers of their "gods." Why should I stand alone? I therefore join some "Christian" church. The man of God, the "holy priest," becomes my tutor. He commands me to accept Moses as my guide and teacher in the laws of creation.

I commence the study of his "inspired" and "infallible" record.

I learn that somewhere between five and seven thousand years ago, God from nothing made the sun and moon and all the shining worlds that now glisten in the firmament. Yes, considering the short space of six days in which he made all these beautiful things, together with the fishes in the sea and fowls of the air, I behold a "right smart sprinkling" of wisdom, as well as dispatch.

But, being constituted destitute of that "faith," a piece of which, as big as a grain of mustard seed would enable me to remove mountains, I have ever been disposed to ask questions.

Hence I went straightway to the "priest," to the ark where the God of Moses commenced his existence, to know if he also from nothing came, and has had existence only about seven thousand years.

"But," says the priest, "why should you wish to know?"

"Because," I say, "if he has existed from all past eternity, I think I would be edified to know what he had been about all the infinite time previous to the commencement of "Moses' Creation." Did he exist all alone without an earth for a "foot stool," cogitating mentally, before he had any thing to cogitate about? Continuing through all past time to make something without having any thing to make it of,—and finally, after so long a time succeeded in making earth [out of something], and for an experiment, made man out of that. And finally, before two thousand annual revolutions were made, repented that he had made him, and sent a flood to kill him."

But hark! a new train of reflections arises. Methinks I hear an angel's voice—the wisdom of the spheres approaches me. I suddenly awake from the contemplation of the musty records of erring man. I cast aside the fetters of the church. I assume my own manhood. I commence a new search after right causes and truth. I study the divine revealments of Nature anew. I step upon the religious platform of the "poor Indian." I see God manifest in the clouds. I hear him in the winds. With a new and holy reverence, I feel that

> "He refreshes in the breeze,
> He glows in the stars
> And blossoms in the trees."

That

> "He lives through all life,
> Extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided
> And operates unspent."

I now perceive that from material self-existence and by law divine the worlds were formed, and are forming still; that men and angels have being; that death, real death, to God is unknown; that change, incessant change, has, and ever will, roll on, from the eternal past to the eternal future.

Methinks I hear an angel whisper—ah, how strange—the human ear becomes clairaudient—it is thus I hear him say:

"Man in his first edition is rudimental—born of earth, to learn wisdom by experience—to be revised and corrected in due process of time, by his divine Author. Being thus beautified, he passes into the second edition, enlarged in wisdom and greatly improved in form and quality of material—he is now freed from his external corruptible cover of book muslin, and by law unerring, he finds himself rebound in a new cover, resembling gold that cannot perish—Immortal.

Between the first and second edition there is no yawning gulf, no leap in the dark. To the well informed, the bright Spirit World is made up of these. Angels are but new editions of men. We have long labored, so says our spirit guide, to overcome the stultifying ignorance of men, and establish a rational communion between the spheres—the mortal and immortal realms. The glad hour at last has come. Our labors have been crowned with success. The world is now being blessed with the wisdom of angels. Let old conservatism writhe, wrangle and howl—the victory is ours, and blessed are they who receive us, for we will do them good."

I listen still, but the spirit voice is hushed, a new train of meditations arise. Me thinks I see the dark and gloomy creeds of men pass away. The valley of Hinnom and the pagan gulf of Tartarus—I see them swept away with a great noise,—but it was the noise of the "craft."

The Angel World, the home of the blessed, is now brought to view. 'Tis here that sin is finished, that transgressions have an end; that sorrows and sighings cease; that friends and lovers meet to part no more; where eternal day succeeds the night, and pleasures banish pain; where stars immortal shine, and seraphs dwell; where love, pure love, its counterpart may find; where slander's forked tongue, by the light of angel wisdom, will be in everlasting silence hushed; where each precious, immortal soul of the human race by law divine will joyfully accept its situation, as being the only real, the natural, the spiritual, the immortal,—knowing of a truth that God in his wisdom hath so ordained it. As the young duck, by a law of its nature seeks the liquid stream as soon as it leaves its rudimental shell, so will the conscious spirit of man on leaving behind its useless tenement of clay, seek, by law divine, inherent in itself, the ever rolling stream of Immortal Beatitude, and follow thence to the infinite ocean of Endless Progress. That it will ever desire to re enter its old shell to receive a resurrection, as per Adventism must be deemed the height of absurdity; or that it will desire for its own benefit to enter the shell of the *unhatched*, to get wisdom and light for itself through the spoke shell of another, as per "Frank's Journal," is another absurd wrinkle upon one of the branches of spirit communion. For the grand object of spirit communion is to instruct us, and themselves, not we them.

Human pride or human folly may conceive itself capable of instructing the spirit spheres, but where such pride and folly shall enter the realm of pure spirits, it will instantly perceive its own deformity, and cast itself forever away.

Here ends our evening's reflection, and our philosophical meditation. The lessons taught, seem to be these:

1st. Nature, beautiful Nature, presents to us her endless charms, her enchanting beauties.

2nd. The dark valley and the gloom of human creeds, the Church with all her *cat* and *dogmatisms*.

3rd. The unfolding light of the hour, the presentation of the harmonial philosophy, and the Spiritualism of the thinkers of the United States, and of the nineteenth century.

I now seek my cottage home. Sleep, sweet sleep, comes over me. The future hath no fears—in dreams I float through the Summer Land. No storms of passion are there. The clash of arms in battle's fury have passed away. The honey dew of peace is everywhere to be seen. The schools of Alexandria, Egypt, are here revived and truth is taught.

I dream of Lincoln, the martyr. I see him holding forth his Proclamation of Freedom. The angels praise him, and a million of freed men shout Amen!

It is thus that a true Spiritualist can live in worlds to come, and be glorified on earth. Can a modern churchman do this? If not, go learn of the stars; and listen to the whisperings of the Angel World, and thou canst sleep and dream as well,—and then both thou and the earth will be blessed, and the bright hosts of heaven will also rejoice as well.

Hang not your harps upon the willow, but tune them to the world's new song—the song of Eternal Progress.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INSPIRATION.

BY C. C. B.

It has long been a mystery to myself, as well as to others, no doubt, as to the truthfulness of the inspiration of the Bible. I know that it is called the inspired word of God, but what is inspiration? Is it the pure and noble truths of Nature that man can see, and is so overjoyed that he wishes to make known, and disseminate light and truth to his uninformed brethren, that they may rejoice with that joy unspeakable and full of glory? If such is the case, I should like very much to receive a part of it, and rejoice with the rest of the world.

But when one man becomes inspired and writes what he says is God's law, and another great man goes on and writes also by inspiration, or so called by orthodox ministers, and both fail to harmonize, and we seeing the difference between the two opinions, are we not free to use our own judgment, or must we be forced to aquiesce with orthodoxy, and go along with ignorance and superstition which pervades the whole world? If a man says he does not believe that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, or that Jonah was swallowed by a whale or some other kind of a fish, and remained in the belly of the fish three days and nights, or that Samson caught several hundred or thousand foxes, and tied brands of fire to their tails, so as to destroy his neighbor's corn, (which he did, if the other be true), or that Balaam's ass spake, and thousands of other great yarns,—he is an infidel and will go to hell sure, and orthodoxy has a place made on purpose for all such unbelievers.

Poor ignorant humanity, how long will you believe such fables, and stick to ignorance and superstition. The Bible is a history of the nations, and gives their rise and downfall. It tells of the faminesand pestilence, wars, and of the sufferings that were brought on them by their own folly. The Jewish nation, one of the wealthiest among the nations of that day, and God's chosen people, who had led them from Egypt and promised them the land of Canaan for an everlasting inheritance; they were completely torn to atoms and carried away captive, and God's temple literally destroyed. God must have changed his notion very materially from what he started out on. I suppose, however, he got tired of the manners and customs of the Jews, and thought he would go over to the Gentiles, where he could have something else besides beef and mutton, and thinking a little pork would do no harm, after living so long on the blood of sheep and oxen, and finally wound up the Jewish dispensation by having the blood of his only son spilt to appease his anger and put on the finishing touch.

How much sublimity there is in all this. How thankful we poor, ignorant wretches ought to be. Can we ever repay God for his gratitude toward us? Somebody had to die—there was no getting around it,—and he took his only begotten son and had him crucified for the love he had toward us. There was no other way for us to be saved, only through his blood. Salt would not do it, neither the blood of rams and oxen, and so he thought to try the blood of his only son, which did the business. What infinite wisdom was displayed! The grandeur and sublimity of such an inhuman sacrifice! What does liberal Christianity think of it? For one, I cannot appreciate it, although I have taken a considerable amount of the blood of the Lamb, and eaten very sparingly of his body,—concluding that there were others of the orthodox persuasion who needed it worse than I did, and I always believe in using economy, especially in something that can not be replaced very soon. For we know not when his second coming will be; but look forward with bright anticipations for a new supply when he does come.

How strange it is that we should believe every thing that we read in the Bible. But we are taught from the cradle to read the Bible with reverence and solemnity, for it was the word of God handed down to us from generation to generation, and that there were no contradictions in it,—for man could not add to or take from those sacred writings any word or letter, for he would be accursed. I am strongly of the opinion that man did it all, for if God had done it, it would harmonize to some extent; but as it is, there is no harmony in it. It shows that God's mercy endureth forever, and that he is not changeable, but the same yesterday, today and forever; and then it shows that God is changeable. For it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. For I, the Lord, frame good and create evil. He will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation. What justice would there be in that? God is just.

I think that when men can write the book of Moses three hundred years after he is dead and buried, and palm it off for inspired writings upon humanity, and they believe it genuine, why may not the whole book be as genuine as that? It is a very good book in its place as a history, but not very truthful at that. It teaches all manner of immorality and vice, and is not a suitable book for children to read.

What would people think in this day and age of the world if any one should take their daughters and sleep with them, as old righteous Lot did? Peter lied and deceived his master—that is all right. David took Uriah's wife—that is all right too. Solomon had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines—he was one of God's chosen people.

But when God got mad and unsettled, and got whipped several times, and then showed his back parts, he found he could not run the Jews so successfully, and went over to the Gentiles for a change and let the Jews play out. I hope he will not get to wrestling with any of our nations, for he will conclude to start a new "shebang," and let us go, as he did the Jews; that is, according to the history that we have of it.

But I look upon God in a different light from that, and think that he has been grossly misrepresented. I think there is no malice or changeableness with God, nor shadow of turning. When we violate Nature and God's law, and must suffer the penalty, let us endeavor to more fully understand what God is. Let us live in love and unity; do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and seek for the welfare and comfort of all. Seek not to pull down your fellow man. Extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and lend a helping hand in the hour of distress. Aim to elevate your fellow creatures, and you elevate yourself, and by so doing, you are made to rejoice with that joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Max Muller, one of the most learned men of the age, has the following sentiments in his work on language:

"Physical science would never have been what it is without the impulses which it received from the philosopher, nay, even the poet, 'at the limits of exact knowledge' (I quote the words of Humboldt), 'as from a lofty island shore the eye loves to glance towards distant regions; the images which it sees may be illusive; like the illusive images which the people imagined they had seen from the Canaries and the Azores, long before Columbus, they may lead to the discovery of a new world.'"

Muller again says, "The first idea of revolutionizing the heavens was suggested to Copernicus, as he tells us himself, by an ancient Greek philosopher, Philolaus the Pythagorean."

And we may add that Pythagoras heard the music of the spheres with his spiritual ear, and realized almost all the facts which modern astronomers have proved, by his spiritual perceptions, and his writings have foreshadowed many of these phenomena.

Sir David Brewster remarks that "as an instrument of research, the imagination has been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy," and Muller adds, "The torch of imagination is as necessary to him who looks for truth, as the lamp of study."

We might extend these quotations, and indeed, it is almost impossible to follow any department of literature or science without continually meeting great spiritual truths. All that is necessary is for him that hath ears to hear. The spiritual is the real, and whenever man, in any age or condition, has approached the one, he has found the other.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Cedar Rapids Passenger	8:15 a. m.	6:50 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.
Rock Island Express	10,30 a. m.	*3:50 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡9:15 p. m.	‡7:00 a. m.
Rock Island Night Passenger	†9:15 p. m	7.00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Freeport Line.		
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:00 a. m.	*2:30 a. m
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:45 p. m.	*3:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:5 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Junction Passenger	5:30 p. m.	8:10 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation,	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.
Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.		
Milwaukee Mail	*8:00 a. m.	*10:15 a. m.
Day Express	*10.00 a. m.	*4:30 pm.
Evanston Accommodation	*11:40 a. m.	*2.00 p. m.
Rose Hill, Evanston, and Highland Park	1.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.
Afternoon Pass	*5:00 p.m.	*8:07 p.m.
Kenosha Pass	*4:15 p m.	*7:10 a.m.
Waukegan Passenger	*5:25 p.m.	*8:25 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:10 p.m.	*7.55 am
Milwaukee do	11:00 p.m.	5:00 a.m

Kenosha and Waukegan trains leave from Wells street Depot.

Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street

	Leave.	Arrive.
St Paul Express	*10:00 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	*5:30 a. m
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	*1:00 p. m
Woodstock Accommodation	*5:30 p. m.	*10 10p m
Barrington Accommodation	6:30 p.m.	7:45 a. m,

GEO. L. DUNLAP, General Superintendent.

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Special N. Y Express	*11:30 a. m.	*4:30 p. m
Elkhardt Accommodation	*3 30 p. m	*10 30 a. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	5:15 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
Night Express	*†9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.
Detroit and Grand Rapids Line.		
Day Express	*7:30 a. m.	*7:30 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

F. E. MORSE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street

Ticket Office Lake st., cor. Dearborn—Passenger trains of this company leave and arrive at Chicago as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train	*5:00 a. m.	*8:05 p. m
Fast New York Express	*11:30 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡5:15 p. m.	†*7:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	*4:30 p. m.	*12:00 : m
Cincinnati and Louisville Trains		
Day Express	*9:00 a. m.	*9:20 p. m
Through Express	‡4:30 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
for St. Joseph via New Buffalo.		
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*11 30 a. m
Accommodation	*4 30 p. m.	*5.05 p. m

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

Ticket Office 63 Clark St., opposite Sherman House. Union Depot, foot of Lake St.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*7:00 a. m.	*3:00 p. m
Mail and Express	†7:40 a. m.	3:45 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10.45 a. m.	*4 15 p.m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*1.30 p. m.	*5:33 p. m.
Mendota Passenger	*4.15 p. m.	*10 10 a. m.
Evening Express	*5:00 p. m.	*7:30 p. m
Aurora Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:15 a. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6.15 p. m	*6 50 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	†6:40 a. m

ROBERT HARRIS, Superintendent.

SAMUEL POWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Gt. Cent. Depot

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*9:30 a. m.	*7.45 p. m
Cairo Express	†6:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:45 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:45 p. m.	*8:50 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:00 a. m.	*9:15 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:50 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*5:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.
(St. Louis through Trains.)		
Day Express	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Fast Line	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

M. HUGHITT, Gen'l Supt.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—Depot, Corner of Madison and Canal Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	6:45 a. m.	6:10 p. m.
Day Express	*11:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m
Pacific Express	5.15 p. m.	3 00 p. m.
New York Express	9 00 p. m.	9 00 a. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	5:20 p. m.	7:20 a. m.

W. C. CLELAND, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 65 Clark st.

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Mail	†10:00 a. m.	†1:10 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation	†4:00 p. m.	†3:45 a. m
Night Express	†7:05 p. m.	†12:45 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11.00 p. m.	†7:10 a. m.

Saturdays this train runs to Bloomington and Jacksonville. Saturdays and Sundays excepted: it will leave Bloomington for St. Louis every morning.

T. B. BLACKSTONE, Pres. & Gen'l Superintendent.

A. NEWMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Office 55 Dearborn st.

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Mail Train Chicago time, 3:45 p. m. 9:15 a. m

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. cor Van Buren and Sherman Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific day Express	10:00 a.m.	‡3.35 p.m.
[illegible] Accommodation	*5:00 p.m.	*9,50 a.m.
Pacific Night Express	‡10,00 p.m.	*6:10 a.m.

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E. St. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket Clerk.

F. A. HALL, Ass't Gen Superintendent.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati, & St. Louis R. R.—Cincinnati Air Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*6:45 a. m.	8:40 a. m
Columbus Express	*6:45 a. m.	*2:25 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	*9:25 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	
Lansing Accommodation	3.45 p. m.	9.15 a. m.

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For St Joseph and Benton Harbor, *daily at 10 a. m.
Green Bay Ports, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m.

*Sundays excepted. †Mondays excepted. ‡Saturdays excepted.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

Our friends are sending us the names of Spiritualists who are not subscribers for the JOURNAL, requesting us to send the paper to them for three months on trial, with the assurance that such persons will on receiving the paper remit Fifty Cents for a three months' trial.

We have concluded to comply with their request, but with this express understanding with all who may thus receive this paper, that if they do not want it on such terms that they at once advise us of that fact, when it will be discontinued. If parties continue to receive the paper we shall expect Fifty Cents for the first three months, and our regular rates thereafter.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS OR THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE REVEALED TO MAN.

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says:

The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove McHenry Co., Ill.,) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The Introduction entitled "The Unvailing," treats man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four, the author treats of "the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

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DR. FAHNESTOCK is a thorough believer in spirit communion, and teaches in this work the *modus operandi*, to a demonstration.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable work.

CHAP. I.—HISTORICAL SURVEY. Mesmer not the discoverer of the state—His theory of it—Its examination by the French commissioners—Their conclusions—The author's remarks.

CHAP. II.—Of the causes which have retarded the progress of the science.

CHAP. III.—Of the conditions necessary for the production of the somnambulic state, with instructions how to enter it, etc.: I.—Of the instructor or "operator." II.—Of the patient. III.—Instructions. IV.—Of the sensations experienced by those who enter this state. V.—Of their awaking.

CHAP. IV.—Theory of this state.

CHAP. V.—Of the somnambulic proper sleep. I.—Of a partial state of Artificial Somnambulism.

CHAP. VI.—Phreno-Somnambulism.

CHAP. VII.—Of the senses: I.—Motion: or, the power to move.

CHAP. VIII.—Of the functions of the faculties. I.—Consciousness. II.—Attention. III.—Perception. IV.—Memory. V.—Association. VI. AND VII.—Likes and Dislikes. VIII.—Judgment. IX.—Imagination. X.—Will.

CHAP. IX.—Of the peculiar functions of perception in the different faculties while in a natural state. I.—Of the peculiar functions of perception when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. II.—The functions considered when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—Consciousness. 2.—Attention, 3.—Perception. 4.—Memory, 5.—Association. 6 and 7.—Likes and Dislikes, 8—Judgment. 9.—Imagination. 10.—Will.

CHAP. X.—Of reading or knowing the mind. I.—Illustration. II.—Illustration. Theory of Dr. Collyer. Mental alchemy or electrifying.

CHAP. XI. I.—Of the identity of other mysteries with this state. II.—Of the mysteries practiced by the modern magicians of Egypt. III.—Of the "mysterious lady." IV.—Of the earth mirrors. First earth glass. Second earth glass. V.—Second sight. VI.—Phantasms.

CHAP. XII.—Transposition of the senses.

CHAP. XIII.—Natural sleep.

CHAP. XIV.—Natural Somnambulism. I.—Trance.

CHAP. XV.—Of Intuition.

CHAP. XVI.—Presentiment or foreknowledge.

CHAP. XVII.—Of interior prevision. II.—Of exterior prevision. III.—Prophetic dreams. IV.—Witchcraft.

CHAP. XVIII.—Sympathy. I.—Clairvoyance. Clairvoyance at a distance.

CHAP. XIX.—Of the sense of hearing.

CHAP. XX.—Of the senses of smell and taste.

CHAP. XXI.—Of the sense of feelings.

CHAP. XXII.—Of the sense of motion. Of their physical strength.

CHAP. XXIII.—Of the Influence of Artificial Somnambulism on the system. I.—Of its influence upon a healthy subject. II.—Of the influence of Artificial Somnambulism upon diseased subjects.

CHAP. XXIV.—Artificial Somnambulism considered as a therapeutic agent.

CHAP. XXV.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state. I.—Chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. II.—Epilepsy. III.—Dyspepsia. IV.—Intermittent fever. V.—Fever. VI.—Case. VII.—Inflammatory rheumatism. VIII.—Chronic rheumatism. IX.—Hysteria. X.—Melancholy from unrequited love. XI.—Case. XII.—Case. XIII.—Case. XIV.—Contraction of the muscles of the fingers. XV.—Scarlet fever. XVI.—Case. XVII.—Case.

CHAP. XXVI.—Surgical operations.

CHAP. XXVII.—Obstetrical cases. Conclusion.

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THE DEAD SON.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bending round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then begin to think—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid—
Closed is his eye—cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care:
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To him who gave my boy—
Then comes the sad hought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's welfare, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave-mould that doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives, nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair:
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father! thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our joy to find that—he is there!

There is a vein of beauty permeating the above that sparkles beautifully. "I cannot make him dead," is a declaration that can be truthfully uttered by every Spiritualist who stands by the mortal remains of one of earth's children. The belief in Spiritualism, a full knowledge of its inestimable truths, brings a consolation to the mind that nothing else can.

"I cannot make him dead"—"He is there!"

Clear-Mindedness,—or Clairaudience and Clairvoyance at Great Distances.

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

As clairaudience and clairvoyance are generally acknowledged to be great truths by all intelligent persons who have made these powers their study it may not be out of place to detail the result of some tests made to prove the accuracy of these powers at great distances.

The idea of visiting the planets, or of proving that which is there seen and heard, has alway been considered out of the question. But after I had proved that clear-minded persons could see, hear, taste, smell and feel at a distance of over eighty miles correctly, it became a question in my mind whether a limit could be set to their abilities, but the great question was, how to prove it. The proof, however, was unexpectedly given to me by accident, and the way pointed out by which it might be effected in future, if the proper precautions were taken. The following is the manner in which it was brought about:

Miss Z. having frequently visited the largest satellite of Saturn, there often heard delightful music, and by perseverance eventually learned one of her favorite tunes, which she played upon the piano while in a somnambulic condition. Being anxious to obtain this piece of music, upon a favorable occasion I had a professor of music to take down the notes as she played it upon the piano.

About a dozen copies of this music were made and given to as many of her friends in the city, and among the number, one was given to Miss K.

Mrs. H. while living in the country, had also, while under treatment for a nervous affection of her eyes and limbs, frequently visited the same satellite, often spending hours there listening to the music, and studying the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

This lady, upon her recovery, several months after, had occasion to visit the city to procure some goods, and as she entered the store of Mrs. K. for that purpose, she was surprised to hear a tune played upon a piano in the side room, which she at once recognized as one she had often heard in the satellite of Saturn.

The facts in this case, are: That Mrs. H., who is a lady of exemplary character, never knew or saw Miss Z. or Miss K., who played the tune upon the piano; was quite ill, and unable to walk at the time when Miss Z. obtained it, and by the merest accident heard it played upon earth, in a strange house and by a strange lady. This case of clairaudience, therefore, comes as near what we consider positive proof, as our natural senses could bring it, if it were possible to translate them to the moon of Saturn.

The success of this case of clairaudience induced me to try an experiment to know whether they could also see correctly at great distances, where there was no physical way of communication. I therefore had the same young lady, Miss Z., to make a drawing of a hut which she saw in our moon.

This sketch, which she soon after made, I proposed to bring to the notice of some one whom I knew had also visited our moon while in a clear-minded condition. Accordingly, upon paying a visit to Miss C., who not being in the parlor when I entered, I embraced the opportunity of placing the sketch in her music book, which was then standing open upon the piano. After she made her appearance, and the usual greetings were made, I requested her to favor me with a tune upon the piano, which she readily consented to do, and as she turned over the leaves of the music book to select a piece, the sketch of the hut was suddenly brought to view, which she observing, exclaimed:

"Where in the world did this come from?"

"What is it, Kate?" I inquired.

"Why, a hut in the moon."

"Do you really recognize it as like what you saw there?"

"Certainly I do, but where did it come from?"

I then made the necessary explanations, and in conclusion I have but to say in regard to it, that she was as much astonished at the result as myself.

The inference to be drawn from the above, is, that having seen and heard correctly at those distances, it is more than likely that the other things seen and heard by them are also true. As far as my experience goes, those who are truly clear-minded, generally agree in describing things as nearly alike as persons in a natural condition would be likely to do. I have had many visit the largest moon of Saturn, which they describe as being beautiful, the inhabitants larger than the majority of men, very good looking, with a white, wax-like, delicate skin. They are clear-minded, more spiritual than man, and seem to observe and know the minds of their earth-born visitors. They have villages, with plainly constructed houses, having no ceilings, partitions or chimneys. The streets are paved, and the houses built with a white laminar rock, semi-translucent and easily separated into flexible sheets, so thin that it is used by them instead of paper. They dress in long grayish white robes, and wear strange shaped hats and bonnets. They have various kinds of animals, and one, resembling a goat, with very long, greyish white hair which furnishes the raw material for their clothing. They have few wants, and their food, for the most part, consists of a small, dark, triangular seed, like buck wheat, which grows in pods upon low bushes. This is bruised, and kept for use in stone chests in their houses. Water is their only drink. They do no cooking, and their principal amusements are music and dancing.

Our moon is said to be very mountainous, and not prepossessing, its inhabitants small and dark colored, with projecting foreheads, living in rude huts of peculiar construction, with a small low hole to creep in, no furniture, but few comforts, and their food a small red berry.

SPIRITUALISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Independent.

The following "communication" from one of our most highly respected citizens, is inserted in our columns with much pleasure. There is no doubt but what a wide and honest diversity of opinion exists, in regard to the subject it treats.

Spiritualism——Physical Manifestations——Trance Mediums——Discussions, &c.

We have had quite a stir here lately on these subjects.

In the Institute three nights were devoted to discussion of the question whether persons in the natural body and persons in the spiritual body could communicate with each other intelligently. The Town Hall was crowded every evening with a deeply interested audience to hear these discussions, which were participated in by Col. Hyatt, Dr. Ulrich, Mr. C. Maginn, Drs. Harvey and Graham, Mr. C. W. Deans and others. It must be confessed that the public mind seemed greatly interested in the matter, on one side or the other, but far transcending all interest in the discussion has been that excited by the advent among us of Mrs. R. K. Stoddard and her son Master Hough, of Hartford, Ct., and Mrs. E. Mc Neil, of Philadelphia. These are mediums, and have given several exhibitions of Spiritualism before the public, and private seances at their rooms in Dyer's Hotel, which many have attended. The public exhibitions have always, except the first evening, been crowded. The medium for the physical manifestations is the young gentleman, Master Hough, who is rapidly tied and untied by the spirits, while seated in a cabinet on the platform of the hall. Being tied by a committee of gentlemen appointed by the audience, with his hands behind his back or before him in the most secure manner, iron rings that have been examined by the audience, are somehow put about his arms in less than a minute; and in a similar manner the back of a chair is put about his tied arm. The committee and audience are afforded every opportunity desired to detect fraud, but though these things are inexplicable on any familiar principles of physics, no evidence of trickery has been discovered, nor even any well-founded grounds of suspicion of fraud. At a private circle, held at the house of a gentleman who was desirous of seeing more than had been done in public, lights were seen, bells were rung in time and tune with singing by the audience, and other things that were highly gratifying to the investigators.

On last Wednesday evening Mrs. McNeil gave a public exhibition of test mediumship, in which she, being controlled, or possessed, by different spirits, passed about in the audience addressing several of them with communications from their spirit friends. Some of these, and perhaps all of them, were wonderfully significant to those thus addressed, and sometimes to the audience as well. Indeed, some of the communications might well be called, in the language of Osric in the play of Hamlet, "A hit, a very palpable hit!"

When these public exhibitions were first given, there were a few in the audience who were so well assured in their own minds that the performances were humbug and the mediums unworthy of even civility, that they appeared to forget that a little respect was due to themselves as gentlemen, and to others who wished to give the thing a fair investigation. But as the mediums preserved their dignity throughout the disturbance, and by every action and word proved themselves entitled to respectful treatment the public feeling has so changed, that the exhibitions have become as agreeable as they are interesting and instructive. Whatever explanation of these phenomena may hereafter be discovered, that will relieve skeptics from their present perplexity of halting between their doubts and the facts, from the dilemma of having to doubt the evidence of their own senses or of having to doubt the infallibility of their judgment on all matters before they know anything about them, we know not. But we do know that the manifestations are very wonderful and that they are the principal subject of conversation all over the town.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that having tested Mrs. Mc Neil's powers as a test medium; also her powers as a Business Clairvoyant, I have no hesitation in testifying that I believe her in such capacity truthful and reliable, I having, while in communication with her, received several truthful manifestations.

JULIA F. TEMPLE.
Dyer's Hotel.

NOTICE.

This is to certify that having tested Mrs. Mc Neil's powers as a Business Clairvoyant, and tests in Spirit Communications, and hesitate not to say that her powers are fully as represented, and will further state, while sitting with the medium, received four different phases of her powers, which proves her a truthful and reliable medium.

WM. H. MONROE.
Chester, Pa

THE MANIFESTATIONS.

As predicted in our last issue, there have been some spicy times at the City Hall, during the past week, in the way of "Spiritual communications," through the test mediums. Free discussion appeared to be the order of the day—or rather of the night. The audiences, on the several occasions were disposed to be severely critical. The subject of clairvoyance came up for illustration on Wednesday evening last, and several persons were "interviewed" by the medium. We refrain at this time, from giving our views on a subject that undoubtedly requires deep and patient research—it is enough for us to know that many strange and inexplicable things were done. Whatever may be said of "Spiritualism" or intercourse with spirits, we *do* believe that Mesmerism, physical and mental, Magnetism, Psychology, Electro-Biology, and Clairvoyance, where the terms are not convertible, are the detached fragments or rudiments of a great and but little known law of mind, which will be at some future day thoroughly understood. These facts are now in a misty, nebulous state, like some of the huge satellites revolving in space but they must be finally brought together, reduced to general principles, and accounted for on a scientific basis.

☞ A lunatic in a New England town was discovered lately at the grave of his father in the cemetery, having dug to the coffin. He had the lid open, and was calling on the old man to get up, telling him he had lain there long enough.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1870. VOL. VIII.—NO. 21

Literary Department

The Haunted House.

Lady McNamara's Story.

"Ah! yes. No doubt there's reasons. There's always reasons. But still it comes to this; none does stay in that house; and it's my belief the ghost drives 'em away, say what they will."

"But what *is* the ghost? What does it do? What brings it there? Do tell us," said Effie.

"Well, ladies, I can only tell you what I've heerd. You see, the Clendons—the family as Manorbere belonged to—was always a baddish lot. They were all wild, from father to son and they drank, and they gambled, and they was in bad ways from year's end to year's end, and run through most of their money. And then they would go abroad and out the way, and the place was shut up, and let go to rack and ruin. The old house was pulled down because they thought it was not worth repairing. (It had got into the creditors' hands by that time.) Ah! It was a fine place was the Lodge when I first remember it, afore the trees was cut down, and the park ploughed up and sold off, bit by bit."

"How long ago was that?"

"A matter of fifty years—or nigher sixty may be. When the last Clendons come back here to bide, there war n't above half left. But the great house was there still; only part was shut up, because it warn't sound and safe. They was a gladsome set, them Clendons, but the gentry about did not take to them much, and I don't think they cared whether they did or no. They had their friends from London staying down here, months together, and French folks; and the goin's on at the Lodge was the talk of the country.

There was gaming and dancing, and play-acting, it was said, goin' on evry night; and there was some new dances they had learned in France, and they was thought undecent here in England. I must say they were pleasant to look at, all those people,—pretty, and gay, and merry. I would go out to my gate to see 'em come by such a many together, all talking and laughing, riding and driving, picnicking about. They didn't care what they spent, you see, the Clendons did n't for they did n't pay any body, and they knew it could n't last; so it was a short life and a merry one for them. They lived mostly in the new wing, what is the house now. It was called new, though I heerd say more nor a hundred years old; the drawn-room where they had their dances and romps. Well, the nearest neighbors then was the Perigals, of Dour Grange. Very strict folks they was, to be sure. Never no junketing nor gay doin's was heerd of in *that* house; no laughing nor singing, except it was hymns; but always grave faces and solemn voices. And as to plays, or dancings, or cards, or, for the matter of that, games of any sort, they thought them things was so many traps laid by the Devil to catch souls. It was always preaching and praying that went on there; so you may suppose, ladies, what the Clendons and their doin's was to *hem*. Mr. Perigal said "they stank in his nostrils," and he always looked as if they did; and the more the Manorbere people racketed, the closer Perigals kept to their strict ways. As ill luck would have it, just afore this time Mr. Perigal's sister-in law died, and her daughter bein' left a orphan, come to live with her uncle and aunt at the Grange. Poor child! I did pity her. She was a bit flightly in her ways, but she had always been used to a cheerful home and young folks for companions and the Grange was no better than a prison to her. To make a long story short, she somehow got knowledge of the Clendons ladies. It was quite innocently at first. She met them driving out, in a lane where they had got into some strait with the ponies, or lost their way, I think. She tried to direct them, but they did'nt understand quite, so they begged her to get into the pony chaise and go along o' them, and show them; and she did. She was a pretty creatur, and taking, and so were they, to do them justice; and when she got down and left them, they said they hoped to see her again.

Her uncle and aunt were in a sad way when they heard what had chanced. She didn't make no concealments about it at first, and I do think she was druv to it after, along o' their bein' so very strict and hard upon her at home. She did lead a dreary life of it. She was never trusted out alone after that. She was not strong in her health, and she had a pony to ride, which was a'most her only pleasure; but she never went out without the old man-servant behind, to see she come to no harm, unless Mr. Perigal was with her himself.

One day who should she fall in with, but a pic-nic party from Manorbere, and the ladies she had met the day they lost themselves, come up so free and pleasant, and asked her to join their lunch. She come round old Richard with her pretty, coaxing ways to keep it secret from her guardians; and so, little and little, she got to make meetings with her new friends. Bad friends they were to her, but I don't think they meant her any harm. They liked her, and thought to amuse her: only they led her into deceit and false ways.

One young gentleman was taken with her pretty face and got a sweethearting of her; and one day when they were dancing on the grass, he wanted her to be his partner in one of their new-fangled dances. Of course she knowed nothin' of it, though she was used to dances in her own home, and could foot it in a country dance with the best of 'em. Bless her, she was as lissom as a fairy! So, then, they said they must teach her; and she took to it like natur' and said there never was anything so delightful. Then they told her they practiced it every night at Manorbere Lodge, and she must come there and make one of them. For a little while she stood out that she mus'n't, and she durstn't and what would come of it if uncle and aunt found out! 'Well, and if they did, they can't send you to bogy,' said Clendon, who never feared God nor Devil. And they all laughed at her, and persuaded of her, so at last it was settled how it should be.

After she was gone to her room at night—there was prayers at the Grange at half past nine, and when they were over the house was shut up, and all the lights was put out, and everybody went to bed—she was to slip out by her window, and her young man was to meet her, and take her to Manorbere, and in by the old part of the house, and through the door at the top of the staircase; (what's barred up this many a year), and so on down to the dancing-room; and when their jinks was over, some on 'em took her home again, all on the sly.

I don't know how long this went on, but not many times, I should think, or she'd likely got caught. It would have been best for her if she had, poor thing! But one night, as she was whirling round and round with her lover, and his arm round her, he felt her lean heavy all of a sudden, and then slide away to the ground. They all stopped in a fright, and lifted her up, and carried her to the sofa; but no burnt feathers nor vinegar, nor anything else, try what they might, would bring her to. They rode off like mad for a doctor, and he come galloping back with 'em; but he could do nothing. She was dead!"

"Good heavens! how shocking!" cried Effie.

"Ah! you may say so, miss; cut off like that in the midst of her sins!"

"There's no sin in dancing," said Lucy.

"But there is in disobedience, miss, and deceit! The doctor he said it was disease of the heart; but Mr. Perigal, he never would be persuaded but it was a judgment on her for seeking after carnal pleasures; and he cursed the Clendons and all their lot, as the devil's imps misleading the unwary.

They was more strict and serious than ever, after that at the Grange, and the house was like a tomb for gloominess; for they both loved their niece after their fashion, and they looked on her as a lost soul. Though, for my part, I can't help thinking the Almighty might, maybap, have mercy on a poor misguided child."

"You are a better christian than they were," said Lucy.

"But what was the end of the Clendons?" asked Effie.

"Well! Evin they seemed sobered like by that shocking night's work. The party broke up soon after, and all went away for good. The family never come back, and I've heerd as how the last on 'em died in forrin parts. The creditors come and took possession, and the property was cut up and sold off. Several different families has had the house, but none for long. They do say, that of a night, when all is quiet, that old door is heerd to open softly, creak, creak, creak, and then footsteps go stealing down stairs; and then, by and by, they come creeping up again, and the door creaks again, and sounds as if it was shut to. But nothing is ever seen."

Effie listened to this recital with a sort of fascinated terror, and repeated it with all its eerie particulars to her father and Eleanor when they got home.

"And you believe it really is a ghost going to a ball, do you, my credulous little Effie?" said the colonel, pulling her ear playfully.

"But the noises papa! We all heard them."

"I have no doubt you did, and that the noises exist, though we have not been able to account for them. But dont you see, my dear girls, that it was the noises that were the cause of the ghost; not the ghost that was the cause of the noises?"

When we got home, of course, I told all this to Captain Macnamara, who, like all sailors, loved a ghost story. But neither of us was troubled with nervous terrors. On inquiry we found that the sad story of the poor little truant girl was substantially true; and then the matter passed from our minds

It was now April, very fine weather, and warm for the time of year. Tempted by the beauty of one fragrant evening we had lingered on the terrace, on returning from a stroll in the garden after our usual late dinner, till I was quite tired. So leaving Dick to finish his last cigar, I stepped in to the drawing room by the window, and sat down to the piano-forte. It was quite dusk in-doors, but I did not care to ring for lights till he came in, so I continued playing little bits of soft music by heart, till at last I fell upon one of an old set of Beethoven's waltzes, which had not come into my head for a long time. While I was playing, I heard the door, to which my back was turned, open gently; but no one came in. I thought it was my husband, and that he was stopping to listen, as the waltz was an old favorite of his.

"Is that you, Dick?" said I. "Will you order tea?"

No answer. I turned round, and there, looking in at the half-opened door, as if the person were standing behind it, I saw a face so strange, so wan and wistful looking, that I uttered an involuntary cry. In a moment, Dick sprang in at the window, and I pointed to the door. "Who is it?" said I, faintly. He went to the door.

"There is no one here."

It opened into an ante-room, which he crossed, and looked out into the corridor.

"What was it, dear?" said he, coming back. "You look scared." I told him what it was.

"The housemaid coming to see whether the room was put to rights, I suppose."

"I suppose it must have been. But, O Dick you can't think how weird, and ghastly, and odd the face looked!"

"Why, so does yours at this moment, love; and most faces do look pale and queer at twilight, especially peeping in at a door. Let us have lights."

He rang the bell. The servants came in with the lamps and tea, and I persuaded myself I had been mistaken. But somehow, I did not like to think of that face at the door; and I shunned making the inquiry, whether the housemaid had looked in.

A few weeks later, we were to go up to town to pass the London season with my parents, who had taken a house there; and we had engaged to pay visits to various relations in the county afterwards, before returning to Manorbere for the cub-hunting in September. The members of the hunt who happened to be still remaining in the neighborhood had got up a parting dinner, at which Captain Macnamara was to make one. It took place at Barton, a town five or six miles from us, and at an early hour, because some of the party had a long ride home afterwards. I dined alone at our usual time. I walked in the garden a little with our favorite terrier, Fussy, and then I sat lazily enjoying my tea and a new book, till I found myself beginning to nod. Looking at my watch, I saw it was already eleven o'clock, and knowing that my husband might be expected home in half an hour or so, I preferred waiting up for him to going to bed; so I went to the piano to rouse myself. Fussy, who was very fond of music, sat up, stretched himself, and followed me to the instrument, where he placed himself at my feet. After playing several pieces, the old Beethoven waltzes recurred to my memory, and I began them.

I must make the confession that after the evening when that very unpleasant face had looked in so mysteriously, I had been weak enough to have the piano moved so as to sit facing any one who might come to the door. There was only one lamp in the room, on my reading table; so the other end of the spacious apartment was imperfectly lighted. Looking up as I played, to my astonishment, I saw in the distance what I thought to be two white mice, capering about on the floor. I left the piano and went to the spot, but nothing was to be seen. This did not surprise me, as naturally the timid creatures would run away at the slightest movement; but being very fond of animals, I wanted to discover them, and sought under the sofa and chairs, and in every corner of the room. All in vain.

At last, hoping that if I kept quiet they might come out again, and wondering at the music seeming to attract them, I sat down once more to my waltzes. In an instant, there they were again, going round and round with the greatest regularity; but the moment I stopped playing, or moved from my place, they were gone. This happened three or four times, and the oddest thing was that Fussy, who was rapid after rats and mice, instead of flying at these little creatures, crept close to me and crouched trembling by my side. I was glad of it, for I did not wish to have the pretty dancers killed, and I had just recommenced my tune for the fourth time, when the door opened, and my husband entered and waltzed up the room towards me, while the little creatures kept time with him perfectly, seeming to follow his steps.

"Dick! Dick!" said I without stopping my music; "look there! Did you ever see any thing so curious?"

He paused, looked in the direction indicated by my eyes, and then, in a tone of utter amazement, exclaimed,—

"Feet! by Heaven!"

"What?" cried I, starting up.

He stood as if petrified. Nothing was to be seen of the strange apparition. I told him what had happened, and that I believed them to be white mice that I had seen.

"Mice!" said he. "As sure as I stand here, it was a little pair of feet in white satin shoes! Go back and play."

I did so.

"There they are again, by Heavens! Come quickly."

I ran to the end of the room, but no trace of them appeared.

Next morning we started for London in the full expectation of returning to Manorbere early in September. But we were summoned in the beginning of that month to what proved to be the death-bed of my dear father, and changes in the family arrangements consequent upon that event kept us some weeks away.

During this time an uncle of my husband's was appointed to the governorship of a colony, and wrote to offer his nephew the post of naval aide de-camp, which he gladly accepted. Before the year was out, we had sailed for our new destination. When we came back to England, the haunted house had ceased to exist. A railway company had bought it and run its iron road clean across the pretty garden. The house was razed to the ground, the trees were felled, and corn now grows on the scene of the ghost's waltz.

For some time, Dick and I kept the story of the ghost's waltz strictly to ourselves; but the public mind is now so well prepared for the reception of marvels, that I have no hesitation in desiring its acceptance of this authentic little history. Accustomed as every one is, nowadays, to hear—though certainly not to see—how gentlemen who print their indisputable experiences can elongate themselves, flatten themselves, graze themselves against ceilings, and flit in and out of three pair-of-stair windows; how instruments of music can play for their own amusement in odd corners out of humanity's reach, or fly about in the air, while human beings float among them; how hands, unattached (like fire-tried colonels), can gather flowers and crown poets; and how spiritual beings can return from the grave, to enjoy a game of romps under a table, or talk more dreary nonsense than they talked in life, if possible; there surely can be no difficulty in believing the simple fact of a poor little pair of feet in white satin shoes returning to this world, at the summons of a favorite tune, to finish a dance unexpectedly cut short by ruthless Death!

Dying.

By Mrs. Helen A. Manville.

The shuttle of the weaver Death
To night is swiftly flying
Through life's bright woof, and for a truth
I know that I am dying.
Day after day the shadow'd way,
Grows clearer to my vision.
And soon, ah! soon, mine is the boon
To tread the fields Elysian.

Much as this earth for me contains—
And oh! so well I love it,
When harassed 'round with cruel pains,
I love to soar above it,
In sweet communion there to dwell,
Where sorrow cometh never,
And where the sad, sad word "farewell"
Is put away forever.

So do not chide me, dear ones, if
I look with anxious longing
Above this life—at best so brief—
To where God's hosts are thronging.
I'm weary of the poet's wreath,
The world's all hollow praises,
It is not death to sleep beneath
The violets and the daisies.

Not Parted.

They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways;
And though they evermore may meet
On winter eves or summer days;
It matters not though realms divide,
Though boundless seas between them roll,
For still, defying wind and tide,
Heart yearns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted whom no love unites;
Their absence breaks not our repose,
Who have no share in our delights;
They may be by our side, and still
As far from us as pole from pole,
Who lack the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

The Mystery of Sleep.

What are the differences between sleeping and waking? What is the peculiar nature of that mysterious condition which we call sleep? These are questions long and earnestly asked, but never answered. There is something about this phenomenon that seems to defy investigation. The distinctions between the sleeping and waking state are, save a few external differences, as entirely unrecognized to day as they were ages ago. Sit by the cradle of a child, and watch it as it sinks into quiet slumber. The muscles gradually relax, the eyelids fall; and voluntary motion ceases. The breathing is slower, as is also the action of the heart. The temperature of the body is slightly depressed, and a state of apparent unconsciousness accompanies the physical changes specified. That is all we can see, yet it seems hard to believe these things are all that constitute sleep. If so, sleep might be accurately defined as a simple cessation of volition, or the action of the will, so that thought and motion of all muscles except those of the vital organs is impossible. But a little thought will show that cessation of will is only one of the manifestations of sleep, and that the will may and frequently does only partially cease to act, retaining command of the voluntary muscles, and giving rise to the phenomenon of somnambulism. At times also the mind becomes active in sleep, and often reasons with surprising coherence, and dreams, more or less approximating to realities of waking hours, are produced. But the mystery pertaining to sleep, is the fact that it renovates the system from fatigue. And after all, this is no greater mystery than fatigue itself. What is fatigue? In what state of mind or body, or of both, does it consist, are questions the answers to which still puzzle the profoundest physiologists.

The periodicity of the desire for sleep is another peculiarity which is still involved in mystery. Why is it that darkness, monotonous noises, the fixing of the eyes upon some stationary object, all favor the approach of sleep? On all these points there is still no certain light.

Upon respiration, digestion, circulation, reproduction, and assimilation, some accurate knowledge exists, but of sleep almost nothing. This function, which influences more or less every other, and which has been aptly described as "a partial death from which springs a fresher life," is apparently no less remote from present means of scientific investigation than the greatest mystery of all, life itself.—*Scientific American.*

Printers.

The Chaplain of New Hampshire Penitentiary says:

"I have the happiness to number among my friends many printers. For the nine long years with all the inducements offered, not one of that trade has connected himself with my congregation; and I don't think a man could be found, of all who ever tenanted our prison, who could set up a column of type. I leave the reader to make his own comments, only remarking that this cannot be accidental, nor can the explanation be that their employment keeps them ignorant of the prevailing vices and immoralities, nor yet that young printers are removed from the large masses where corruptions engender and spread. In all these respects this class is exposed. It is evident that the employment has an elevating tendency, and is favorable to intellectual and moral improvement.

☞ Charles Dickens' Gad's-Hill place will be sold in August.

☞ The London directories contain fifty new trades every year.

Clear-mindedness of the Senses.

By Wm. B. Fahnestock.

[Concluded from last week.]

Those who have not made the clear-mindedness of the senses (while in a somnambulic condition) their study, can have no idea of their powers when they are in that state. But before I proceed to the consideration of their powers, it will be necessary to premise that sensation and feeling are separate and distinct senses. This fact can be satisfactorily demonstrated in persons who are in a somnambulic condition, for when they are perfectly in that state, they have no feeling or sensation, unless they desire to have either, or they can experience the one and not the other, and *vice versa*, as they please.

This not only proves that they are distinct senses, but that they are under the control of the subject's will. This is an important part, especially in regard to their feeling or not when they please, because in the application of this power to the relief of pain or the curing of diseases, it is necessary to divert the mind of the patient, so as to make them resolve to forget, or determine that the disease or affliction shall cease to annoy them when they awake. Or, they can effect the same by keeping the diseased part in the insensible condition during the interval between the sittings, etc., as I have fully explained in other articles upon that subject.

I could relate many cases, were it necessary, to prove that permanent cures have been made by the proper direction of the mind of persons while in that condition, but my object in this article is to treat more particularly of the powers of the senses in recognizing articles, scenes and impressions, etc., under different conditions, etc., and will at once remark that as early as the year 1843, I made experiments to test the power of touch or sensation in distinguishing articles placed in the lap of a young lady, who was in a somnambulic condition, and upon several occasions as many as a dozen articles were tossed into her lap by as many different individuals, many of whom were entire strangers, yet, upon requesting her to give each one their own, she did so without hesitation and with unerring certainty. When asked how she accomplished it, she declared that she could distinguish them by the difference in the sensation which they imparted to her touch.

But the most astonishing feature in their clear-mindedness, is, that they can distinguish qualities at a distance, or recognize persons, scenes and events that have been impressed or daguerreotyped upon the spiritual part of matter ages ago, and thus furnish a history of the past.

There have been many theories in regard to how this is done, and the most general idea or belief is that the impression is indelibly fixed upon matter, and that the senses in a clear minded condition, recognize them there.

This idea, however, does not seem to accord with the facts, and as matter is mostly found in a divided state, and often infinitesimal particles, distinct and separate from each other, scenes, circumstances or events can hardly be fixed upon every one, or on the whole of the particles individually.

In experimenting with a view to the facts in the case, I enveloped in a number of papers a small pebble, so that no sense in its natural condition could possibly recognize it, and placed it in the hand of a clairvoyant and requested him to give its history.

He immediately declared that he was translated to a distance, and was under deep water, his countenance and the shivering of his body indicated that he really felt he was there. He next declared himself to be upon a pebbled shore, beaten by the tide, described a person whom he saw there, picking up something which with others he placed in his pocket. Other scenes were then described, through which it passed in the city, until it was finally presented for its history.

Upon another occasion, a gold ring was enveloped in the same way and presented, to get its history. The clairvoyant was a young lady, who stated first, that she was wafted or conveyed into the interior of the earth, described a mine, the workmen, the picking from the vein, its conveyance to the surface as ore, its separation from the dross, manufacture into shape and exposure for sale, and finally described the person who purchased it, etc., correctly and satisfactorily.

Again, two ladies in the country presented to Miss O, another clairvoyant, a piece of transparent soap, well wrapped up, and desired to know what it was, and to have its history. She described the article, said it was bought in Philadelphia by one of the ladies, described the store where it was bought, the salesman, and another lady who was present when it was purchased. Her description, etc., was correct, in every particular. A sea shell, a boquet and other articles were presented in succession, and their history given with the same accuracy.

These experiments would seem to prove that when matter has been removed from its original locality, that it is necessary, if we desire to have its history, that the mind of the clairvoyant be translated to all the localities through which it passed, before its history can be learned, and that when scenes or events have taken place in dwellings or in the open fields, etc., it is necessary for the senses of the clear-minded person to be translated to the locality, or no recognition can be had. This is an interesting subject, and ought to be understood by all, as it involves important considerations and future consequences of a serious nature, which are not generally known.

If mankind believed that the windows of the Spirit World were open, and that the dwellers therein could witness the evil deeds of earth, for if every one knew that all such deeds would be eternally recorded against them upon the sensitive plates of matter, who would dare, in the face of all this, to act unjustly? It is important, therefore, that every one should know these truths, that they may avoid the shoals which others wrecked on.

☞ The largest merchant ship in the world, next to the "Great Eastern," is the "Italy," just built at Govan (Scotland), for the National Steamship Company, and intended for their service between Liverpool and New York. She is fitted to carry 100 first-class, and 1,500 passengers.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WHAT IS IT?

BY DR J. K. BAILEY.

The numerous articles which appear in the JOURNAL, upon "Artificial Somnambulism," have rather painfully intensified in my mind the question heading this paper. Those articles, as well as the book on the same subject, if I rightly understand the conclusions of the writers, affirm that there is no such element as animal magnetism; that the phenomena (which are admitted) usually attributed to "mesmeric" or "magnetic" power, are simply the result of "artificial somnambulism!"

But Brother Fahnestock fails, so far as I am able to perceive, to clearly define the law, modes and nature of "artificial somnambulism." He admits nearly all phases of the phenomena claimed to result from "magnetic control," influence, or "sympathy," but ascribes the source to a different cause or law.

It seems to me, however, that in reality, the difference upon which so much stress is laid, is only in a name, and is about equal to that between "tweedledee" and "tweedledum."

There is such a thing as "riding a hobby," and the hobby *may* take the bits between its teeth and carry its rider into etherial realms of distinctions without differences.

Suppose Mesmer and his disciples or opponents, the savans of Europe or of Paris, including Dr. Benjamin Franklin of America, did not fully comprehend the law of mind involved in the experiments and phenomena of their day, and, and which they, to some extent, investigated; does it follow,—do the results of the experiments, as stated by them, conclusively prove,—that no such law as Mesmer claimed was involved, has an existence?

Does Dr. Fahnestock mean to assert that the human organism generates and emits no invisible aura, which may properly be termed "magnetic fluid?" Will he affirm that individualized mind has no power over other individualized minds? Will he deny that electrical force permeates all matter, and that the electrical force of one individual is transferable to the organization of other individualities? Will he assert that every individuality, whether mineral, vegetable, animal, or human, is not surrounded by an electrical or magnetic aura or sphere, which is analogous to what is termed the atmosphere of the earth; and will he attempt to prove that this element, aura or sphere, is not the medium of this action of this sympathetic assimilation or of mind acting upon and controlling mind? Can he, and will he, clearly define the law of clairvoyance, "clear-mindedness," knowledge of conditions, facts and data, gained without the usual modes, sensations and functions of mind being exercised — whether the condition be termed somnambulic or magnetic—upon any other hypothesis than that of mind acting upon and influencing mind; sympathetic interblending or the assimilation of the spheres of the individualities involved in the phenomena? Will he deny that mineral, vegetable, animal, or human magnetism or electrical force, peculiar to—because generated or assimilated in—the respective individualities, is the vital life force by and through which each gives expression to or manifests the peculiarities of its own nature? And will he affirm that the sympathetic interblending of two or more of these individual spheres, is not necessary to the control of one mind by another,—for the time being, the positive mind?

On page 192 of the book entitled "Artificial Somnambulism," Dr. Gahnestock tells us that: "If disembodied spirits can speak through persons at all, it can only be done while they are in that condition."—the "somnambulic" condition.

Again he states: "But certain it is, that if subjects believe, or are made to believe, that a certain thing cannot be done (either before or after they enter this state), they cannot do it, for the simple reason that they *do not try*, and have predetermined that it is impossible" (ib. page 138).

The Doctor assumes that no mind can be controlled,—or the action of the individual is not unconsciously subject to the will of another. How will he account for the well-authenticated cases wherein persons have been stopped upon the street without the sight of, or the knowledge of the action of the will of, the individual who controlled the phenomenon? I have been made to do things which were contrary to my will at the time of so doing, and which I did not *believe* until accomplished, any power of mind, either embodied or disembodied, could force me to do. And this, a mechanical action of my physical organism, while my mind was entirely normal, and I, in conjunction with every visible being present, by preconcert and stipulation, willed to the extent of our power, that I should do differently from what was *forced* upon me to do. And I am as well convinced that disembodied mind, acting through the law of psychology or magnetism, willed and *compelled* me to so do, as I am that spirits can and do intercommune with us. Thousands of persons can testify likewise.

Our somnambulic author denies the function of intuition, if I rightly understand him. No intuitive knowledge, no foreknowledge, no power of prophecy!

How about the numerous cases of predicted death, which have been verified, under conditions precluding the possibility of the prediction acting upon the mind, so as to cause the result? How about the fulfillment of prophecies of a general bearing, which could not have been effected or affected by the "general *belief*," for the simple reason that the general public knew nothing of the prophecy until it was fulfilled?

Whatever phenomena the Doctor does not deny, which are discussed in the book and his articles, he attributes to the condition of what he pleases to term "artificial somnambulism;" or, perhaps, he means to be understood that some few phases are attributable to "natural somnambulism." I do not perceive what his distinctions are between the two conditions, if there be such, but he may intend to make a distinction.

Until Brother F., or some one else, gives us a better definition of the terms, I suppose we will have to resort to the standard authorities, for a solution of their import.

Somnambulism is defined by Webster, as *sleep walking*. The word is from the Latin roots *somnus*, to sleep, and *ambulo*, to walk. Now, must we all be sleep-walkers, in order that we may be mediums? If so, the term "artificial" is well applied as a prefix to somnambulism, as used in the Doctor's thesis.

But it appears to my poor judgement that our friend has, unfortunately, selected the wrong name for his "science." True, there may not be much in a name, yet this one seems inappropriate — especially as applied to special parts of the human system which have no walking function, though that condition which is often miscalled sleep ("my arm is asleep") may belong to it. And yet our Brother tells us that his subjects or patients are counselled and taught to throw or leave special parts, as the shoulder, arm, side or nose, into this somnambulic (*walking-in-sleep*) state, as a curative process or means.

I have faith in natural exercise for health. I have also faith in artificial exercises, when needed for the same purpose,—of artificial exercise, specially applied to [illegible] mill'ts; therefore, I shall [illegible] thither, pour and rub," etc., [illegible] aire. [illegible] as yet, but feel — all owing, I suppose, to my lack of scientific development — that the terms, *magnetism*, or *magnetic state*, are the best that can be used for the law or laws involved in the phenomena which you please to designate a "science," under the misnomer of "Artificial Somnambulism,"— or cultivated sleep-walking.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MAGNETISM VS. SOMNAMBULISM.

S. Underhill vs. Wm. B. Fahnestock.

LETTER FROM DR UNDERHILL.

To DR. FAHNESTOCK:—That there is a magnetic fluid is proved by the following facts:

When I operate on a paralytic person, I sense a dead heavy feeling that unfits me for reading or conversation,—also, on any very weak person—for instance, on one who has just come out of a series of hysteric or other convulsions. I cured a severe case of Asthma in a person who had never heard of magnetism,—and to whom I said not a word about it, and who, the next morning, utterly unconscious that she had gone to sleep, said to her attendant, "What was the doctor doing about my head? I kept my eyes open as long as I could."

A Mrs. Love who had been bed ridden four years, was put into magnetic sleep, when she had never heard a word about it. When awakened at the end of two hours, looked at the clock, and said, "Well, this is strange. I have slept two hours, and am not a bit tired, and this is the first time that I have waked in a year, without being tired almost to death. Why! I feel as if I had slept on strength not my own."

Harriet Martineau, one of the most masculine minds in the world,—cured by mesmerism, after four years confinement to her house, all the time under physicians of great note, makes this remark, "Every time I was mesmerized, I was exalted, energized and consciously made stronger, and never went back." Her operator was a woman. Facts of this kind are innumerable, and I turn to view it from another standpoint. The good clairvoyant sees it stream from the operator's eyes, from his hands and from all parts of his body. A good clairvoyant, before an audience, on being asked, "Can you see this magnetic or nervous fluid?" Looked at his body and limbs, and with expressions of astonishment, exclaimed, "I see along my nerves, thousands of little John Halls, and many Dr. Underhills, but not near so many of the latter." Now John Hall had put him to sleep, and then after a while, had given him over to me.

This nervous fluid or animal magnetism, is secreted from the blood by a glandular action of the brain. Why is ten times as much blood sent to the brain, as to any other part of the system of equal bulk, if it is not to yield some product? There are fountains of renovation for each animal and mental function. The mental functions supply themselves, or are their own fountains. There seems to be some general vivifiers, such as hope, firmness, concentrativeness, &c. All good physicians endeavor to excite them by words and acts of cheer.

All the machinery of the system is put in action, and sustained in action by this magnetic fluid from the brain. Some sailors, lying stupid in the bottom of the boat, from starvation and thirst, were roused by the cry of land in sight,—seized the oars and rowed with vigor, but stepped from the boat and fell dead. The excited hope sent energy to their limbs; an effort with the oars exhausted the fountain, and death ensued.

The sick cannot heal! The healer is liable to take the disease treated. An illustration has often occurred with me.

The wife of a member of the Academy of Medicine often aided her husband, but always took the disease that she helped to cure.

I had a clairvoyant who examined a case of chorea, (St. Vitus' dance). He felt a great sympathy for the man before I put him to sleep, but as soon as he was clairvoyant, fled from him; and I had to excite his benevolence strongly to induce him to examine him, and it so affected him with the same symptoms, that in spite of me he jerked all night in his natural sleep, and for some days, could not be induced to touch my cane because that man had held it.

Mary Eccks was always affected with the disease she prescribed for, for about twenty-four hours afterward.

A healer or clairvoyant may be so positive that they can, and do repel the flow of the patient's aura or magnetic fluid on them.

I knew a distinguished and successful healer, who for a long time, felt no effects of this kind. These are exceptions. In healing, I exchange nervous fluid with my patients.

But I might multiply facts of these kinds for days, and yet I do not deem them necessary.

I want to say that the clairvoyant sees not by sunlight, candle or lamp usually, but by this nervous fluid, and they can see no farther than it can radiate. Many a time have I given the hand of a man to the clairvoyant to have him examine the liver, or give a general examination, and this when I had no suspicion that he was an unbeliever. When the clairvoyant said, "Doctor, I can't see into this man,—he don't believe any,"—what do I do but seize his other hand, and look through him. Soon I am told by the clairvoyant, "That will do Doctor, I can see well enough now. I have thrown my own magetism through him, and now he can see.

I had a clairvoyant one night marking a lead ore mine near Galena. The moon was eclipsed that night, and having finished marking the lead, I said, "Look at the moon." Now that night he had exactly described diggings three miles off, yet he replied, after squaring around and facing the moon, 'Doctor, I cannot see the moon.'

Light travels ninty-five millions of miles in 8 minutes. Nervous fluid travels rapidly, and a great distance, and brings back messages, but how fast it travels, and how far it can radiate, I cannot tell,—indeed, without this magnetic fluid, nothing can be explained. You know that you do not explain anything, only make what to me seems very groundless assertions.

If the theory of you and Sunderland were true, each and every person who fall into a brown study, would go into a trance.

One cubic inch of good charcoal will absorb ninty cubic inches of ammonial gas. And Liebig says that one cubic inch of the impalpable powder of platinum, will absorb eight hundred cubic inches of oxygen instantly. Water will absorb a great amount of this magnetic fluid. Clairvoyants know the moment that it is fully charged.

When a patient is in a clairvoyant state when you are magnetizing a glass or a jug full of water, he is obliged to tell you when it is duly charged.

It adds much to your success in treating disease, to keep the patient well supplied with magnetized water. Ask the clairvoyant to magnetize you a glass of water, and though he never saw or heard a word in reference to it, he will perform the operation.

S. UNDERHILL, M. D.

☞ Lieut.-General Sheridan has sailed for Europe. He will probably find great difficulty in getting close observations of war operations. It is announced by both French and Prussian authorities, that no foreign officer, no matter how high his rank, will be permitted within the army lines.

DEAD.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids, with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her feet her white silk shoes:
Which were the whitest an eye could choose,

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence: and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; yet she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath!
Is there no voice—no language of death—

Dull to the ear, and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

I listen, as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed;

I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all des he was the chiefest surprise,

The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear, old way:

"The greatest wonder is this. I hear,
And see, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, that though dead, I have never died."

IS GOD INFINITE, or a PERSONAL BEING?

It certainly seems to me that every human being should take that question into consideration, and if possible, find the evidence by which they can answer it satisfactorily to themselves and others. The masses of mankind have what they call an infallible guide, the bible, by which they attempt to settle all questions.

Well, if that book is infallible, it can settle our question without leaving a single doubt upon the minds of any. When we go to the book, we find David praying to an infinite God, who filled immensity of space, and from whose presence it was impossible to hide. Then if David's God was and now is the God of the bible or of Israel, then he is not personal, and the question is settled. But there seems to have been other inspired writers at that time, at least they are called such by the christians of to day, therefore, we have to compare their testimony to arrive at the truth.

In reading the book, we find several names that are said to be appellations of God. At one time and at one place he is called God, then again Lord, Jehovah, Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ, &c., &c. Now, all these names are given to God at different times under different circumstances. Here the question arises, can an infinite God assume the various shapes that cause those various names to come up? Can an infinite God fight the battles of the Jews or any other class of people? Can a mediator stand between an infinite God and man?

If God is infinite, is he not as much in one place as another, so much so that we accept the remark that, In him we live, move, and have our being? Can an infinite God cohabit with any virgin and cause her to conceive and bring forth a son? Can an infinite God have a throne upon which he sits to the exclusion of other parts of the universe, and if he can, what does China do for a God when he visits America? If Jesus Christ was God, who reigned in the spirit-world while he was on earth thirty-three years? Was Jesus Christ infinite?

If God is not infinite, then David the Psalmist, was mistaken, and the bible is in error in teaching that he is infinite. If God is personal, then we do not live, move, and have our being in him as Paul said, and therefore the bible is not the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and those who try to harmonize the two ideas of of an infinite and a personal God, are humbugged and are becoming humbuggers by preaching any such doctrine.

If God is a personal being, is he omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, as the churches teach? If a personal being can take cognizance of, and fill all space, I should like to have some good Doctor of Divinity give us a work upon the Anatomy of God, giving a perfect account, so far as he knows, of the number of muscles, nerves, veins and bones in his great body, if he is composed of such material, and if he is not, then I am exceedingly anxious to know what does make up the body of so great a personage, or whether there is a body without any of the characteristic materials of organized personal bodies. These are a few of the many questions I wish to have each and every one consider for themselves, and then give an answer to them. I shall wait with anxious care for the announcement of the new work on anatomy asked for above, and I cannot be satisfied with a reply by the D. D.'s that "you are an infidel, and we do not propose to waste time in arguing with you." It does not matter what I am, nor what I believe. Those are questions that must be answered before any system of religion can be successfully promulgated, for certainly the man who worships an infinite God, has a different feeling from he who worships a personal God. The God-idea certainly shapes the life of man, therefore it is highly necessary that he has a correct idea of God. My object in writing is to elicit thought upon the part of every one, for himself, and if I can do so I shall be fully rewarded for my labors.

W. J. ATKINSON.

☞ A bill is pending in the Colombian Congress, and is considered certain to become law, which will be equivalent to declaring war against Spain. It pronounces in favor of the Cuban insurgents, and insists that Spain shall step out at once. Other South American States are expected to join in the declaration.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

S. S. JONES,—DEAR SIR:—The following communication was made to the undersigned and several friends who were present, on the evening of the day it bears date. It was written in a book which I keep as a memoranda of important spiritual communications, and in the exact language of the communicating spirit; a true copy of which I send herein for publication in your liberal JOURNAL, if you shall deem it worthy of publication.

It was read at, and about the time, by many of our most worthy citizens, some of whom are members of the bar, doctors, and a few clergymen, and has been the subject of comment.

The spirit requested its publication at the time it was communicated. I neglected to do so, from the fact I could not see from the "signs of the times", or from *my* standpoint, sufficient evidence of its reliability in reference to the impending wars on this "side of the vale."

The new public events in Europe, since about the first of July seem to render its fulfilment possible. To say the least, therefore, you will confer a favor upon several, by giving it a place in your columns.

I will also add, that the spirit who communicates the same, has, during many years of my life, communicated upon very many subjects, and I have always found him strictly truthful and intelligent to a degree unequaled by any other intelligence known to myself.

A. S. WATERMAN.

July 20th, 1870.

WAUKEGAN MARCH 24th, 1870.

This date a great battle was fought in the spirit world, beginning in the vicinity of Waukegan, and raging for eight hours and over.

The parties engaged in this most dreadful conflict are symbolically called the angels (spirits) of Light, against the Spirits of Darkness. The relative status of each will be hereafter explained.

The armies of darkness were beaten and driven from place to place, or from position to position, until they found cover, assistance and succor in and around the old city of Rome in Italy, which they call the Holy City. This city is the *Head Centre of Catholicism*.

The battle raged with the most terrible fury and determination on both sides, and was fought by untold millions in either army.

Near the close of the day, in accordance with your time the Army of Light were in the undisputed possession of the battlefields upon the continent of the New World, as formerly called—now called America.

The fossil spirits of conservatism or "darkness," seek to perpetuate religions as they were and are at the present; also, governments, political and otherwise, as they were and are at the present, in the Old World, or countries upon this earth, and also to extend those institutions to the United States and American continent.

The Spirits of Light, with their legions of armies in the most perfect equipages, and filled with the spirit of progress, zeal for truth, and true institutions of liberty—religious and political—with love for mankind and true worship of God, the Great Spirit, and "Father of all in every age and every clime adored," won the victory, and intend to maintain it, to the end of wars and rumors of wars upon this earth.

Though wars may rage for many years in the spirit world, with more than tenfold the malignity of the Crusade wars of the Dark Ages of earth, still this greatest of all battles must be fought, for the redemption of the inhabitants of earth from the slavery and tyranny of false religions and false political institutions, though it may involve all the nations of earth in a general war, and be as malignant as the war in the spirit world, or spheres immediately around and pertaining to earth.

This is the war of Armagedon of "Holy Writ," and must be fought before our Heavenly Father's kingdom can come and be established upon the earth.

This dreadful war of prophesy has actually begun, and will last many years. The inhabitants of this free country ought not to hope for neutrality. Their institutions, religious and political, are the bane of all institutions of the older times of the earth's history. Hence their institutions have been the first assailed, and against which, war will be declared by the governments of the old world.

The Œcumenical Council of Rome now in session, has planned and declared war against this free government and free religions, in secret council and conspiracy with crowned heads of Europe.

The Catholic population of your own beloved country will secretly arm and equip themselves under the control and arbitrary dictation of their priesthood, and before your country's government dreams of the danger and conspiracies plotting by this "Dragon of iron teeth and ten horns," seen by Daniel, the prophet, ten armies from as many foreign governments will be marching through your land, destroying cities, towns and villages, and laying waste your free and beautiful country.

But their days will be few and their victories transient. They will not gain a permanent rendezvous upon the free soil of this continent, before your government will be prepared to meet them, and your citizen-soldiers will again buckle on their well preserved and time honored implements of warfare, scarcely yet rusty or dimmed from the many battle fields of glory in your country's late rebellion. They are the hope, the sheet anchor of prophesy, and the "fiery dragons, flying from place to place," from cities, towns and villages, to the rendezvous of the ten armies of the great Dragons. Then will come the dreadful conflict and the defeat of the Dragon and his ten horns, or armies. Then we shall see the "Glory of the Lord" and the fulfillment of his promises made to man through his inspired Prophets or Mediums of old, with the death struggle of the symbolical beast.

He has filled up the measure of his iniquities, and the day of his discomfiture is come. The nations and people that he has "trampled under his feet," shall now in turn trample him under their feet, until seven times seven shall pass over, and time and a half shall be fulfilled.

"Let the women at the mill continue their labors." "Let the men on the house-tops now come down." "Let the nation in fancied security remember the high responsibility which rests upon it." "Let the citizen soldier halt not between two opinions." The lessons of warfare learned in the tented field, under the stars and stripes of your country's banner, warring for the freedom and liberty of your sable brethren in bondage, will strengthen, guide and sustain you in this more direful conflict, waged against the religious and political freedom of mankind, by the Dragon and his ten armies.

Heroes, statesmen, sages and all christendom, look and behold the "signs of the times."

On the 24th day of March, 1870, I, the undersigned, found myself very much disturbed by outside or spiritual influences. Having long been mediumistic, I made my way to A. S. Waterman's office, and the above communication was given in my presence, in the language and at the time it purports to be. Others were also present. I made a memoranda of the same in my pocket diary, which I have read to several persons since that time.

AARON LEWIS, M. D.

About the latter part of March last, I was in Mr. Waterman's office, and heard the foregoing communication read by him. Upon examining my pocket diary, I found upon that same date, that I felt disturbing influences, of such a remarkable and disturbing character that I made a memoranda of the same somewhat fully in my pocket diary. I was then quite skeptical upon spiritual subjects, but was conscious of disturbing influences as above stated.

J. B. WELCH, Atty-at-law.

LETTER FROM REV. D. W. HULL.

To J. L. Potter.

DEAR BRO.:—I am astonished at the coolness of our Advent Brethren in the West. I suppose they think it no harm to lie for Christ's sake. They say they have no merits of their own, and I believe them; I only wonder that they could tell the truth about that. In answer to your inquiry, I will say my brother Moses preached for the Adventists from the time he was seventeen years old until he was twenty-eight years old, in 1863, and was their champion debater.

Of myself, I am ashamed to say I was an Adventist 18 years, holding on 5 years after my brother left. Allow me to add that I can't think the Adventist religion made me as corrupt as it has some. I was local elder six years, and a recognized minister the last two years I was with them. My credentials were published with the proceedings of the Conference of 1867, in the *Hope of Israel*, and a still stronger proof is found in the fact that they, by the grace of God, are permitted to tell such malicious lies about me.

To give you something of an idea of how the Adventists "rely upon the merits of Jesus" for their morals, I will relate one little circumstance. Mr. Himes, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, and probably others, were holding tent meetings at Westville, Ind., and, as usual, had a great deal to say about Spiritualists. Amongst other things, Mrs. Mansfield, who is a pious pattern of godliness, said, "You should visit Moses Hull's house. His wife has no clothes, no furniture, and nothing to eat. His children are a reckless set of vagabonds. If it were not for the neighbors they would absolutely suffer, whilst Moses is traveling with another lady whom he introduces as Mrs. Hull." The next day after all this slang, who should appear but the veritable Moses Hull with the two Mrs. Hulls, one of which Moses insisted was the wife of his brother, D. W., and the people believed it, as the ladies seemed to be in a good humor with each other. Had a bombshell burst in the tent, it would not have caused worse confusion. Then, and there, my brother challenged them to put all the Advent brains into one man, and meet him in discussion.

Elder Grant has had one discussion with me, and I can't coax, hire, or drive him into another one. He says he doesn't want to hold any more discussions. The readers of the BANNER and JOURNAL know whether that is true. He tells me he wishes "he could follow me around, and pick me to pieces." I offer to make it interesting enough to him to pay him for his trouble if he will, but he can't sleep all night in the same county with me. Whether I ever was an Adventist or not, it is clear I understand too much about it to be met in discussion.

Yours,

D. W. HULL.

Kendalville, Ind.

World's Crisis please notice!

Voices from the People.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN.—George Foulkroo writes.—I have been taking the JOURNAL a little more than a year. If I had known what it contained, I would have been an older subscriber. I wish we could be blessed with some test medium, such as E. V. Wilson or Addie L. Ballou. Mediums of any phase coming through this part of the country, will find a home and a place to lecture by stopping at Dubois' Town, two miles from Williamsport, on the opposite side of the river.

STANWOOD IOWA.—J. Carlsson writes.—For my own part, I have never seen any spiritual manifestations, but your valuable paper teaches me that they are true and genuine. I hope that a speaking or test medium will give us a visit in our little town. And what reason have we to say that we should not trust our departed spirit friends as well as that good for nothing ancient Scripture?

FIVE CORNERS, N. Y.—John Corwin writes.—Mr. Davis has recently been convinced of the truth of spirit manifestations. Last Sunday evening, himself and Eugene Slocum visited the spirit room of Morris Keeler, at Moravia, where they heard, to their entire satisfaction, the spirit voices of dear departed friends speak and sing, and felt the positive touch of spirit hands in the presence of Mrs. Mary Andrews, medium. I have visited Mr. K.'s room for spirits, and will try to give you an account of the manifestations before long.

FREDONIA, N. Y.—Lyman C. Howe writes.—I like the paper, and pray that it may live. Would that I were able to make my prayer more to the purpose, by making it more substantial, but ten year's public service in the cause I love, for pauper pay, quite unfits me for pecuniary work. I hope to be able to renew my labors the ensuing fall or winter, and might possibly find my way to Chicago in such a case.

CHICAGO, July 5th.—T. L. Lewis writes.—The following are but a few out of many hundred cases that can be given, in answer to the oft-repeated question by skeptics, "What good has Spiritualism done?"

One of our principal Chicago merchants called at the Radical Cure Institute, 75 Third Avenue, to test the power of spirits through mediums to recover stolen property, which had been taken from his farm, forty miles from Chicago. A lady and gentleman, mediums at 75 Third Avenue, both made similar statements in regard to the thief and property. This so interested the merchant that one of the mediums was taken out to the farm. Just before reaching it, the medium said to the merchant:

"There comes the man whom I clairvoyantly saw, who stole your property,"—and he stopped the man, and charged him with the theft of the various articles. He was greatly surprised, and asked the medium, Dr. Sargent, how he could know so much about him. He owned his guilt, and returned the stolen goods. Another case:

Some seventeen years ago, the same medium took William Callahan from the Massachusetts Hospital, where he had been for two years under the drug treatment for a large scrofulous tumor in the neck, weighing three pounds, and was pronounced incurable, but by help of the angels, was radically cured by laying-on of hands, in twelve weeks, and he remains well to this day. Not a particle of medicine was given. Thousands of men and women have and do now successfully consult the spirits, through reliable mediums, in regard to their health, business and future prospects, and yet skeptics, too lazy or prejudiced to inform themselves, ask with a sneer, "What good has Spiritualism done?"

SPANISH RANCH.—J. Snyder writes.—I see by the last paper that "Fresh Eggs and Yellow Butter," is worth five dollars. I do not expect to get "Fresh Eggs and Yellow Butter" from the ten dollars I sent you on the 17th of June, for the renewal of three subscriptions to the paper. Fahnestock's "Somnambulism" is all I can expect this time.

HAWESVILLE, KY.—E. Marble writes.—Trial copies of the paper have been received and read with much satisfaction and profit by the writer, who has put them in the hands of such as are willing to read, and thereby, perhaps, become enlightened in the truly wonderful developments of Spiritualism as it is in these latter days. The few copies of the paper put in circulation here, have excited quite a sensation, and are in great demand, and as far as is in my power, I intend to keep them on the track and marching on. I am in hopes soon to procure subscriptions, for the liberal inquiring minds of Iowa will not do without the paper. With such, the cry is, "Give us light, more light." "To be or not to be, is the question." "If a man die, shall he live again?" questions not to be solved short of proofs more strong than the evidence of so-called Holy Writ. Evidence precedes faith, and visible, tangible evidence supercedes all faith unsustained by the hopes and aspirations of the "divinity within us." "God is love," and although to our mortal vision, he moves in a mysterious way, he is the same unchangeable, good and great Father of the "spirits of all flesh," who will in due time and in his own way, reconcile the world unto himself. The spiritual philosophy does not teach its followers to sing as orthodoxy teaches its followers and advocates to sing, "My God is reconciled, his pard'ning voice I hear" etc. No atonement required to satisfy the demands of justice, but on the contrary, justice is inexorable, and he who doeth the wrong, shall receive for the wrong he hath done, shall be chastened here, and if needs be, hereafter, with healing stripes, that in due time shall yield the "peaceable fruits of righteousness," and that in the grand and final consummation, every will shall be subdued to the will of God; death and hell shall be destroyed, and he which hath the power of death, etc., and God shall be all in all. To all of which, and more, in the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, my heart responds, amen.

F. Chase writes.—Reconstruction is the answer of every institution under heaven, and it must follow reconstruction in religion, and then in everything else. Great minds of earth! we are now ready to lay this whole matter before you, for candid investigation. Scientists, philosophers, statesmen and thinkers, we need your help in the great work of reconstruction. Read our books and papers, hear our speakers, and try our tests. Try your scientific method with our philosophy. Try your logic with our philosophy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

TWILIGHT LESSONS.

BY D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

As evening's twilight shades the scene,
And length'ning shadows longer grow,
Our minds should from the lesson glean
This truth, which runs through all below:

That springing life—spirit or soul—
Unfolds, as glows the morn with pride,
Then soars to reach its zenith goal,
And glides adown the other side.

From shades, through shadow's misty hour,
The sun-burst of bright morn appears;
From childhood's twilight ope's the flower
Of manhood's wisdom-freighted years.

As through the twilight—eve and morn—
The sunbeams blend in ceaseless ray,
So from th' extremes of life is born
The spirit, unto endless day.

Childhood and age—the birth—the death—
But part of an eternal day;
The eternal past lent life and breath,—
The future bears that life away.

The sunset, to which night succeeds,
Does not deprive the sun of light;
Earth rolling on, its warm ray feeds
Some other land, and makes it bright.

Life's evening shadows—death's embrace—
Enfolds the earthy form; the soul
Runs, like the sun, its heavenly race
As part of the Eternal Whole.

From "Human Nature,"

RESURRECTION AFTER DEATH.

BY DR. OTTO ULE,—HALLE, GERMANY.

Life and Death! These are the commonest, and yet the most fearful, of all antagonisms which the sphere of phenomena in general offers. The whole world builds itself up from them; every hour brings the nature of their conflicts before our eyes; the purest joy and the deepest pain quell forth from their unsolved contradiction. They are so fearful that, if experience had not made us so intimate with them, we would never have believed them. The child does not yet, in fact, comprhend them. When it sees for the first time a loved one struck by the hand of death, it thinks he only quietly sleeps. It cannot believe that the one who was so full of love, of hope, of striving, should be nothing but an inert, insensible, dead mass; it will not believe that heart should be still for ever. It is certainly the greatest shock that a man experiences in his whole life when he approaches a deathbed for the first time. Like the child, so does humanity struggle aganst the recognition of these antitheses. To milden their terrors, or wholly to scare them away, the simple child of nature devises childish dreams of future life, in which he will be permited to carry on the battles and enjoyments of the terrestrial one; and, at least, to preserve his spiritual ego out of this conflict, the thinking philosopher creates a doctrine of immortality, for which he finds the proof nowhere except in his own breast.

Death and Life are, however not merely fearful antagonisms, they are also the deepest mysteries of Nature. Who is able to draw the boundary-line between them? Who to say, "Here ends the one, and here begins the other?" The cessation of all the functions of life cannot always be taken as a sure sign of death. There is as is well known, a means of placing men in a death-like sleep, in which they are not only robbed of all consciousness, but of all sensation. It is chloroform, the inhaling of which suffices to stay the wildest pain, induces a condition which resembles death, enabling the surgeon to perform on the sleeper operations of which he is as little sensible as the corpse to the knife of the anatomist. But just this deceptive similarity of condition with death was, in the earlier period of the discovery, when we possessed but little experience of the use of this means, the cause that to many patients the chloroform-sleeps became an eternal one, and many even without the operation, were freed from all earthly life.

There is also another condition in which life has perfectly taken on the appearance of death: that is, the *Scheintod*, or apparent death. Even to the present time, cases have not been wanting where people have been buried alive, because they evinced not the slightest sign of life. Undoubted it is, that at least with man and higher animals, a real cessation of the circulation, when it continues for a length of time, must be observed as a sign of death. In regard to the apparent death, all the ordinary means of ascertaining if the heart has really ceased to beat, and the lungs to breathe, leave us in the lurch. We can hold a polished looking-glass before the mouth and it will not be affected; we can hold a flame before it and it will not flicker; we can place light feathers or down upon the lips and they will not be moved; and still the patient is alive. Only with the aid of the stethoscope can we still hear the circulation, when it can be proved by no other means. Auscultation, therefore, in connection with the death-stare, can be taken as the only infallible sign of present death, and where this cannot be applied, death can only be really recognised when the work of corruption has commenced.

Life is not necessarily extinct when the evidences of external vitality are wanting; nor does death necessarily take place when the conditions of life—the air, warmth, or nourishment—are withdrawn from a living being. Undoubtedly the man dies who cannot breathe more; he suffocates in the vapour of burning coals as in water. The fish dies, at once or after a time, when it is drawn out of the water.

But there are beings which, under similar circumstances, assume indeed the appearance of death, but can be wakened to life when the conditions of life are returned to them. Whether toads, exposed to severe cold, perfectly frozen, and, in spite of the stiffening of their bodily juices, be not yet dead, but can return again to life by cautious warming, which was lately asserted in the report of the Paris Academy, we leave undecided. The toads should remain cabable of life inside of rocks for centuries may be cast to the fables of the miracle-seeking Vorzeit. And that the grains of wheat which were found in the Egyptian tombs, sprouted in the soil of France after three thousand years, and grew to healthy plants, he may believe who will. It is wonderful enough that the seeds of many plants, dried and preserved, can preserve their germinating power for twenty years and more. The most remarkable facts, however, are furnished us by the living microscopic world. Here are a whole list of animalcules, not belonging to the lowest, which, robbed of the elements necessary to life, apparently die like everything else, but can, even after years, again arise to life out of this apparent death.

Since the microscope has become a child's plaything, microscopic life is closed to no one. Everybody is therefore able to seek out the little animalcules which lead their life in the gutter of his house. The unaided eye will, indeed, not perceive the slightest sign of life in the dust of these gutters; but when one puts this dust into a dish of water, and observes a drop of it an hour afterwards, he will very quickly perceive some transparent, gelatinous beings, which move about in a peculiar manner. One of these animalcules, which has a faintly striped, spindle-like body, holds fast by means of a little trident, and pushes itself forward like a leech, first drawing itself together, and then again stretching itself out. These movements are executed with such rapidity that it courses across the disk of the microscope in a very short space of time. Now we see it again firmly attach itself with its trifid tail, and now turning the head to the right and left, as if still meditating which way to go. Suddenly the fore part of the body divides before our eyes into two lappets, which are covered with delicate lashes, and which, quickly drawn in, can unfold to a rare play. The movements of these lashed lappets nearly resemble that of two cogged wheels, and produce a violent streaming in the water, which leads the little animal wherever it wishes. Now the true character of this animal is discovered; it is one of the most fearful animalcules of prey in the microscopic world of the drop of water. It shoots wildly about in all directions; suddenly it makes a dash and swallows up a lot of little infusoria, which, on account of the transparency of its body, can be followed to the stomach.

This remarkable little being, which has received the name of wheel-animalcule (Rotatoria) from its peculiar wheel-like organs, was first discovered by Leuwenhoek about the end of the seventeenth century. About a hundred and eighty different kinds of it are now known, which are found not only in the dust of the gutters, but in most garden soil, and in the moss at the base of trees. It is this animalcule which offers us the interesting phenomenon of a resurrection after death. When the water is evaporated, we see the little animal, like every other, dried up. It wrinkles up, loses its form, and looks like a little dried up blister, or a piece of skin. We should, in fact, consider it dead. But the first discoverer saw this dried-up little animal come to life after two years, when it was moistened. He succeeded in revivifying a dried up wheel-animalcule after it had been inactive for four years. He repeated his experiments on one and the same animalcule sixteen times, drying up and reviving. Many of the little creatures woke up a few minutes after the sand was moistened, others needed more than an hour.

This wheel-animalcule is not the only inhabitant of the gutter-dust; the microscope reveals many others. Our attention is called to a yellow, thick bodied animalcule, three or four times as large as the wheel-animal, and whose eight legs are provided with small crooked claws, which shine like ivory. It has no wheels like the Rotatoria, does not use his claws to hold him fast, does not swim, but drags himself heavily and with difficulty along the sand, like a bear or a tortoise. It has for that reason been named the little water-bear (Wasserbarchen: Tardigradus). Although belonging to a pretty highly organized group of the animalcule world, it shows, like the wheel-animal, the phenomenon of a resurrection after apparent death. When the water evaporates, we see its movements become slower, and gradually cease altogether. The legs are drawn up into the body, the animal dries up and nearly resembles an immovable, ball-like wood-louse. But the life in it is not extinguished. It awakes as soon as we moisten it. Nature itself repeats, at least in the beautiful seasons, in this animalcule every day the change of death and life. The morning dew awakens it, and long before evening it has again returned to its dust grave in the gutter.

Still a third rare inhabitant of this dust is seen at times in the drop of water under the microscope. It is a little, long-stretching being, with transparent, silvery body, and a crooked, pointed tail, and winds and twists like an eel, and has been named the little eel (Aalchen: Anguillula) on account of its serpentine movements. It can be found in the caries of corn, in vinegar, and in dough, and can be made to die and rise again at pleasure. In perfectly dried sand it is seen rolled together, spiral-like, after the manner of snakes. When the sand is moistened, it first commences slowly to move the tail, then the head, and finally the rest of the body. Life has again gained supremacy.

In all these cases the death from which an awakening takes place, is undoubtedly only apparent. But where is here the boundary line between life and death?

The bodies of these animals were dried up to mummies, and years could not destroy the life, which returned with the conditions necessary to life.

The clock-work was, so to speak, only run down: it could be again wound up. But another year, another day, perhaps only another hour, and there is no further resurrection! Death has claimed his supremacy.

In fact, life is the deepest mystery of nature; mysterious as its origin, is also its end.

INDIANA.

Letter from S. W. Otis.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—The cause of Spiritualism is progressing here slowly, but surely, as all truth is bound to do. Last January we organized a lyceum for the purpose of free speech and free thought, commencing, I believe, with only seven members. We met at a private house under the leadership of Bro. G. W. Carpenter. Our number has increased to about thirty, and Bro. George Bollinger has built a splendid hall for our benefit, which, on the 10th, was dedicated to free speech. We have of late been favored with a series of five lectures by Bro. D. W. Hull, which has been attended with fine results. Very soon after Bro. Hull commenced his lectures, the churches began to manifest great opposition, in trying to keep their members and others from attending. Street controversies were quite numerous. It appeared that those who would not attend the lectures, knew what was said there, which is evidence that they either had spies out or were "eaves-dropping." By Wednesday, July 26, some parties felt so badly pushed, that they offerred a challenge to discuss the matter; but when they found the Spiritualists were ready for a discussion, they cried out, "No, we won't debate with Mr. Hull, he don't know enough! But if the Spiritualists would endorse him, they would secure the services of Elder Sweeney, of Chicago, who would soon use him up. At the close of Bro. Hull's lecture, on Wednesday evening, Bro. J. W. Otis stated the proposition to the society, who accepted their challenge by a unanimous vote, and chose Bro. Hull as their champion. But, lo! what was our surprise to see these gentleman get up in the audience and hear them say, that they would not get Sweeny to debate with Bro. Hull, for he (Hull) was too low and vulgar. They said that Sweeney was not afraid to debate with Hull, but that he was such a blackgaurd! Now, who is responsible for such talk as this?

Butler, Ind.

THE DOUBTER.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah, beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angel's imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

REPORT of J. L. POTTER,

State Agent of Minnesota, for July.

Whole number of members joining association, 17.

Money collected	$22 11
Money subscribed	5 00
Total	$27.11

Places visited: St. Anthony, Wales Grove, Long Lake, Plymouth, Excelsior, Medina.

Number of lectures given: 9.

Amount paid out: $3.15

All of which is respectfully submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota.

My field of labors for August will be Osseo, on the 7th inst.; Anoka, the 14th; Elk River, the 21st; Princeton, the 28th.

Places that wish for my services evenings, during the week-days, can address me at the above places.

St. Anthony, Minn.

August 1st, 1870.

THE SUMMER LAND.

Where is it—The sixth Zone—Star-dust, Etc., Etc.

Seers have an advantage over those drudges of science who are content to investigate what lies near at hand, leaving the remote and shadowy realms of the occult unexplored because they cannot be submitted to scientific tests. The advantage of the seer is, that to him gross matter is neither ponderable nor impenetrable—it is diaphanous; for through it, no matter if it is millions of miles in thickness, the seer can look as readily as through his spectacles. To him time is nothing, and space but the medium of his soul-endeavors. This, as will be seen by the merest tyro, is a vast advantage over any possessed by the plodding investigtor, any of whose results may be tested, and received or rejected by men who have eyes and cunning fingers. The seer is content to see, and those who cannot find on the other side of the millstone what he clearly perceives to be there, are not so gifted as he—are purblined mortals, who must accept the dictum of the clairvoyant or forever remain ignorant and hopeless seekers after truth.

Cornelius Agrippa, Swedenborg, Paracelsus, the Neo Platonists, Plotinus and Porphyry, had simply to look, and all was open to him. Not less is the world indebted to Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis for his revelations than to those who at various times and places have annihilated space as he has done, and, looking with eyes intently fixed on the Logos, the O'M, Ezembate and the Divine Centre, have seen into, through, and beyond them, and given weary man the results of their clairvoyance and ecstacy to cheer him on his road to the Land of the Hereafter, be it Paradise, Gehenna or the Summer-land.

According to the Davisian ("theory" being here used in a strictly etymological sense; "theory" being from the Greek *theorein* to look at) the Milky Way, as it swings grandly through the heavens, is but one of countless billions of Milky Ways or universes which together form a belt or ring of galaxies which sweep sublimely round the Divine Centre, constituting the Sixth Circle of Suns, which is the outermost of the concentric star-belt formations, and the only one of them which is old and ripe enough to evolve humanity producing planets. This belt is made up of island universes disposed about its periphery at right angles to its inconceivable and inconceivably long radius. This is also an equatorial ring-section about forty degrees in breadth, its component milky-way tracts of stars being disposed around the belt with their concave sides facing the grand centre of formation, each universe revolving in its own plane around its own centre.

This is the Davisian view of the Univercœlum, but, in order to take in the whole affair and see just how it is, we, situate on the earth, look out toward the grand Sensorium, or parental centre of these concentric belts, and if we are seers we will find that our line of sights intersects four other star belts closely resembling the sixth, but within it. Seeing all this grandeur we will not be overcome with awe when we find between the fifth and sixth belts a space lying there like an infinite golden glory. This is the Summer-Land—this the Aurelian Zone.

The external eye may not view this land—only to the introspective eye of the seer is it visible—and yet there it is, between the fifth and sixth circles, an ever-blooming land of the ascended, the broad home land of all liberated human beings, who are thus to dwell within the milky-way belt. But the *infinite* Summer Land, as is perfectly evident to one who will give a moment's thought to the subject, cannot lie within any *finite* milky-way; however, it lies a tranquil, divine, unchangeable zone far within, and nearer to the Parental Centre than the Sixth Circle of Universes.

The Summer Land is not less broad than the immeasurable belt above it—that is, not less than forty degrees in breadth. It is an aggregate, a congeries of refined atoms, eliminated from the infinite suns and planets of the sixth circle, and which tinge with white star dust the unimaginable spaces where universes are brought forth and wheel forever through the unmapped bournes of immensity, in which the freed soul may disport itself with a great amount of self-satisfaction. There the weary cease from troubling, and there the wicked be at rest. Yet greater is the golden mantled, white star-dust besprinkled Summer-Land, for it is equal to all the inter-stellar and inter-universe spaces combined.

Now, the interior Summer Land zone and the exterior universe belt are parallel circles, lying *very near each other.*

Things extend indefinitely throughout space and each thing has its own peculiar emanation, and this makes what is properly termed the "spirit world." Never at hand, the aura of each external object fully represents it, for it is the external's refined totality, whatever that may be. It is the unorganized ether realm—the *essence world*—unmundiform. It has no surface, no limitations, *no locality*, but all pervading. Like the divine Hyte, it is itself by itself alone, one, everlastingly and single. We cannot escape it if we would, we breathe its atoms in our air. From this it is evident that the term spirit-*world* must never be confounded with or substituted for the term Summer-Land. Spirit *Land*. The various lands have no name on any chart, for they are unmapped. Far off within the sixth circle lies the home to which we are all hastening—a land of gold, white star-dust and peace.—*New York World.*

Speakers' Register.

Spker's Register and Notice of Meetings

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested.

HEREAFTER we shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED with a pledge on their part that they will keep us POSTED in regard to changes; and in addition to that, EXPRESSLY indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by WORD AND DEED.

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium 145, Fourth Ave Chicago Ill.

J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J.

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.

Harrison Augir, Charles City, Iowa.

Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 394 Laporte Ind.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beulah, Wisconsin.

Henry A. Beach, Spring Valley, N. Y.

J. S. Rouse, Casey, Ill.

H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Pennville, Jay Co., Ind

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Adress Ancora, N. J.

A. J. Fishback, victoria, Missouri.

Rev. J. Francis, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

I. H. Garretson, Prichland, Iowa.

K. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.

Thomas Harding, box 301, Sturges, Mich.

Samuel S. Harman, Goshen, Ind.

L. D. Hay, late of Huntsville, Texas, will answer calls to lecture,

Mrs. Hoyse, Trance, and Test medium Waterloo, Wis.

Daniel W. Hull, inspirational speaker, Hobart, Ind.

Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn, Lecturer

Address him in care of this Office, 189, South Clark Sreet

D. P. Kayner, M. D., Clairvoyant, Erie, Pa.

R. P Lawrence, Inspirational Speaker, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

J. Mansfield, Inspirational Speaker and Healing Medium, Seville, Ohio.

Miss M. C. McClendon, Inspirational Speaker, Rock Island, Ill.

P. C. Mills, Riverside, Maine.

Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 255 Superior st., Cleveland

Mrs. S. A. Pearsall inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium, Washington, D. C.

Harriet E. Pope, Morristown, Minn.

Dr. P. B Randolph, 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers, inspirational speaker. Address in care of A. J. Grover, Rock Island, Ill.

Warren Smith, Elexandria, Madison Co., Ind.

Job Smyth, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture

Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, M.D., lecturer on Spiritualism, Medical Reform, Physical Culture, etc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn

Benjamin Todd, Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Benjamin Todd, Inspirational Speaker, Portland, Oregon.

M. M. Tousey, Lake Mills.

J. B. Tupper, trance speaker, Jamestown, Wis.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Dr. Samuel Underhill, Tonica, Ill.

J. William Van Namee, Trance Speaker, Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, inspirational speaker. Address Newcastle, Pa.

E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls Iowa

Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.

John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.

Miss S. C. McClendon, Moline, Ill.

Miss Helen Briggs, Tarrytown, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, Trance and Test Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Oil City, Pa

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The Search After God.

Where can we find God? That is a question that has often been asked. Is he among the stars, in high heaven, where golden-paved streets, pearly gates, and breezes sweet with the perfume of flowers, greet the senses? Is he there, on a throne, a sceptre in his hand and a crown of diamonds on his brow,—while Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and other orthodox sects, are thrumming golden harps, and singing psalms in his praise?

Yes, you may well ask the question, where is he? We all desire to know.

We will seek him among the flowers; on the arid desert; in the mad, surging waves of the ocean; in the dens of infamy and vice; in the polluted pools of licentiousness; in an orthodox prayer-meeting; in the sermons of the divine; in the prayers of all humanity,—and see if we can find him.

The microscope cannot unveil him. The telescope, although it can discern the grandeur of the heavens, cannot point out his locality. The orthodox churches have always said a great deal about him; they have talked knowingly in reference to him; they have said many things regarding his beautiful home,—yet no man ever saw his face.

We are searching, then, for a being that never existed, are we? That remains to be seen. The world has curious ideas of God, entertains strange notions in reference to him: and in this series of articles we propose to give some of the views of humanity.

In our previous articles, we showed the wonderful antagonism that prevailed in nature, and that various circumstances and conditions in life seemed to indicate that there was no all-powerful, intelligent Principle that ruled over the destiny of man. The views of the various orthodox churches, in regard to God, amount to nothing, and are exceedingly weak in point of argument.

He made the earth, the stars,—the planetary system,—the whole universe,—*himself*, all alone; but when he collected the dust of the earth together,—preparatory to his last great act of creation,—he said: "Let *us* make man."

Whom he called to his aid at that time, we know not; but it would seem to indicate that he was inadequate to the task, and desired assistance. It would appear that he uttered those words tremblingly, as if fearing the result of his labor, and mistrusting that it might prove a failure,—which it did.

The orthodox God has been getting into difficulty constantly. He is irritable, peevish, angular and warlike in disposition; neither comprehensive in his designs nor successful in his undertakings. He exhibits no strategy in overcoming his enemies. In some respects he appears so foolish as to be unworthy the name of "God." The first time the world knew anything about him, according to the Biblical account thereof, he was a "master mechanic," engaged in the formation of this earth, dividing it into mountains and valleys, rivers, lakes and seas; and to cap the climax, he made Eden, a beautiful place where waving boughs, murmuring spring bright-plumaged birds, and flowers exquisitely beautiful, constantly greeted the vision.

As a mechanic, he was quite a success, although the house he [illegible] is mine [illegible] tottered somewhat, and [illegible] see if same, inclination to [illegible] evidence it did in the begin[illegible] considerable extent [illegible] said, [illegible] there [illegible] the [illegible] forth fruit," and it obeyed his voice. "Let there be lights in the heaven," and different orbs appeared at once with their genial rays. "Let the waters bring forth abundantly of the moving creatures that have life," and immediately the prodigious whale, the shark, the salmon, the trout and the perch, sprang into existence in the twinkling of an eye. And God blessed his works.

In the Garden of Eden he played an important part, finally becoming a gardener, and forming a beautiful retreat for the happy pair he had made, and putting them in it, though naked, they were not ashamed.

The creation of the first man and woman was an important event; but it seemed that God made a mistake here. While he had created man and woman upright, he had made the serpent also, a very cunning, mischieveous creature, whose mission was to thwart the action of his Creator.

Well, here is a mystery! Why did God make this cunning, treacherous, mischieveous animal? Why did he introduce an element of discord in his great work of creation,—knowing, as *He* must, have— what would be the result? Yes, *why?*

Here was Eve,—we can imagine her beautiful, possessing all those gifts that a God could shower down upon her. Adam, too, was the personification of nobleness; there was grandeur in his soul,—poetry there, with the sparkling sentiment and humor of a child just from the hand of the Divine Architect. He made man pure, noble, upright; formed him in his own image, endowed him with the excellencies of his own heart, and constructed him a beautiful home; but he had done another work, which throws a dark shade over everything that he had previously made, and makes him appear like a monster. He had created the serpent the, most subtle of all the beasts of the field, and it caused Adam and Eve to violate his commands. He made them upright, but failed to keep them so, hence he (the orthodox God) is a failure. He made them pure as the undriven snow on the mountain-top, but failed to protect their purity from the insinuating wiles of one of his own progeny, the serpent; hence be was grossly negligent. In making them, he incorporated within their minds a resolve to obey him, but the serpent weakened that resolution by various promises, therefore God, in the formation of impulses in the first pair, failed to make them strong enough to resist temptation, for which neglect he is entitled to no credit.

His first efforts were ridiculous failures. He showed but little wisdom in making the serpent at all; in fact, when he made him he must have left his infinite wisdom at home, and relied on his finite capacities.

He made the earth free from vexatious weeds and poisonous herbs, but could not keep it so, therefore, as a gardener he was a failure also.

He made the beasts of the field with innocent dispositions, but could not maintain them in that character. He made the beautiful garden of Eden, with its singing birds and murmuring streams, and put Adam and Eve into it, but could not keep them there. He put flaming swords around a certain tree therein, but some warlike tribe must have captured them, for they have not been seen there for nearly six thousand years. He first made the earth and all things in it, and pronounced them good, then in a fit of anger, cursed them! Did you ever hear of that which was good being cursed before? He made a beautiful tree and hung tempting fruit thereon, but forbade Adam and Eve to partake of it. He became a tailor, and made garments for Adam and Eve. Whether he ever took them from them in a fit of petulant anger, we never learned. He had trouble on all sides. The serpent had proved troublesome. Adam and Eve were troublesome. The beasts of the field were troublesome, and God was encompassed with a sea of trouble on all sides. Now, God could not have possessed a very good character, for if he had, his children would not have proved so annoying to him. The serpent he had made was exceedingly cunning; wonder if God is cunning? He was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field; could God have imparted to him anything which he did not possess himself? He desired to thwart the action of God; where did that desire originate, if God did not give it to him?

Here was a drama! The Garden of Eden was the stage; God, Adam, Eve and the serpent were the principal actors.

The curtain rises on scene first, exhibiting a beautiful tree filled with blossoms and fruit. Eve, bewitchingly beautiful, is quietly reposing beneath, meditating on her condition,— gazing wistfully, meanwhile, upon the luscious fruit with which the branches above her are loaded. Of her costume, we will say nothing. While enjoying herself, the serpent makes his appearance.

Serpent.—Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree in the Garden?

Eve.—We may eat of the fruits of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, lest ye die.

Serpent.—Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

Eve then partook of the fruit. It was delicious to the taste. Adam appearing on the stage, she gave to him, and both did eat, and they knew that their eyes were opened.

The curtain falls on this scene. When it rises again, we behold Adam walking in the garden, "in the cool of the day." Suddenly a voice is heard:

God.—Adam, where art thou?

Adam.—I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked.

God.—Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?

Adam.—The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat

God.—Woman, what is this that thou hast done?

Woman.—The serpent beguiled me and I did eat.

Whereupon God flies into a passion, and launches forth an angry tirade against the poor creatures whose only fault was, that they had been "created in his own image."

God.—Thou serpent, because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. And unto thee, oh, woman, I will greatly multiply the sorrows of thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And thou, oh, Adam, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.

Finally, the curtain falls, and presently rises on another scene. God, with a needle in his hand, is making coats of skin for Adam and Eve.

This is followed by a soliloquy of God, who says, with tears in his eyes, and in a tremulous tone of voice: "Behold they have become as one of *us*."

Reader, do you like the God that is pictured here? We are searching for the *true* God, and will not accept of one as set forth above. He is a myth, as we will finally prove.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Supposed Sensation of Pre-existence.

"Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past.
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
We lived ere yet this yoke of flesh we wore."

The above is a flash from the soul of that natural poet, Coleridge, and therein he seems to convey the idea that he had lived in some unknown past, and the impression made upon his mind then, still existed. Many ascribe this sensation merely to psychological effects, or to impressions made upon the mind by some peculiar circumstances, and the cause of the same being forgotten, when it chances to arise within the mind, it seems to carry us back hundreds of years, revealing some circumstances with which we seemed to be connected.

Tennyson is affected with similar sensations.

"Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

"Of something felt like something here;
Of something done I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

Dickens regards this sensation that seems to bring to light something in the unknown past, as common to all minds. He says:

"We have all some experience of a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing, having been said or done before, in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it."

It would be perfectly natural for a man of such extended research as Dickens, whose mind was so richly freighted with those rare gems of literature that made him such a favorite of society, to have within his plastic brain impressions in regard to the origin of which he was profoundly ignorant, and which would naturally seem to carry him back into the unknown past. Many times, impressions made upon the brain of the child, as it reposes on its mother's bosoms,—in after years, develop themselves, and, of course, possess strange characteristics, and

Which makes the present, (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past.

An impression made upon the brain of the little child, though it can not lisp a word, often, when mature years are reached, assumes form and carries the mind back into unknown realms.

All these impressions which seemed to illuminate the minds of Coleridge, Tennyson and Dickens, and carry their souls back to unknown realms, were made during their earth-life, either during the hours of sleep, or otherwise. Even a dream will make an impression on the mind, that, in after years, when the senses are fully awake, presents itself as a living reality. To show the action of the human mind, and the wonderful manifestations of impressions made upon it, we give the following from Dr. Draper's admirable work on Human Physiology.

"When I was five or six years old, I dreamed that I was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it, there stood a great tree, that looked as if it had been struck by lightning; and in the pond, at another part, an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. On a sudden, a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters, I awoke trembling with terror.

"About eight years subsequently, while recovering from a nearly fatal attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me, identical in all respects again. Even up to this time, I do not think I had ever seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remembered there was the picture of one in the first spelling book that had been given me. Perhaps on account of my critical condition, this second dream, impressed me more dreadful than the first.

"A dozen years more elapsed. I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon, I had to take a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, and not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence which is so characteristic of this part of the day; all the wild animals and birds seemed to have gone to their retreats to get rid of the heat of the sun. Suddenly, at one point of the road, I came upon a great stagnant water-pool, and, casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine tree blasted by lightning, and on a level with the surface, a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands; an unutterable fear overshadowed me as I shrank away from the accursed place.

"Though business occasionally afterwards would have drawn me that way, I could not summon the resolution to go, and have actually taken roundabout paths. It seemed to me profoundly amazing, that the dream I had, should, after twenty years, be realized without respect to difference of scenery, or climate, or age. A good clergyman of my acquaintance took the opportunity of improving the circumstance to my spiritual advantage, and in his kind enthusiasm, for he knew that I had more than once been brought to the point of death by such fevers, interpreted my dream that I should die of marsh miasm.

"Most persons have doubtless observed that they suddenly encounter circumstances or events of a trivial nature in their course of life which they have an indistinct recollection that they have dreamed before. It seemed for a long time that this was a case of that kind, and that it might be set down among the mysterious and unaccountable. How wonderful it is that we so often fail to see the simple explanation of things, when the explanation is actually intruding itself before us. And so in this case, it was long before the truth gleamed in upon me, before my reasoning powers shook off the delusive impressions of my senses; but it occurred at last, for I said to myself, is it probable that such a mystery is true, or that I have dreamed for the third time that which I had already dreamed of twice before? Have I really seen the blasted tree and sunny turtle? Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noontide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocatives to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances, many a mile, fast asleep, and have awoke and known it, and so I resolved that if circumstances ever carried me to those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter.

"Accordingly, when, after a few years, an incident led me to travel there, I re-visited the well-remembered scene. There still was the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine-tree was gone; and after I had pushed the horse through the marshy thicket as far as I could force him, then dismounted, pursued a close investigation on foot in every direction around the spot, I was clearly convinced that no pine-tree had ever grown there, nor any tokens of its remains could be seen; and so now I have concluded that, as the glimpse of the water, with the readiness of those who are fallen asleep, I had adopted an external fact into a dream; that it had aroused a train of thought which, in former years had occupied me; and that in fine the mystery was all a delusion, and that I had been frightened with less than a shadow."

Now, this gentleman's dream made an impression upon his mind, which in after years became "spontaneously illuminated," as fully explained in a series of articles on "Impression," which appeared in the JOURNAL two years ago, from the pen of J. Francis, of Olathe, Kansas.

Could we determine the origin of all our impressions, they would not lead us back into the *unknown* past, but to some period of our earth-life. A writer in the *Nation*, treating on this subject, says:

"There seems to the writer, then, apart from all the pretty things that philosophers and poets have made out of this experience, that it has for its chief interest a therapeutic interest. The sensation of pre-existence, or whatever it may be called, ought, he thinks, to be regarded as showing 'disturbance of brain-function,' and he doubts if its recognition and removal might not prevent much more important disorders. He suggests, too, that 'inquiry in cases of epilepsy may detect a something of this sort put aside, as not being of sufficient consequence to speak of, and yet, in truth, being a minimized form of *petit mal*, warning to precautions against a larger seizure.' The chief precaution he would take is cessation from work, or a diminution in the amount of work done.

It would be curious to know if Mr. Dickens, by whom this sensation seems to have been felt so often and so vividly, and who died, it is said, of overwork, had experience of it in the later days of his life."

Women's Wages in New York City.

At the present time, especially in New York City, a degree of destitution exists among the poor working women, that is really appalling. According to the statement of the *New York Times*, Mrs. A. makes vests for eighteen cents apiece for a wholesale house. She can earn $8 a month by working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays. She pays three dollars a month for her attic, and has two small children to support. She has eaten meat once only —and then it was given to her—since Thanksgiving Day. Another case: Kate A. a "finisher" of fine skirts, makes about $2 a week, working hard for it. She has a grandmother to support, and has often "lived for weeks on bread and water, in order to afford the old woman broth every day." The *Star*, which is enabled to describe these cases from the diary of a lady who has visited them, gives a still more painful instance of the hardships caused by scarcity of employment or inadequate wages.

It seems to us that the wealthy classes of New York City should devote a portion of their enormous incomes in alleviating the suffering of the poor laboring women. But no! to do that would prevent them from visiting some favorite place of resort during the hot weather of summer, or prevent them from putting on style at fashionable parties or suppers. That man who hoards up wealth for self-aggrandizement, and that alone, and looks upon the suffering poor without any sympathy arising in his heart, will be compelled to pass through a severe ordeal, either in this world or the next, in order to arouse the real manhood of his nature.

We would like to see the wealthy, aristocratic nabob, whose heart is a putrid sore, nature calloused over with dark damnable spots, mind only responding to the jingling of the almighty dollar, compelled to live in some miserable attic or dark damp cellar, until his nature is so changed that he would devote his life to suffering humanity. We honor that wealthy man who devotes his means to promote the welfare of humanity, in any direction, but pity him who clasps to his bosom the almighty dollar until death cuts him down; for him there is a terrible retribution.

Take Notice.

The time of holding the Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, has been changed to the 20th of September, instead of the 27th, as at first announced.

Spiritualism not a New Thing.

An "eminent" writer in *Harper's Magazine* talks "learnedly" in reference to Spiritualism. While his remarks are evidently the result of sincerity on his part, some of them will excite a smile from Spiritualists, who are familiar with all the phases of the present manifestation.

"Variety is the spice of life," hence we give the following:

Archæology finds the pre-historic past surviving among us in many ways. First of all in our words (*e. g.*, the names of the days); next in our architecture (*e. g.*, the orientation of churches, insisted upon by Vitruvius, a relic of sun-worship); then in our customs. Our games, particularly those of chance, are traceable to ancient religions; and among many tribes of savages dice are still used for divination. Gipsies still put cards to their primitive use of fortune telling. But perhaps the most curious instance of this kind of survival is modern Spiritualism. Dr. Bastian, of Berlin, has lately shown how the very forms and tricks of Spiritualism have been known in the most ancient times. "Planchette" has been for ages a familiar instrument among the Chinese for receiving communications from their ancestors, who are to Confucians almost the only gods. The tyings and untyings in cabinets were centuries ago familiar to the Tartars and Ojibbeways of America. A distinguished biologist of London recently designated Mr. Home as "a Tartar in evening dress." But I find him more related to the ancient Celt. Thus, among the ancient Celts, great spiritual elevation was held to be frequently attended with physical elevation, and Mr. Home's latest feat is soaring in the air. From the earliest worshipers of Britain the idea passed into the Christian Church. Thus we read that Richard, one of the early archbishops of Canterbury, was surprised by a monk when floating in the air. Indeed it were easy to match most of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism from the records of this one city. Once a friar, who neglected to take proper care of the tomb of Ethelbert, was visited by a spirit, clothed in light, who admonished him, and retired. As for the spirit-raps, they were well known in the time of the witches, since when they have been repeatedly imitated by prisoners, who have used them to communicate from cell to cell—one rap meaning A; two, B; and peculiar noises agreed upon as signs for "Yes" and "No." Undoubtedly many of the ancient observances have come down to us through the alliance of the Church, with the religions it found already in occupation.

B. F. Ashton.

Lynn, Massachusetts, sends one dollar to Brother Austin Kent. His benevolent deed is worthy of imitation. Brother Kent's address is Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., New York.

"Spirit Communication."

The "Spirit Communication," which appears on another page of the JOURNAL, we regard as emblematical of stirring events which are to follow. The fighting in heaven was used simply as an illustration, and not supposed to be an actual occurrence.

A. B. Whiting.

This distinguished gentleman lectured at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday last, to a small but appreciative audience. He lectures here during the month.

A Reliable Test and Healing Medium.

We with pleasure call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, in another column of this paper.

Her mediumistic powers are of the first class, and she seldom, if ever, fails to give entire satisfaction to those who address her by letter, or visit her in person at her residence, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

An Inquiry.

Will you be kind enough, either by direct answer or through your paper, to inform me how to obtain the influence of those spirits who have the highest intellectual and most practical minds, and what developing medium is most successful and trustworthy in that respect.

Melrose, Wis.

N. M. Holmes, M. D.

REMARKS:—Inspiration follows Aspiration. Investigators in the great field of spiritual philosophy and phenomena, usually acquire that which they most earnestly aspire to. A multitude of would-be investigators cannot soar above material things—things fleeting and transitory—hence frequent disappointments and failures. Others aspire to know of the spiritual, of the philosophy of life. True to this aspiration, inspiration unfolds a world of beautiful truths.

Amusements.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

The famous Manning's minstrels are now at this theatre, and the entertainments they offer are well calculated to make one "laugh and grow fat." They have done a capital business all this week. They have added to their previous reputation very materially, by the excellence of their new programme.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Mr. Myers having returned from Long Branch, announces the company at McVicker's, for the next season, as follows:

Messrs. J. F. Wheelock, F. Bock, Fred Hight, (first appearance); R. Russell, C. Stanley, G. O. Morris, C. Rogers, L. Howe, H. A. Blood, J. H. Wallack, F. Mosely, H. Cotton, L. L. Sharpe, S. Myers, J. H. McVicker, Mrs. Anna Cowell, Mrs. Carrie Jamieson, (first appearance), Mrs. Mary Myers, Mrs. Ella Kimball, Mrs. J. H. Wallack, Miss Florence, Miss Nellie Howe, Miss Nettie Kellogg, Miss Carrie Morton, Miss Ella Mendell.

The popular Irish comedian, John Collins, will open the season, after an eight years' absence from Chicago.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

The main feature of attraction at this place of amusement during the past week, has been Bryant's Minstrels. They are to be succeeded by the famous Lydia Thompson troupe, comprising Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham, Belle Howitt, Nellie Hope, John L. Hall, Willie Edouin, W. B. Cahill and Mr. M. Connolly, who have just concluded their most brilliant tour in California, and will make their first appearance on Monday, Aug. 8th, in an entirely new burlesque.

AIKEN'S.

Aiken's theatre will open Monday, August 8th. It is a favorite place of resort.

Philadelphia Department.

BY........................ H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

An Invocation.

By John B. Brown.

Eternal, all-creative mind,
Essence of being undefined,
Source of all wisdom, truth and love,
Through whom we breathe, and live and move;
May Wisdom with her beams divine
Into our understandings shine;
May we its principles obey,
And never from its precepts stray.
Looking through nature up to thee,
May we the truth in beauty see,
More precious far than pearls, or gems
Or costly princely diadems.
May charity, celestial guest,
Find a true welcome in each breast;
And may we let her mantle fall
In tender kindness over all.
May we aspire each day to live,
That we some good account may give;
And ever may our hearts incline
To works of love, and deeds benign.
May we the ways of evil shun,—
Do good to all, and harm to none.
Live a pure life while here below,
And thus a good example show.
As through the paths of life we stray,
May angel guides direct our way,
And when we quit this earthly plane
Feel that we have not lived in vain.

Hammonton, N. J.

The American Association.

Our active and indefatigable friend, Doctor J. K. Bailey, is again on the track of the American Association, which, as he truly surmises, has been hibernating since it's last annual meeting.

Authority was given to the Board to make quarterly reports, and if there had been anything done, they would doubtless have made these. But there has been no meeting of the Board since the time of the annual meeting in September last. The funds received under the new regulation of one dollar per annum, were not sufficient to meet the expenses attendant upon the annual meeting and the revision of the pamphlets remaining in hand from the former year. Since the annual meeting, a[...]retary, we have received one dollar.

We agree with Brother Bailey, that it is time to consider what is the matter with this Society, and why it is thus languishing.

The plan of representation by state societies has been objected to by many, and we are inclined to think it not as good as the old plan of local representation, because it is not based upon the number of Spiritualists, but on the number of people, or the representation in congress.

But this is not the reason the association is sick; neither is it from the attacks of those who are opposed to organization. We had more of these last year and they seemed to stimulate the members to action.

We agree with Dr. Bailey that it is not the most economical or the best plan for the American Association to employ missionaries, especially where there are state organizations, and it could not raise the funds to do this where there are none. State or local societies must, evidently do that work.

It should be the work of the American Association to encourage, not weaken or interfere with state organizations in any way. There is ample room for the state societies to labor and to co-operate with local societies.

Doubtless one of the causes of failure is to be found in the constitution of the Board of Trustees The equality of the sexes which is a prominent fact in Spiritualism, has been ignored. One women was elected with eight men, at Rochester. At the last meeting, the relation of the sexes in this body remained the same. In view of this, we would favor an amendment to the constitution, so that at least four out of the nine trustees shall be women.

Another cause which can not be concealed, is the want of confidence which was apparent at the Buffalo meeting, and which has doubtless increased since that time. No society can prosper whose members suspect each other of want of integrity, whether with or without grounds, and we believe that until confidence is restored; it will be in vain to hope for anything from the American Association. Perhaps an entire change of officers might remedy the evil. We are ready to try this. Unless something is done the association cannot long survive.

The Round Table.

(Tafelrunde.)

The new spiritual paper published in German, at Washington, is quite a lively little sheet, well got up, and containing many interesting articles. It is published semi monthly at $1.00, per annum, or five cents a single number. The office is at the corner of Louisiana Avenue and 7th. street, Washington, D. C. It is edited by Dr. P. L Schucking, and has an able corps of talented German writers. It is a "Free press devoted to philosophy, and art and literature." We believe this paper is calculated to meet a want long felt by our German fellow-citizens among whom are some of the most intelligent thinkers of the age.

The German mind is metaphysical and profound, and its investigations are among the most important that have marked this new era.

Mesmer, (an account of whose life and labors will be found in one of Emma Hardinge's forthcoming lectures in the JOURNAL), was a German, and one who did much to open the way for the coming of Spiritualism.

The articles in numbers one and two of the *Round Table* which we have received, are interesting, and present clear views on the subject of Spiritualism. We trust our German friends all over the country, and all those who are familiar with the beautiful language of 'The Fatherland,' will assist in sustaining this enterprize. Those Spiritualists who are engaged in the study of the German language will find this paper both an interesting and valuable aid to them in their studies.

APPOINTMENTS:—Hannah T. Stearns, Penn. State Missionary, will lecture at Watkins, N. Y., on Sunday the 21st of August. She will attend a basket pic-nic at Carpenter, Pa., on the 27th and 28th of August, and will lecture in Harrisburg and vicinity during September. Friends desiring her services in these parts, will please address at above.

Dr. Child is lecturing in and around Philadelphia as State Missionary.

☞ France has 119 fortresses, of which eigh are of the first rank: Paris, Lyons, Strasbourg, Metz, Lille, Toulon, Brest and Cherbourg. The fortifications of Paris are stated to have cost $40,000,000, and up to 1868 there had been expended on Cherbourg $34,000.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fourth Annual Convention.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

Local Societies and Lyceums will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members and one for each fraction thereof.

Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates.

Emma Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

HUDSON TUTTLE, *Pres't.*
GEORGE WM. WILSON, *Sec'y.*

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 28th, 29th and 30th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

There will be good lectures for the occasion.

We cordially invite all lecturers and Free Thinkers to participate with us.

Come and see our young State Capitol, where we can speak our minds freely.

By Order of the Committee;

ALONZO ROGERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAONI, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Laoni, Chautauqua, Co., New York, on Saturday, and Sunday, September 31 and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

This Convention is called at Laoni by the solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

Past experiences at conventions of this kind furnish sufficient guarantee that another of these rich Pentecostal seasons will be enjoyed, and that good speaking and singing will abound. Invitations extended to all seekers for truth and Harmonial Philosophy.

J. W. Seaver,
P. I. Clum,
Frank Rice. } Committee.

GROVE MEETING.

The Lyceum and Society of Milan, Ohio

will hold a Grove Meeting on the 31 Saturday and Sunday of August 20th and 21st.

The beautiful Grove of the Western Reserve Seminary has been secured, and will be fitted up for the occasion.

Emma Hardinge, J. M. Peebles, and A. A. Wheelock will occupy the platform.

Friends from a distance will be provided for.

Lee Van Scotten.
Secretary.
C. P. L.

MILAN, OHIO. JULY 18th, 1870.

GROVE MEETING.—On Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of August, Spiritualists and other friends will hold a Grove Meeting at Manchester, Illinois, near Beloit Wisconsin.

J. M. Peebles, J. O. Barrett, and other speakers will be present.

Come up, everybody, to the mass meeting.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—This Convention will be held at Eagle Hall, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, the last day of August, 1870.

Speakers will be entertained free. Board can be had in hotels and in private families, at prices ranging from $1.00 to $1.50 per day.

Efforts will be made to obtain reduction of fare on the railroads. Speakers and others desiring to attend will write to Mr. Josiah P. Hatch, Concord, N. H.

All persons from abroad are invited to attend and be at home with us the same as citizens of our own State.

"Now, let us have a demonstration worthy of our cause Let every village, town and hamlet in our State, be represented by all good Spiritualists and others.

{ Frank Chase,
{ Mrs. Abijah Averill.
Secretaries.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins, will be held at Hemlock Hall, in Tucker's Grove, Brant, Erie County, New York, commencing Friday, the 26th day of August, 1870, continuing three days.

Several eminent speakers will be present. A cordial invitation is given to all to attend. Those from a distance can come by the Lake Shore Railroad to Lake View, and take the omnibus, which will meet both morning and evening trains, for North Collins.

Committee {
H. Tucker,
J. R. Parker,
Mrs Lydia Brown,
Mrs. Alonzo Hawley,
M Tucker.

☞ A lady at Paris advertises for employment as "ornamental guest at dinner and evening parties."

☞ A mounted letter-carrier, who announces his approach blowing a horn, is the latest novelty in Newark, N. J.

Obituary.

In Chicago, July 26th, the spirit of little Franky, only child of Duncan and Lizzie McLean, aged one year and ten months, left its mortal casket, to join the band of cherubs in a home where sickness is unknown.

Precious bud, thou wert too tender to endure the piercing winds and biting frosts of this, our cold earth-sphere, and the angel of death passed by and saw thy beauty, and thus early marked thee for his own, to transplant to the garden of rare exotics, where blossoms never wither, but bloom in eternal brightness.

Bereaved parents, you will miss the earthly form of your darling, and listen in vain for the patter of tiny feet across the floor, the clasp of loving arms around your neck, or a sweet voice asking a good-night kiss. But you mourn not as those without hope, for our beautiful faith bids us look beyond this veil of tears for immortal love and affection.

So, mourning ones, trust and hope; and after a few more days of toil and pain, you, too, will pass on, and as you enter the golden gate to the spirit-world, you will behold your Franky, grown in beauty and intellect, and his voice, blending in harmony with angels, makes sweet music, as it floats on the balmy air.

May this comforting thought strengthen and assist you to cheerfully say: "The Father knoweth best, I await his pleasure;

So farewell for a little while
Darling of our heart;
Oh, so slow the time will creep
Till we meet, no more to part.

S. A. Thayer.

The Rostrum.

A LECTURE.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Delivered at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia, On The Relations of Spiritualism To Reform.

Reported for the JOURNAL by H. T. Child, M. D.

There are three subjects presented to my mind, and to the best of my knowledge and belief three speakers, either of whom are ready and willing to speak to you, and they each have their own subjects. They are very different, and so I am in a dilemma, out of which you must help me.

I will propose the three subjects and you shall select.

The first is, "The universal Providence in history; in the history of the planet as well as the race."

The next is, "The relation of Spiritualism to Reform," and the third is put into my mind in the form of a question: "Was Jesus Christ a christian?"

The vote of the society was in favor of the subject, THE RELATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM TO REFORM.

In the Masorite or square Hebrew bible, the first verse of Genesis reads, "In the beginning the Elohim formed the universe," a free translation of which might be rendered thus, "In the beginning of the present era, spiritual beings re-formed that which was created."

The translation of Genesis recognizes no creation. The very idea of creation *per se* is mythical. We have in the universe of matter and of mind, formation only. The infinite life is eternal,—eternal in the past, in the present, and in the to-come. Shapes and forms are the expressions, and expression varies from time to time in accordance with conditions. They are in and of themselves but the outworking of varied expressions by spirit through matter. This is idealism. This is Spiritualism, and so all of life—it is one grand re-formation. 'Tis but the death throe of the body, "The waste of the wrong and ill, Whatever good the old time had, is living still."

The husk decays; the nut keeps the seed and germ; it is preserved, and in other summers builds for itself more beautiful habitations.

The gross materials become refined, the vegetable more highly developed, and the animal perfected, and man is born and enters upon an immortal course of progression.

So we have re-formation; yet we are not bound to the everlasting circle,—we do not live in a continuous line.

We do not move as the old Egyptians imagined nature to move, in one undeviating parallelism, which they symbolized in every ruin which rests underneath their sands. We do not revolve from that which has been, to that which is, and back to the has been. We do not sweep round and round in whirling circles upon the same level, but we ascend not in right lines, the uppermost line rising perpendicular; but we have a motion in a spiral order of development. History repeats itself, but it always repeat itself with variations. The same power is to day active among you which produces those manifestations, those phenomena or class of facts which are the foundation of your Spiritualism,—modern Spiritualism, so called, but the expression of the same power and the development of the same forces that, on every page of history, has left its record; that in every age has had its witness.

These great spiritual baptisms have rolled over the earth and through the spheres. It is as if from the highest life a pebble were dropped into the lake of life below,—the circle begins, spreads out and rolls onward into infinitude, only to be succeeded by another wave. Just as certainly as the vibrations of the atmosphere this morning are awakened by your sabbath bells, in regular order chasing each other through the air by thousands and tens of thousands, in every instance just so regularly, just so musically in time and harmony, the rolling waves of spiritual influx break upon the shores of human existence, and each wave obeys the law that shaped the other. When you stand upon the shore, you hear the sounding surf repeating an anthem whose every verse varies from that which preceeded it, and that which follows, running out an eternal poem which never repeats itself.

So in the rolling of these waves of spiritual life and power over our existence, each new manifestation, each new development is after its own manner clearly. Thus along the shores of our Eastern States, from cold north-eastern rocky Maine, down to tropical Florida, there is a continual change going on in the water front. Islands are removed, promontories are slowly, aye, rapidly washed away, and so while the earth rolls in its unvarying round, the warm Gulf Stream sends its powerful tide northward still into every river. These currents set because there has been a change in the bottom of the deep. The shifting sands alter the course of the modern stream, and there is a different manifestation, but no different order of development.

So in our life to day, the phenomena of Spiritualism are not the same phenomena that they were in the past. The rivers of the ocean of life flow into the harbors of our spirits in a different manner, yet in the same order and by the same power. The form is different; the time in which the tide may rise upon us varies. it may come in the night; it may come in the day; it may be retarded; it may be accelerated by causes over which we have no control, but yet, which we, by our influence in connection with others, may change just as the waves and drifting currents create the banks of sand which obstruct the river.

So we have to-day the same power operating, which in the past formed and re-formed. The same influx strikes down upon us, just as the sunshine that so coldly visits us this morning, is the same as that which shone so hot upon the pyramids of Egypt, and far, beyond this upon the pre-historic races of men, and sunburned the black man.

It is the same light, and the same spirit, working by the same laws. But in those ages beyond the pre-historic men, there were the saurian monsters, and the mighty reptiles, who alone could live in that age. The earth was fitted for naught else. Then in regular order came, as you all know, different unfoldings of animal life upon this planet. Each of these was an expression of the Infinite; each one was the highest expression which could be given under these conditions, and these were essentially and absolutely necessary to the highest conditions which should be after them.

God had to make the Carboniferous era first. He is [illegible] ful. He is orderly. He [illegible] works no miracles [illegible] came first, and all [illegible] ians came first, and [illegible] These were all nec- [illegible] m the others could [illegible] t build geology and [illegible] make mud pies and [illegible] rst formed the first races in order, for this is the beautiful law of nature, and nature's law is God's method. God could not have done any other way, because it was the best way, was the wisest way, and He being perfect, can only act in the best and wisest manner. He cannot act unwisely or do an improper thing; cannot do an unlawful thing, because He is Wisdom. He is Order. He is Law, and so things began, as they began back as far as we can trace them, and beyond that we know not how.

Here Genesis begins. In the beginning, spiritual beings formed the universe.

If you read the chapter, you will see the evidence of mistranslation in the verses that follow, because it says soon after, "And God said: 'Let us make man in our own image'."

That is bad grammar. That is mixing up singular and plural. But if we read, "spirits said: 'Let us make man in our image'," it is plain. And *so* they made him; but it took a good while to do the labor in.

They have not completed the task, for with all our growth, we are far short of the glorious life of those heaven-commissioned angels, who took this earth in hand, to mold it according to the will of God, as the potter molds the clay. So each formation is necessary. God did not make this world as the people think. The bible don't say so. The world aggregated. The world grew, or if you choose to say so, it was built. You have the authority of the bible for saying that spirits built the world Spirits are God's workmen. They did the work even though the Infinite intelligence superintended it. Spirits built and rested. We can imagine this, but that the Infinite God, either built or rested, we can not conceive. The working and resting of God transcends all imagination.

We have reached out into the air, and catching a glimpse of some angel's robe, or looking up into the atmosphere, and seeing an angelic visitant full of love and wisdom, we have said, behold God Himself,—and we fall down and worship Him, like John on the Isle of Patmos was ready to do, who fell down before the spirit that was communicating with him, and would have worshiped him, but the angel said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets. Worship God." So we have not looked beyond even these, and now we know there are wise and mighty superintending spirits, holding directions and councils over those of the human race to-day, guiding and leading it, and rendering an account of their stewardship unto those who are even higher than they. Think of it, then, this little world of yours, these few men and women that you have to day, or have ever had, or ever will have, until millions of years from now, when your planet drops into the burning sun,—let your minds go forth in the light of yon star-beam that kisses your babies forehead, and know that for five hundred thousand years that ray has been spreading through space at the rate of two hundred thousand miles for every swing of the pendulum. Five hundred thousand years, and it has only reached your baby's forehead to-night!

With all that haste,—with all that speed, to assure you that in the unmeasured and immeasurable depths of space, a world lives and produces beings who enjoy life!

Five hundred thousand years ago, that is the latest telegraphic dispatch we have from that distant star, and were you to speed to it with the velocity of light, you would travel all that time, and your own earth might have rolled into disintegration, and all the race might have passed away. It has been probably five hundred thousand years in growing to its present condition, and in five hundred thousand years more, the earth may become unfit for it, and gradually it will pass off from its surface. So you would have left your earth, and when you returned again in a million years, you would find only the place where it once rolled in its little orbit, and yet you have only stood upon the threshold of the architecture of the universe. Every step of your pathway is studded thick with stars, and all these stars are either growing into habitable worlds, are now such, or have become effete. Your world is as a drop in the infinite ocean, and to-day its own spiritual atmosphere belongs to it. It has its own presiding intelligence—first, to each race; then to each nation; then each community and each individual has their own guardian intelligence, a guiding and controlling influence which is attached to each. We would bring before your minds broadly, grandly, powerfully, if we could, a view of the formative influences that go to make up your life.

It is asserted by those who have become deeply learned in astronomy, that each planet was thrown out from the central sun; that becoming concreted into a globular form, it perfected itself in that form, and then by a varied process of development, the present condition of things has been brought about. First, round or flattened at the poles,—smooth and covered by a shallow sea every where,—the world's song was a monotone; there was but one line,—vegetation was not, because there was a universal ocean. The first forms of life in this universally warm ocean, were few and very simple. But as the earth contracted, as its granite crust shrunk upon the subterranean fires beneath, by cooling at the surface, it opened somewhere, and down into those subterranean fires poured the warm seas. Then the first steam engine was set in operation, and the Himmalayas, the Andes, the Alps, the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains were all lifted up toward the skies, rising upward as if by wings.

So the great red waves went up, and the mighty Andes were lifted (and by their everlasting decree, it never shall rain at Sina, that the Amazon shall always be full) so much higher than the clouds,—they turn them back so that they drift across the South American Continent. The rain's fall upon the sides of the Andes, and run down into the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic Ocean; but just beyond these is perpetual drought. You have here the desert without rain, the white clouds that never shed their fatness. They are wafted high above, and only gather strength to rain after they are swept over the Pacific waves.

So the channels of the oceans and rivers, were chiselled by the mighty touch of the earthquakes hand,—each influence working in order to develop that which belonged to it, and unfold forms from nature. If the earth had retained its simplicity, its beautiful simplicity, the waves and breezes wandering unobstructed around the earth,—most gently, mostly beautifully, like the smile of infancy, the rippling waves were like the laugh of childhood,—there would never have been a man; there never would have been a vegetable or an animal.

There was the subterranean fire, and if it had not broken up the granite crust, and scattered the warm, universal ocean, there might have been a few simple monotonous forms of fish-life—this is all. But this law is implanted in the nature of things, or which forever resides in things without being implanted, because it ever was—that law working in each particle and atom, as in each planet, sun and system.

This was not the method. The method was God's. The work is that of finite intelligences.

In the beginning, the Elohim formed the universe,—did not create it, built it, constructed it, and from then until now, construction and reconstruction, formation and re-formation, have been the order, and will continue to be the order in all time to come, until the problem of your planetary and your human existence is outwrought, and then re-formed into higher beauty; your earth will be thrown back into the ocean of fire, into the sun, and there refined, it will come forth again, re-constructed by the Elohim, and a new and better race will inhabit it.

It was an intuitional fire-gleam of science, which these men had who gave the traditions, and when they tell you that this earth will be consumed with fire, and the elements be melted with fervent heat,—it is true. This earth will outwork its mission, and go back into the furnace of the sun, and come out in better order for a higher class of life. You are not fit for that earth; that earth would not be fit for you. That earth in due time, when it has lived its millions of ages, will have a race of men upon it of a higher order, more refined development. So your whole system will be re-constructed, re-formed. Through what grand archways will you find triumphal entrance into the future? What planets shall roll neath your feet? What stars burn over your heads, when, marching over that fiery path, the elements of your earth again are re-constructed. It is not given unto us to know; but we see order. We see the road; it opens upward and onward; it is bright with angels, and down its glittering slopes, the voice of our heavenly Father calls us each and all to come up higher and higher, and still higher.

So we trace out the relations of Spiritualism to formation and re-formation in the world material, that which you call creation. The application is general and universal. We may not dilate or elaborate upon it; we may not complete the illustration. We direct your thought in that direction. It is no new thought. It is not original. You find it on record in your Bible, and that portion of your Bible in which it is on record, is also embodied in the Old Sanscrit, which twenty thousand years ago was spoken by men whose intelligence serves you to-day; a language which Sir William Jones tells you, is more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more harmoniously beautiful than either; a perfect language from twelve to twenty thousand years ago, and by the acknowlment of Antiquarians and scholars, away behind that perfect language is the fact of architecture. We have a history here that reaches so far into the past, that an eternity itself would almost be required to express the period of its continuance.

Your race is old,—the circles of your life are very, very many. History and civilization, architecture and art, have repeated themselves over and over again. You rise every time in the scale, but you rise comparatively little—each generation of man stands upon all the labor, all the thought, all the life which has gone before it; standing upon that foundation, they reach upward towards the heavens, and bring down their inspirations engraved and incorporated in expression through their thoughts, through their speech, through their action in the world mental, in the world moral, and having drifted so much up the pathway to the skies, then stepping aside from the service of your globe, and leave the legacy of your labor to those who shall come after you. Building under inspiration, better than you know, each age casts up a highway for those that shall come after it. Each age carries the road a little further into the infinite, than any one before it has ever done.

So we leave this grand idea, as old, almost, as the race,—we leave it with you as a matter of study; we leave it with you as a subject for reflection; we leave it with you as a theme for, inspiration: and, moving forward from that we ask more directly and definitely, what is the development of Spiritualism in its relation to reform. Passing on from the material,—passing from the geological the vegetable and the animal, passing even the physical human,—entering into that which is mental, that which is philosophical, that which is spiritual, we inquire what is the relation of modern Spiritualism,—with all its background of facts behind it,—what is its relation to the conditions of man to-day? If the Elohim in the first place formulated the universe, what are they doing in the present hour to upbuild humanity? What are the relations of Spiritualism and its philosophy to the vital questions of the hour? How does it stand related to each new thought,—each fresh inspiration that takes hold upon the popular mind? How does it affect every radical action?

We have unfolded, in general terms, the law by which the influx of the higher life reaches us. We have unfolded to you in the present, the action of that force in the past; pointed out to you a more grand and comprehensive theory than we we have been in the habit of conceiving; shown you that it takes hold of that which you call the foundation of things, and builds up from the geological that the influx of the Spiritual is to all life, to all motion, to all action, as the sunbeam is to the seed and vegetation.

Passing from that over all the intermediate space, at the risk of losing all orderly and mental connection, we bring you from a consideration of that law, that universal law and its mighty developments, into the presence of the NOW, and ask you what that which you receive is doing. What is its influence? What, in the first place, is its relation with that which you in your technical phrase call reform,—moral, political, and social reform.

We have pointed out to you form itself and re-form, so that you could readily comprehend it. That which you term reform to-day, will to-morrow be called creation. We are making history for the future, as was grandly said of our armies:—"They are making history as they march." We are making opportunities for the future, bequeathing life to that future.

Spiritualism, as we said before, is a fact; and facts are potent; they are always in order in every discussion.

Spiritualism is philosophy; it is the soul of science; it is, in fact, science, philosophy and religion,—all related, harmoniously bound and interblended with each other, to form a perfect system.

We would ask if there are those of you who have not lifted your minds out of the narrow groove, the sectarian rut, in which some travel. They tell you that Spiritualism is simply a phenomenon! It is all that is known,—it is a belief. In is a theory,—it is a religion,—it is a philosophy,—which exists in contradistinction to another theory which is material. All that exists in action is spiritual. It ascribes power—force—to the spirit, and claims that spirit is a potential fact; while the materialistic philosophy ascribes all influence to matter, and claims that the material alone is the real; that matter is the only thing; that nature is but a fountain flinging up life, to fall again, spent, into the dark valley of death.

Spiritualism is more than a phenomenon. It is based upon facts; facts are its foundation. Its demonstrations of immortal life are through the manifestations of phenomena. Thus it differs from every system which has preceded it, which have only caught intuitive visions, and made affirmations often merely upon the basis of their perceptions; and those perceptions might be, as the vision of the astronomer, mightily distorted by the deficiency of the instrument through which he looks. You may look at yonder star, and if you have a faulty instrument through which to observe it, you will not see it correctly.

Every theory must be demonstrated by an appeal to the facts of nature as observed by the use of the senses. As every telescope and microscope must be adjusted to the eye of man, so every perception of truth, by intuition, must be a reference to the facts in nature.

Here Spiritualism takes fast ground with the twin influences of induction and deduction. It wings its flight, by these natural methods, to the highest points of human knowledge and philosophical attainments, to the best religious unfoldment.

What is the influence of this philosophy,—this religion,—this science,—these phenomena,—upon man, in connection with reform? The first is, that we may reason from effect to cause, and from cause to effect, for each cause is but the effect of some preceding cause; each effect is but a cause for some succeeding effect. Its first evolution is the demonstration of life beyond—not immortality. It is not scientific to say that Spiritualism has demonstrated immortality. Immortality never has been demonstrated scientifically. There are three kinds of proof; moral, legal and mathematical. The first establishes the possibility, the second the probability and the third the fact. The first is ground for suspicion. The grand jury will have you arrested on moral evidence. The second or legal proof they will hang you upon. The third is mathematical, which is absolute. Immortality is legally demonstrated, that is to say, it is philosophical reasoning, as these facts prove that man lives beyond what we recognize as death; beyond what we have supposed to be the end,—or, at least, so totally and completely changed that, as far as individuality is concerned, it might as well have been the end.

We recognize a continuance not only of existence but of personality. With every unfoldment and attribute, the individual comes back, just as he was when incarnated here. The true man when he comes back here from the other side of Jordan, is true still; the liar is a liar still; everyone brings back his nature; they are themselves: so much individual life in such a form, and not like water, taking shape of the vessel into which it is poured, but like a diamond, cutting through everything. As a material, the diamond is a crystal of the highest form of matter, and by virtue of its refinement is indestructible by every substance. On account of its refinement it is the most enduring. So the spirit of man in the most perfect state, crystalizes and retains its form, no matter what it is brought into contact with,—no matter to what pressure it is subjected. It simply proves that beyond what you supposed to be death, you live; we have legal and moral proof of this.

How will you get along when our planet drops into the sun, and the sun into its parent orb,—when the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" comes? When God steps forth thus, where will you be? Will he fold you to his bosom and hush you into an everlasting sleep?

We don't know scientifically and mathematically, but morally and legally we have exceeding good reason to believe that if you kill a man he will live forever. It cannot be absolutely demonstrated until you wake up some fine morning beyond eternity. We have just wakened like an infant on its mother's breast. We know not what smiles and loving kisses the day may bring us. We know not how the cold wintry winds may pinch us,—all is glorious uncertainty; but in the evidences that are continually sustaining us here, the good Father has given us so much of clear and scientific phenomena, that we can see enough to trust confidingly to the life beyond. With our feet upon that shore, lifting our hallelujahs, he will march forever to conquer the eternities.

The man who has not unfolded his spiritual powers cannot know the facts of Spiritualism; such an one doubts continued existence. He is not capable of analyzing and combining the facts; he knows not how to judge of them; he doubts their significance; they are beyond his perception.

But through these facts and phenomena not only is immortality established, but many things in regard to the after-life which we are to live are revealed to us. The road to heaven is a real highway. There is only one way to get to heaven and one to get to hell. If you could find a local hell, and were yourselves good and true, you might go there, and be happy because you had a good work to do.

The angels in heaven would be very unhappy singing monotones of praise to God, but when he takes the cover off of some fresh hell, and says: "Now go down there and help those poor creatures," the angels clap their wings and sing a new song.

Every new world wants something done for it, and the sons of God do shout for joy, when God gets sick and tired of hearing the old songs. They know it is grand to do something for men and women who are dying for the service. All Philadelphia is full of the possibilities of heaven, because it is full of hell. There is abundance of ignorance, and intemperance, and crime here. Go out among these, and you may know how the angels get up to heaven. You know some that are hungry,—feed them; some that are naked,—clothe them; some that are ignorant,—don't read the thirteenth chapter of Mathew to them. Go out and look after the children,—see how they are born; do something, if it is only a kind word or smile. Give them a crust of bread, and when you get home an angel will meet you at the door, and say, "God has sent me to you." There is your pay for your Sabbath day's labor. The bank of heaven pays all its drafts on sight; makes no discounts.

You learn that you may be in heaven when you are working in the very deepest hell. You will learn, by and by, that heaven is sweetened with the very breath of hell. The hells will all rise upward to meet the Lord in heaven, and while there is one hell left, you will find work to do,—you will not rest.

The more we learn of the nature of life, the more we shall find that we have to do with hell, to do good to those who are not so well-off as we are. This is all the heaven there is; there is no other chance for happiness here or hereafter.

Then he who has the greatest power of good, he who has the greatest capacity of performance, has the largest opportunity for happiness. Thank God for courage to do right, because to us, in return, comes payment for duty well performed.

So all through this life, we should be grateful for power to help onward everything that is good. While I assert that it is proper for every man to mind his own business, it is also proper for every man to forget that he has any business. It is proper for swine to mind their own business and put their own ugly feet into the trough, That would be very improper for man. This is a teaching of Spiritualism; a fundamental lesson relating to reform,—social and political reform. It embraces the obligation to use all our powers, to get good by doing good.

One step more and we leave you. In the future life we are to do good in like manner. You know that old theology tells you, "You have Moses and the prophets, but ye will not hear them, neither will ye hear though one were raised from the dead."

They *do* rise from the dead, or at least have never been dead. You must believe, for Moses and the prophets all rose and are with you.

When you lay aside these bodies, you will have something to do beside telling God how great and good he is. He knows all that. You will have to prove that *you* are good. You will find that labor is worship. You may find your labor not in heaven, but on earth, or in those hells which are lower than the earth. You will be glad to go where you can do the most good. In this life the compensation is often paid without much reference to the service. The man who does the most toilsome and disagreeable labor often receives the least, whilst he who does that which is more pleasant receives the most.

Spiritualism teaches that it is easier and better to begin in this life to do right; to keep your bodies clean and pure; to use plenty of soap and water. There is nothing that brings God so near a city as its waterworks, because that takes direct hold of the physical, and enables you to purify your lives. Away with your whisky, your tobacco, and all your abominations. Come out of these, and be ye clean. Build up those magnetic conditions that you would like to take into the other life. You don't know how soon you can accomplish some things. If you care for tobacco or whisky, you don't need to go down into hell, because hell will be upon you in spontaneous combustion. It is, therefore, much better to throw it off here. This is the relation of Spiritualism to temperance and reform. If you live pure lives, you can walk, like Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego in all the fiery furnaces of this life, and the Son of God will be with you. I leave this relation of Spiritualism to reform, for reformers to carry out.

There is a special work in spirit life for all. You may leave a son or a daughter behind you. Suppose that the son falls into the paths of dissipation. Suppose he begins to abuse his humanity by intoxication. Your heaven will be here. If you are the true and positive spirit that you may make yourself; if you understand the laws of nature—moral and spiritual; if you have developed your own will-power, you may walk by that young man, and by that power, when he would take the deadly draught, you may place your hand upon him and dash that glass to earth,—not in a spiritual sense, but in a positive and absolute sense.

I know a young man who was in the habit of getting intoxicated, and the spirits have taken hold of him and made him dash his glass to the earth. Is that reform? I hold that it is.

You leave a daughter behind; one whom you have loved as your own life, and not wished her dead before she was born—thus instilling murder in her spirit. Are you strong in spirit now? Are all your faculties expanded? Then, as a mother, in the hour of temptation, you may stand beside that solitary woman, and bending over her, throw the white mantle of an angel's loving presence upon her, that shall shield her from wrong. Is this an angel's work? What relation has this to reform?

Assuming that we have so great a cloud of witnesses; that all the loved ones who have gone before us are with us; fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and all the dearly beloved are watching over us for good at every step of our lives; this is an incentive to truth and purity in our lives, so that when we have passed into that land of beauty, that land of philosophy and science, of facts, of the development of the intellect, we can then realize all the unfoldments of reason, which we can make our own.

All the culture of the love of the beautiful, the appreciation of the artistic will be needed to comprehend and appreciate that which shall be around us.

Have you a talent for oratory,—cultivate that, for in that life your audiences shall be a thousandfold and your opportunities as much greater than in this.

Are you a philosopher? There are problems there beside which your highest thoughts to-day are but as the babble of children.

Are you an artist? a musician? a painter or a poet? Cultivate all these divine faculties; for when this external life closes, and your eyes grow dim in that which we call death; when your ears grow deaf, you will need all your talents, all your artistic powers, all your poetical inspiration, as you listen to the songs that the angels chant, such songs as make melodious the corridors of life through which you pass.

There is nothing we have here that is not needed there. There is nothing that we use here that is not useful there, in a higher degree. And so the teachings of Spiritualism are to establish the truth; first, by demonstrating immortality; next, by showing the character of this immortality; and then showing us the character of our actions in this life, which will necessarily lay the foundations for happiness in that life. It comes to show us how to culture our physical, our intellectual, and our spiritual powers.

These are the grand relations of Spiritualism to reform. It is to reform, what motive is to action; what incentive is to labor; what soul is to body; what God is to the universe.

ORTHODOX CONSISTENCY.

Letter from J. L. Potter.

BRO. JONES:—I hold in my hand a book whose title page reads thus: "The Immortality of the Soul, and the final condition of the Wicked, carefully considered," by Robert W. Landis, of Ionia, Mich., and published in 1868, by Carleton & Co., New York. The work is a reply to Millerism, or Materialism. But he cannot pass Spiritualism without making it his best bow. On page 23, he says: "Modern Spiritualism, the so called Harmonial Philosophy,—incorrectly called spiritualism,—has come forward in the present age with high-sounding pretentions to the claim of having forever settled the question of man's uninterrupted immortality." On page 25, he says: "As to any demonstrable proof of the immortality of the human soul derivable from this source, it is all mere moon-shine." But in order to convince Mr. Dobney, his antagonist, that the soul is immortal, what does he do? Let us see. Turn to page 181, and read. "The next passage to which we invite attention is Matthew 17. 3: 'And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with him.' The passage refers to Christ's transfiguration. Moses and Elijah appeared to him in the presence of his three disciples. Elijah had been translated, and, of course, appeared in the body in which he left the earth; but Moses had died and was buried, and as his body had never been raised from the dead, he, of course, appeared as a disembodied spirit. This being so, the theory which teaches that the soul perishes with the body, or that it is not possessed of conscious personality, and is incapable of happiness and misery, is false. What, then, have our opponents to say to this argument; for they must meet it, or renounce their theory. The next passage is Revelations 6: 9 to 11, page 242: 'And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, and they cried with a loud voice, saying. How long, O Lord, holy and true, doest thou not judge, and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth, etc., etc.'"

On page 243, he continues, "Here then, is the condition of the separate spirits or souls of the ransomed delineated, for that they were such is clear from the distinction referred to between themselves, and 'those that dwell on the earth.' See also Rev. 7: 13 to 17. This passage, therefore, is destructive of soul sleeping and materialism."

Driven to an admission of the real fact, he frankly admits our grounds. How is it, friend Landis—does this prove spirit communion or not? If it does, then the statement about moon-shine is incorrect when applied to Spiritualism, but true when applied to yourself as opposing communication. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Yours, for fair play, and no compromise with Theology,

J. L. POTTER.

Peter West is yet to be found at the reception rooms of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House.

Price-List Of Books.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

All orders by mail, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

	Price	Postage
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Rail-Roads.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Chicago and Northwestern Railroad—Council Bluffs and Omaha Line—Depot North Wells street

Ticket Office, south-east corner of Clark and Lake streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cedar Rapids Passenger	8:15 a. m.	6:50 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.
Rock Island Express	10,30 a. m.	*3:50 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	†9:15 p. m.	†7:00 a. m.
Rock Island Night Passenger	†9:15 p. m.	7.00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.

Freeport Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:00 a. m.	*2:30 a. m
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:45 p. m.	*6:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:5 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Junction Passenger	5:30 p. m.	8:10 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation,	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.

Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee Mail	*8:00 a. m.	*10:15 a. m.
Day Express	*10.00 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Evanston Accommodation	*11:40 a. m.	*2.00 p. m.
Rose Hill, Evanston, and Highland Park	1.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.
Afternoon Pass	*5:00 p.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kenosha Pass	*4:15 p. m.	*9:10 a.m.
Waukegan Passenger	*5:25 p.m.	*8:25 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:15 p.m.	*7.55 am
Milwaukee do	11:00 p.m.	500 a.m

Kenosha and Waukegan trains leave from Wells street Depot.

Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Paul Express	*10:00 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	*6:30 a. m
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	*1:00 p. m
Woodstock Accommodation	*5:30 p. m.	*10:10p m
Barrington Accommodation	6:30 p.m.	7:45 a. m.

GEO. L. DUNLAP, General Superintendent.
H. P. Stanwood, General Ticket Agent.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Rail-Road.

Depot corner Van Buren and Sherman streets. Ticket Office 56 South Clark street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*7:30 a. m.	*7:50 p. m.
Special N Y Express	*11:30 a. m.	*4:00 p. m.
Elkhart Accommodation	*3 30 p m	*10 30 a. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	5:15 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
Night Express	*‡9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.

Detroit and Grand Rapids Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*7:30 a. m.	*7:50 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

F. E. MORSE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street

Ticket Office Lake st., cor. Dearborn—Passenger trains of this company leave and arrive at Chicago as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train	*5:00 a. m.	*8:05 p. m
Fast New York Express	*11.30 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡5:15 p. m.	†*7:00 a. m.
Night Express	‡*9:00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	*4:30 p. m.	*12:00 m

Cincinnati and Louisville Trains

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:00 a. m.	*9:20 p. m
Through Express	‡4:30 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.

for St. Joseph via New Buffalo.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*11 30 a. m
Accommodation	*4 30 p. m.	*8.05 p. m

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent.
H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

Ticket Office 63 Clark St., opposite Sherman House. Union Depot, foot of Lake St.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*7:00 a. m.	*9:00 p. m
Mail and Express	†7:40 a. m.	3:45 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10.45 a. m.	*4 15 p.m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*1.30 p. m.	*8:33 p. m.
Mendota Passenger	*4.15 p. m.	*10 10 a. m.
Evening Express	*5:30 p. m.	*7:30 p. m
Aurora Passenger,	*5:30 p. m.	*8:15 a. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6.15 p. m	*6 50 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	†9:40 a. m

ROBERT HARRIS, Superintendent.
SAMUEL POWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Gt. Cent. Depot

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*9:20 a. m.	*7.45 p. m
Cairo Express	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*9:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:45 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:45 p. m.	*8:50 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*9:00 a. m.	*9:15 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:50 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*5:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:25 p. m.

(St. Louis through Trains.)

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:20 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Fast Line	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

M. HUGHITT, Gen'l Supt.
W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—Depot, Corner of Madison and Canal Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	6:40 a. m.	6:10 p. m.
Day Express	*11:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m
Pacific Express	5.15 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
New York Express	9.00 p. m.	9 00 a. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	3:20 p. m.	7:20 a. m.

W. C. CLELAND, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 65 Clark st.

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Mail	†10:00 a. m.	†9:10 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation	†4:00 p. m.	†9:45 a. m.
Night Express	†7:55 p. m.	†12:45 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11.00 p. m.	†7:10 a. m

Saturdays this train runs to Bloomington and Jacksonville. Saturdays and Sundays excepted: it will leave Bloomington for St. Louis every morning.

T. B. BLACKSTONE, Pres. & Gen'l Superintendent.
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CHICAGO, DANVILLE AND VINCENNES RAILROAD.

Milwaukee Depot—Corner Canal and Kinzie Sts., West Side. Freight Office at C., C. & I. C. Co.'s Office, corner Halsted and Carroll sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train Chicago time,	3:45 p. m.	9:15 a. m

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. cor Van Buren and Sherman Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific day Express	10:00 a. m.	‡3.35 p.m.
[illegible] Accommodation	*5:00 p.m.	*9,50 a.m.
Pacific Night Express	‡10,00 p.m.	*6.00 a.m.

An elegant parlor sleeping car is attached to the 10 a. m. train, running through to Council Bluffs and Omaha.

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Pittsburg, Cincinnati, & St. Louis R. R.—Cincinnati Air Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*8:45 a. m.	8:40 a. m
Columbus Express	*8:45 a. m.	*2:20 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	*9:20 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	
Lansing Accommodation	3:45 p. m.	9.15 a. m

H. E. SOUTH, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ticket Office Corner Randolph and Dearborn streets.

Goodrich's Passenger Steamers.

For Milwaukee and West Shore ports *daily	at 9 00 a. m.
For Grand Haven and East Shore ports *daily	at 7.00 p. m.
For St Joseph and Benton Harbor, *daily at	10 a. m.
Green Bay Ports, Tuesdays and Fridays at	7 p. m.

*Sundays excepted. †Mondays excepted. ‡Saturdays excepted,

A NEW PROPOSITION.

Our friends are sending us the names of Spiritualists who are not subscribers for the JOURNAL, requesting us to send the paper to them for three months on trial, with the assurance that such persons will on receiving the paper remit Fifty Cents for a three months' trial.

We have concluded to comply with their request, but with this express understanding with all who may thus receive this paper, that if they do not want it on such terms that they at once advise us of that fact, when it will be discontinued. If parties continue to receive the paper we shall expect Fifty Cents for the first three months, and at regular rates thereafter.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL will send it for three months on trial, on receipt fifty cents

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New Books.

Fulton vs. Dickens.

A Boston Divine in Chicago Disturbing the Ashes Of The Dead.

Brother Jones:—A reverend gentleman by the name of Fulton, preached a sermon in Farwell Hall last Sabbath, or rather, an "eulogy," as advertised by papers and hand bills, on the late Charles Dickens. We never heard of Fulton before. Boston, however, sends out this gentleman, or rather, he comes of his own free will and accord to Chicago.

Fulton has a mission. He has a missionary work to perform, and he performs it right valiantly. The conquering hero comes to inform all the glorified saints and benighted sinners of this wicked city, that Charles Dickens has gone to hell. He does not exactly state that he is there; however, in fulfillment of his mission, he sent him to hell in Boston. He has sent him to hell in Chicago, and intends sending him to hell in other places. He will doubtless illuminate the whole continent with his lofty fulminations.

It is hard to say what would have been the mission of Fulton, had not the world been blessed with a Charles Dickens. But Fulton would doubtless have still found his mission—to slander the sacred memory of the dead. This is evidently the mission of Fulton, because one of the greatest and noblest of earth's benefactors had passed from death unto life without giving alms and doing penance to a dogmatic, aristocratic, musty, fusty, fossilized system of old-fashioned Puritanic theology, of which Fulton is a perfect embodiment in all its essence and quintessence.

We have no eulogy to pronounce upon the great and good man who so recently passed from our midst, to enter upon grander and more glorious fields of thought and usefulness. He needs no word of defense from us. The good that men do, lives after them. Charles Dickens wore out his life in working for his fellow men, in doing good—for that was his religion. He was the great painter of human nature, the artist of human character. He pictured true to life the follies of fashion, the evils of society, the hypocricies and tyrannies of the world, and, in his own language, "Always strove in his writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of the Savior."

Would that ten thousand Fultons might fill his place in the world.

What was the crime of Charles Dickens? Fulton tells us that he drank choice wines at his daily meals, seldom went to church, and lived in the company of publicans and sinners. Dickens did not affirm that man was totally depraved—"prone to evil as the sparks fly upward," altogether dead in sin. That was inconsistent with every idea of God which he had gathered from the great book of Nature. He saw no reason for a vicarious atonement, nor any justice in the doctrine of an endless hell. This was all inconsistent with his ideas of an all-wise, loving God, who, like a good father or mother, would only punish or afflict his erring children for their good. He would not call Christ, God, when he was the Son of man, the son of God, like other men. He could not believe in a *tri personal divinity*, when God is nowhere represented as such a being in the Bible. He had heard of the words "Trinity," "Triune God," "God the Son," "God the Holy Ghost," "Three Persons in one God," "Human and divine nature of Christ," "eternally begotten," "eternal procession, etc.," but had never found *one* of those expressions in a single page of that sacred volume. But he had read how Christ had said, "The Father is greater than I," "Of myself I can do nothing," in a word, how Christ himself had prayed to God like other men, how he referred all his powers to God, and in departing this life, declared, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

Christ himself gives the lie to the dogmatic assumptions of orthodoxy. It must idolize Christ as God, adhering to its cold forms and rigid ceremonies, while practically ignoring the teachings of Jesus, his good works and his example. That is the main difference between J. D. Fulton and Charles Dickens. We see the former a hero worshiper, the latter a worshiper of ideas. The one resorts in his frantic fanaticism, to a sort of semi-barbarous species of idolatry, worshiping Christ, and thereby ignoring the one infinite God of the universe. The other venerates the life and character of the martyr, follows his noble example, fighting manfully the good fight in the battle of life, and recognizing God as the Father and man as his brother.

It is possible that some persons need a daily shaking over hell to keep them decent, and it may be necessary that some fanatic like this Boston preacher should really believe in the pit, to deter them from [illegible] overt act against those who can see no method in their [illegible].

But with all the indications of this age of progress and Christian enlightenment, it is to be hoped that the world in time will be able to dispense with these dogmas, of sectarism, and especially with this hideous doctrine of hell, which originated in paganism and Egyptian darkness.

Chicago, August 3rd, 1870.

H. L. SLAYTON.

The Sabbath-Day—What about it.

By E. B. Wheelock,—A "Preacher."

In your issue of July 30th, I observe that one of your correspondents, J. H. Garetson, of Richland, Iowa, offers a reward of twenty-five dollars to any preacher who will tell him where the Sabbath day begins. I suppose he means upon what degree of longitude, as given by modern science. Perhaps your correspondent is not sufficiently orthodox to realize that God first made man "upright," and since then, man has sought out many wicked "inventions," among which is the science of astronomy.

Almost any Christian who has really been "born again" by the "grace of God," has no difficulty in telling within one half inch where the Sabbath begins. I will now give the laws, rules and evidences, which, if they should prove conclusive to your correspondent, I shall be likely to get the reward.

These evidences are both common and uncommon. One of the common evidences, which ought to convince Christians, at least, is the sudden holy feeling which comes over the soul the very moment the "holy Sabbath" begins. (Provided always that they keep it in remembrance).

The second evidence is one belonging to human physiognomy, for the very moment the Sabbath begins, (it being so much holier than other days,) you perceive a sudden and unmistakable evidence in the drawing down of the upper lip, and a general elongation of the face; and also a happy, holy groan bursts out spontaneous from the soul.

By observing these "natural" signs, your correspondent might tell to a barleycorn when and where the Sabbath begins.

But there are other common evidences, among which are these: First, the day *feels* and *looks* and *tastes* more sacred, and second, the ear is timely notified by the spontaneous "rest" and "stillness" of all Nature, except the solemn tones of the bells which hang suspended above the "holy temples of the Lord."

Thus the human senses should long ago have informed your correspondent when and where the Sabbath begins.

But in order to obtain the reward of twenty-five dollars which he offers, I suppose he will demand a scientific solution as well. In the scientific days of Moses, when the Sabbath day was instituted, things were quite different from what they are now under the order of human "inventions." For primarily, it appears the earth was made flat and had four corners. Consequently, on the seventh day, just as the light of the sun came within a few inches of the east edge of the earth, about a Sabbath days' journey from the garden of Eden, toward sun rise,—the Sabbath began. Now, by submitting this scientific conclusion to any preacher in Keokuk County, he will decide that the twenty-five dollars reward [illegible] But to make my claims sure, [illegible] evidences of the "uncom[illegible] xplain away [illegible] of positive [illegible] ys from [illegible] of the sun. For there seems to be four days difference. The sun was not made till on the "fourth day," and how there could have been four days without a sun, we are not told. But as the earth was the principal and most important concern in the "Creation," and having four corners, and being flat, and the sun being the secondary planet and four days younger than the earth, it is presumable that the Lord God commenced counting days from the beginning of his labor, rather than from the beginning of sunrise.

For who but an infidel cannot see that to make so many things as God did in six days, and being compelled, from necessity, to make them out of "nothing," that he would get extremely tired, and to preserve his health, it was wisdom that he should "rest" on the seventh day from the *commencement of his labors*, instead of on the seventh day recurring from the *commencement* of sun rise. If any should be curious to know how God made four days without a sun, I will give the solution, as made by our Advent brother, not long since. He informed the brethren that God always kept a clock, and an almanac, and that he could calculate the days and nights just as well without a sun as with, and perhaps much better. For as soon as we commence making day and night by the light of the sun, we run into difficulty to know where the Sabbath begins, and also the length of its duration; for at each end of the earth there is six months alternate day and night, and for a Christian at the poles to make the Sabbath by the light of the sun, would be held an infidel and a great Sabbath breaker at the equator. And by not knowing the precise line of longitude upon which the sun started on the "fourth day," he might possibly break the Sabbath, even at the equator. It is not upon the appearance of sun rise that I lay claim to be a 'Sabbatorian.' But so long as I have a clock and an almanac, and the Bible, why should I err?

I intend to visit Richland ere long, and shall then and there lay claim to the twenty five dollars reward.

Blairstown, Iowa, Aug. 2nd, 1870.

Literary Notices.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature. In specialties, the Eclectic is without a rival. It is believed that in the department of Science, the eclectic is more comprehensive and complete than any other magazine in the world, not exclusively devoted to the subject. Astronomy, geology, chemistry, and the other physical sciences, are brought down to the present time; and the latest discoveries in each are chronicled from month to month. None of the baseless speculations which stultify so much of current literature, find place in its pages, but its scientific articles are written by such eminent scholars as the Astronomer Royal, Richard Proctor, R. A., Prof. Huxly, Balfour Stewart, Norman Lockyer, etc. etc.

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Address E. R. Pelton, publisher, 108 Fulton street, New York.

Old and New. This magazine, though young in years, has gained a reputation that its proprietors may well be proud of. Its articles are selected to meet the demands of a large class of our people, and we have no doubt it will be well sustained. The following embraces the contents of the August number:

Old and New; Pink and White Tyranny; Northern Pacific Railroad; She Writes; Francis of Assisi; American Political Literature; The Passion Play; Chinese Transdentalism; John Whopper, the News Boy; At Last; Validity of of our Knowledge of God; The Fenian Campaign; The Examiner; Record of Progress.

Roberts Brothers, 143 Washington street, Boston, publishers. Terms, $4 00 per annum.

New Constitution.

The constitution of the State of Illinois, as adopted in convention, May 13th, 1870, and ratified by the People of the State, July 2nd, 1870.

Chicago:—*The Western News Co.* 121 & 123 State Street, Publishers.

Since the adoption of the new constitution, there has grown up a large demand for that important document in some permanent and convenient form for reference, The Western News Co, recognizing this demand, has published it in a neat pamphlet of forty five pages, which sells for twenty-five cents.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists,

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

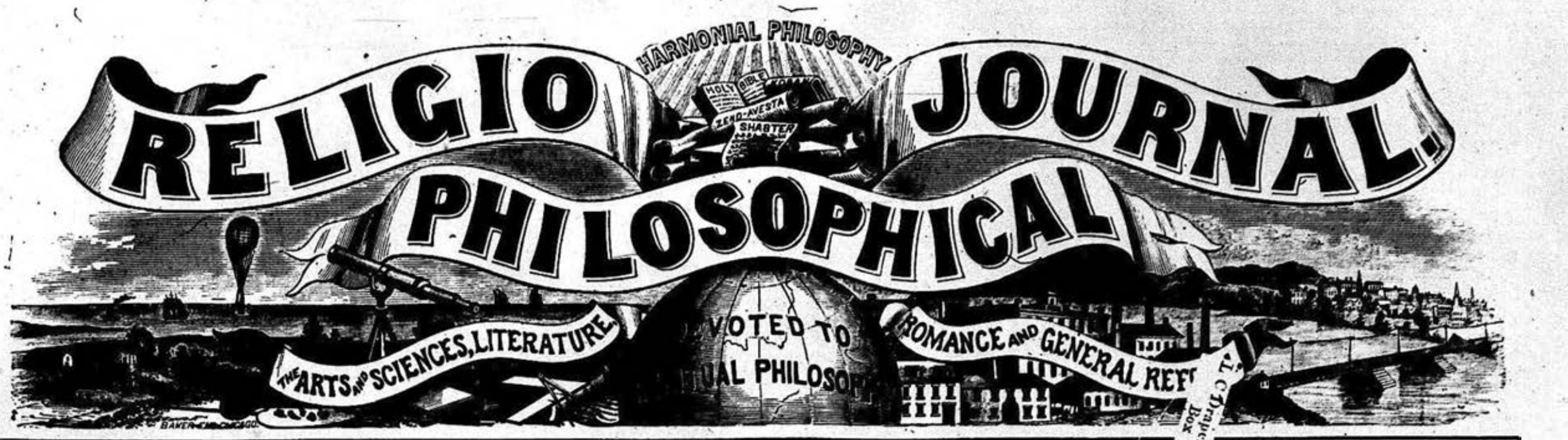
Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province having organized Societies, is invited to send delegates, according to the number of representatives,—the District of Columbia to send two delegates,—to attend and participate in the business that will come before this meeting.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees;

Henry T. Child, M. D., *Secretary.*

634 Race St. Philadelphia.

The Board will meet on Monday, the 19th of September at 2 o'clock p. m. at the hall above named.



$3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1870. VOL. VIII.—NO. 22

Frontier Department.

Entered according to the act of Congress by S. S. Jones, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ill.

DISCUSSION, AT FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Between

E. V. Wilson, ... *Spiritualist*,
Geo. C. Haddock, ... *Methodist*,

Phonographically reported for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by Miss JOSEPHINE F. SMITH.

Rules of order. Each speaker to speak one half hour alternately, each occupying one hour each evening. Mr. A. M. Blair appointed Chairman for the entire discussion.

The discussion commenced with quite a full audience, which increased each evening.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 26TH, 1870.

E. V. WILSON. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentleman:—Last fall, and again in the spring, I heard that Rev. Geo. C. Haddock would discuss Spiritualism with me. I wrote, and challenged him to meet me in public debate. He replied, and the following correspondence ensued.

Sparta, Wis., April 8th, 1860.

Resolved.—That the Bible, King James' version, sustains modern Spiritualism in all its phases and teachings. I affirm.

E. V. WILSON.

Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, Appleton, Wisconsin.

DEAR SIR:—I am informed by my friends in Appleton, that you are anxious to discuss the merits of Spiritualism from a Bible standpoint with me.

Believing that properly conducted discussions are productive of good, I offer you the above resolution. It covers the whole ground. Will you accept? The discussion to come off in July, August, or September, in Appleton, Wis. I refer you to Dr. A. B. Randall and L. D. Nickerson for further information. I must have an answer on or before the 1st of May, 1870.

Truly yours, E. V. WILSON.

REPLY.

Appleton, Wis., April 18th, 1870.

E. V. WILSON:—Your "friends in Appleton" have deceived you. It is not true that I desire to debate the subject of Spiritualism with you or any one else, from a "Bible standpoint" exclusively. I will not discuss that question from any one standpoint, exclusively. I am ready to meet any one upon a resolution so worded as to allow the whole question of modern Spiritualism to be discussed in all its relations and from all its standpoints. And I will not debate in any other way. Your "friends in Appleton" know that perfectly well.

In the second place, I will not discuss the question of Spiritualism in Appleton at all, at least not at present. My reason for this is, that my only object for holding discussions on Spiritualism is to show it up. I have done that once in Appleton, as best I could, and there is no sort of inducement for me to go through with it again. I do not debate for the sake of debating. I find no particular pleasure in these discussions. I only engage in them because I believe modern Spiritualism to be monstrous iniquity, which ought to be exposed, consequently, I desire to teach as many fields as I can in my debates, and let my light, such as it is, shine forth as far as possible.

If you are anxious to debate the whole question of Spiritualism fairly and squarely, I can accommodate you. I propose the following resolution:

"*Resolved.*—That modern Spiritualism is worthy the confidence and support of the people."

I will dispute the above with you in Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, Janesville, or Milwaukee, or in any other place where I have not spoken on the subject, that we may agree upon.

I think my resolution "covers the whole ground," while yours does not. Will you accept? The time mentioned by you will be satisfactory to me. Yours, &c.

GEO. C. HADDOCK.

P. S.—I publish your letter and answer because I understand who are the movers in this matter, and their object. I am willing the public should judge between us. If you are not willing to discuss my resolution, or one similar opening up the entire question, freely and fully, there is no need of any further correspondence between us. G. C. H.

Editor Appleton Post:

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your paper, No 20, Vol. 11, in which I find my challenge to debate Spiritualism from a Bible standpoint with the Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, in Appleton, Wis., made public and declined, and a counter resolution offered, to-wit:

"*Resolved*:—That modern Spiritualism is worthy the confidence and support of the people.

"I will dispute the above with you in Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, Janesville, or Milwaukee, or any other place we agree upon"

I accept his resolution, and will meet him on the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th of August, 1870, in the city of Fond du Lac, or Milwaukee; the discussion to be governed by strict Parliamentary usages. Will the reverend gentleman come to time? We shall see. I have nothing to write in regard to his bombastic and boastful communications in your paper. He is not, however, the first minister of the gospel who has backed down on the Bible standpoint.

I am truly yours, E. V. WILSON.

P. S.—Will Mr. H. furnish hall, advertise, and make such other arrangements for the discussion as may be required, or shall I attend to it? Please let me hear from you, Mr. H., by the first of June, 1870. E. V. W.

Lombard, Ill.

Appleton, Wis, May 16th, 1870.

MR. E. V. WILSON:—In reply to your communication in the *Post* of last week, I have to say:

1. I will meet you at Fond du Lac on my question, provided we agree on the preliminaries, and all I ask is a fair and honest debate.

2. As to time, I would prefer ten days earlier than you designated. But if your arrangements are such that you cannot meet me then, I agree to meet you the week you have mentioned.

3. Four days are altogether insufficient for the discussion of the question, as it will be impracticable to have sessions during the day, and the subject cannot be thoroughly discussed in four evenings. I will not consent to less than eight nights; ten would suit me better.

4. As to the business matters connected with with the debate, I suggest that they be left to a local committee of three; each disputant choosing one, and these two selecting the third. If you agree to this, I name Elihu Coleman, of Fond du Lac, as my committee-man.

5. With regard to the order of speaking, etc., I suggest that each disputant speak one hour each evening. Either once or twice, half an hour each time. Affirmative opening and negative closing, until the last evening, when the negative shall open and the affirmative close. No new matter to be introduced in the concluding speech of the discussion.

6. I also suggest that the committee appoint a chairman each evening, or one for the entire discussion, who shall not be a member of any church, or a believer in spirit intercourse.

If you have other rules to suggest, please do so at your earliest convenience. Yours, etc.

G. C. H.

[From the Appleton *Post*, Thursday, June 16th, 1870.]

Lombard, Ill. May 31st, 1870.

REV. GEO. C. HADDOCK:—In regard to your communication in the *Post* of May 19th, I have to say:

1. I have accepted your question, and affirm. Fond du Lac, Wis., will suit me as well as any other place in which to hold the debate. Your proposal for a fair and honest debate is accepted, and well appreciated.

2. As to time; will the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of July next suit you?

This will be on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On each week day evening the meeting to be called to order at 8 o'clock; on Sunday, the 31st of July, at 10 o'clock A. M., and at 7½ P. M.

3. I accept your proposition of a local committee of three, and I name J. H. Spencer, Esq. as my committee-man.

4. The order of speaking as suggested by you in regard to time, I accept, also your proposition to introduce no new matter in closing lectures.

5. If a chairman for the whole course can be obtained, it would be better than to change each evening. This chairman not to be a Spiritualist or church member.

6. That a fee of ten cents a session be taken of each person attending the debate. After covering expenses, the balance, if any to be equally divided between the disputants.

7. An open field and a fair debate, under Parliamentary usages, in the best hall in Fond du Lac.

If there are any other suggestions you wish to make, please do so at your earliest convenience. Will you advertise and furnish hall? Please suggest what course is best to take.

It now remains for you to close up the matter in accepting these suggestions, notifying me on receipt of this. Respectfully yours,

E. V. W.

Appleton, Wis., June 13th, 1870.

E. V. WILSON:—I have just return from a discussion with W. F. Jamieson in the Northwestern part of the State, which is my apology for not answering your communication sooner. Your propositions are all satisfactory to me, except with regard to the Sunday sessions. I have regular duties every Sunday, and cannot join with you in a discussion on that day. Therefore I propose that the discussion commence on Tuesday, July 26th, and close on Wednesday, August 3rd. Trusting that this will prove satisfactory to you, have arranged with Elihu Coleman to join with Mr. Spencer in procuring hall, printing, etc.

Yous, etc.

GEO. C. HADDOCK.

This correspondence led to this debate.

Resolved, That Modern Spiritualism is worthy of the confidence and support of the people.

What are the teachings of Spiritualism.

1. Modern Spiritualism teaches that man is immortal; and that immortality begins or dates from the moment of conception.

2. That immortality is a practical continuity of mortality, or of this life.

3. The immortal man is entirely dependent on the mortal man to prove his existence after what is termed death.

4. That there is one God, a spirit, the Father, and that all mankind are his children, hence, we are the sons and daughters of God.

5. That men and women are subject to spirit influence, and are controlled at all times by good and evil spirits.

6. That the communications received by men and women through the media of our age are from spirits, and that spirits communicate with us, and control us.

7. The Bible, King James' version, the revival meetings, science, and the laws of life teach the above.

The phases of Modern Spiritualism consist in phenomena, such as;

1. Trance, seeing with the eyes open and shut, in a conscious and unconscious state.

2. Being "in the spirit," or under spirit influences.

3. Seeing, hearing, touching, and conversing with spirits.

4. Physical phenomena, such as sound, moving ponderable matter, &c.

5. Writing and speaking under influence; also, writing without contact with the medium.

6. Healing the sick by laying on of hands.

7. Counsel from spirits in business matters, hunting up lost property, detecting crime, &c.

8. Locating water, and oil wells, gold mines, lead mines, &c.

9. Painting, drawing, photographing, &c.

These are the principles and facts of Spiritualism,—a knowledge of life; of the bearings of our earth-life on our life hereafter; a full knowledge of man's immortality; of his intelligent, active, individualized immortality; are these worthy of the confidence and support of the people?

This is not found in church teaching!

Spiritualism teaches that immortality is a practical fact of life. It makes no new men; it makes no new heavens; but imparts a knowledge of nature's immutable laws, and through those laws the immortal speaks to the mortal man, no matter whether good or bad. If the liar can come and speak to you, so can the truth-teller. If the bad can come to you, so can the good. The church was not organized to make good men better, but to make good men out of bad men. Jesus sought not the good only, but sought the lowly and depraved, the Pharisee and the sinner, and labored for them, and with them. Like Jesus, Spiritualism embraces all, the Pharisee and the sinner.

No teaching of any other religious sect establishes the fact of immortality.

It is not the testimony of the denizens of Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, or any other planet, but of those who have lived here, in this life; been there and come back to us as they were,—their individualized selves—that is our evidence; not the people of distant planets, or places, but persons of our knowledge, returning to us, is our evidence,—not faith; faith is no evidence, but knowledge,—that which comes to us through our senses.

Our sense of taste gives us a knowledge of the palatable; our sense of seeing gives us knowledge of what the vision rests upon; our sense of hearing gives us knowledge of sounds, and is the witness of our tongue.

The whole knowledge of spiritual things that we are in possession of, comes through man; our knowledge of God, of man's origin, the origin of our belief in the Savior comes through man; therefore, the testimony of those in the other life is entirely dependent upon man.

The God of Moses was a Man; had the feet, hands, and form of a man. The God of Jesus was a Spirit. The God of Spiritualism is a Spirit—not a Personal God, but an Omnipresent Spirit, in whom we live, move, and have our being. We are his children, and he is our Father.

Isaiah, 8:19, Says, "Should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" Should not the living seek unto the dead for a knowledge of the dead?

This influence of mind over mind is witnessed and conceded by scientists, and we have the testimony of disembodied spirits, that the same power continues, though one mind may be disembodied, and the other not. Why not accept this testimony, whether it comes from the high or low, the vile or the holy, which, we do not care; that it comes, is proof that it is true.

This is the same in the lowest forms of life. Witness the fate of the poor young man at Yonkers, N. Y., bitten by a ferocious bloodhound last December. Returning home last May with his bride, whom he had married against her mother's wishes, that Christian mother cursed him, and prayed that her daughter might be a widow in less than three months. Within the next twelve hours, he was raging with all the fury of madness,—leaping fences, howling, snarling and barking,—not like the hound or mastiff, but like the fierce bloodhound. Months after the dog was dead, he repeated himself in the man!

Shall man be deprived of this same power? Now don't say that I say that the dog has a soul! I say that the creature below repeats himself in the creature above!

These are facts. Selfhood is reflected and recognized. Any lady or gentleman come back as they left us. If they come not back as they left, they are not the persons. Are these facts worthy of the people?

Next, we shall prove that no evil exists in Spiritualism that did not exist before the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Evil exists in all denominations of the church, and why not in modern Spiritualism?

I have volumes of testimony to bring to show the good works of Spiritualism; of crime detected, of drunkards reformed, of sinners saved, stolen property found, of the drooping and sorrowing souls cheered, and the christian mother comforted.

Why should there not be evil in the world. France and Prussia are now, by bloody war, sending their thousands of believers in Christ, in the presence of Jesus, with all their fierce passions aroused, with the same individualized powers to work good or evil.

I stir the waters that they may be purified. We feel that the church needs agitation, and Spiritualism is doing it. Spiritualism, in its youth, only twenty-three years old, is so strong as to make the old church tremble, and cry out against it. Each new principle is persecuted. Jesus was crucified yesterday, deified by the christian world to-day,—a persecuted principle to-day, to-morrow a recognized fact.

Spiritualism has grown steadily onward and world-wide in its infancy, numbering among its followers the Emperor, the Queen, the King, the Czar, the intelligence of the nations, with many clergymen of all denominations. Is this worthy of the confidence and support of the people?

The fact that the so-called dead may come to us, and tell us not to weep, they are not dead—O, the light it sheds upon our life, and the joy it brings to all. The mother may return to the child, the child come back to the sphere of the mother and bid her tears cease to flow.

In my own household my son, the support of my old age, fell on the battle-field. He came home, awoke his sister and his mother, and said, "Tell Father I died with my face to the foe." The Chaplain wrote to me, "Your son is not dead, but liveth." Yes, I know he is not dead, but *lives, eternally lives*, with powers and affections unchanged, but with a clearer vision.

Evil stands out in the history of the church since its first morn of life. There is no new evil that has had its birth in modern Spiritualism.

If lying spirits come to us, it is not a new phase of Spiritualism, for God sent a lying spirit to deceive man, and to deceive through the mouth of the prophets. A lying spirit was God's agent. When you oppose God's agents you oppose God.

REV. GEO. C. HADDOCK. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:—My opponent tells you and me, that it is a lamentable *fact*, that two great nations should be involved in a war that will send many thousands of souls to the spirit-world prematurely. It is indeed lamentable, but who is responsible? who but Napoleon and Eugenie, who are world-wide, recognized Spiritualists? Is this the work of Spiritualism?

My opponent says that many clergymen are Spiritualists. I want him to produce their names. Spiritualists have claimed Henry Ward Beecher as a Spiritualist. I, myself, wrote to him, asking his views in regard to Spiritualism. I have his reply, with his views on Spiritualism, which needs no other denial.

Mr. Wilson says that much good has been done by spirits, such as hunting up crime, reforming the drunkard, and saving the sinner; that the sick are healed, and all this stuff. Let him bring his witnesses here before this audience. I want them to come here and swear that such results are produced by spirits; show me one drunkard that has been reformed; show me the sick that have been healed, or the crime that has been detected! *Let them come here and swear to this, and if they do swear to it, they will swear to a lie.*

What does Mr. Wilson mean by the mad dog repeating himself after he was dead? I must confess that I cannot see the point, unless the dog had a soul! I believe that Spiritualists, as a class, believe that dogs have souls. Perhaps they may get communications from mad dogs! I would like to know if this is Mr. Wilson's meaning of the dog repeating himself, that his spirit controlled the young man that was bitten by him.

Mr. Wilson says it does not prove Spiritualism to be bad because bad spirits come; that he don't care whether they are good or bad (we believe him), that the bad can come as well as the good; that the fact that both can come proves the truth of Spiritualism. Well, does the "fact" that both can come prove the affirmative of the question under discussion?

Of what use or good has all Judge Edmond's tipping of tables done? Where is the drunkard that has been reformed by it, the wrong that has been righted by it? In what respect does it make men better? I think this is the affirmative of the question to be proved; to show that it is worthy the confidence and support of the people!

My opponent says that the God of Moses was a man; that he had hands, feet and form of a man. Now, ladies and gentlemen, why this is so written, there is hardly any need of my saying. It is understood by all readers of the Bible that God was described as a man because he would have man understand him,—not as a personal God, but as a being of love and wisdom; as a being of power. For this reason, he is spoken of as a personal God, as a mere figure of speech.

I did not consider that the question for discussion had any reference to any other belief or teaching,—*that* is not what I am going to talk about; but I am going to stand by the negative of this resolve, and show that Spiritualism is not worthy of the support of the people. Mr. Wilson may do as he likes. I will leave it for you to decide which one discusses the subject before them.

Mr. Wilson says that these wonderful things are done by spirits, by different phases of mediumship, and can be demonstrated.

Now, what does demonstration mean? It is to so illustrate and reveal to a certainty that his position is correct, as to make my position seem ridiculous. Is that what he is doing? This Spiritualism is a system of clever deceptions, and psychology, mesmerism and magnetism easily explains them. Talk to each Spiritualist, and each one has an opinion of his own, a system of his own; each man is a law unto himself. No man, nor system of men, have a right to lay down a system or creed for them. Such is their individualism.

The only way to learn of the teachings and claims of Spiritualism, is to read their papers and literature, attend their conventions, hear their discussions, and read their letters and resolutions. This is the only way to know Spiritualism, and to gain a definite idea of its claims. This I have done, and am prepared to sustain my position by volumes of their own literature, and the writings and speeches of their leading men and women.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I take upon myself to deny modern Spiritualism entirely. I deny the claims of modern Spiritualism *in toto*. I will show that it is all done by human agencies.

Andrew Jackson Davis admits that only forty per cent. of all alleged spirit phenomena are spiritual; the remainder he attributes to psychology, sympathy and trickery, and says, "You perceive there stands inflexibly before you in the scale, *sixty material against forty spiritual causes of the phenomena*."

W. F. Jamieson, in his discussion, says:

"*Seven-tenths* of the alleged spiritual phenomena may be of mundane origin, though not impostures."

These are the sayings of the lights of Spiritualism, and incontrovertible facts! Wherein can the people place confidence in these phenomena? Dr. Potter, who has been a Spiritualist for fifteen years, says.

"*Three-fourths* of the communications have been merely the reflections of the minds of those present, but this has not always been intentional deception."

How are we to distinguish the genuine from the false?

A. J. Davis says in his "Present Age:"

"Impressions received from a person sitting in the circle, or from a mind in some distant part of the globe, are precisely identical with those which emanate from a mind beyond the domain of the tomb."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, the great seer himself, says that seven out of ten may be of mundane origin, and when you are thinking that you are talking to a dear spirit friend, you may be talking to some mind thousands of miles away, in some other part of the globe, and there is no way to distinguish the two. *Is* this worthy of your confidence and support?

I will now read from the great spiritual work, "Planchette," page 285:

"The 'Committee on spiritual phenomena,' who met at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1867, report, that what at present passes for spirit communion among the people, is a mixed and for the most part, unanalyzed mass, rendering identity of spirit presence very uncertain." And they add, "Many, if not all of the disorderly manifestations, your committee deem wholly unspiritual, having their origin in half controlled, diseased nerves, poor digestion, torpid liver, and general discord of mind and body." And they conclude, "We cannot suppose that a majority of the phenomena under consideration, are projected and directed by spirits; but rather, that while there is abundant evidence, direct and collateral, of spirit control, other causes enter largely into their production."

This committee denounced dark circles, deeming darkness a condition demanded by tricksters only. With all this doubt on the part of Spiritualists themselves, there is the trickery and deception of the dark circles, and the difficulties of necessary conditions. Is this worthy of your support?

We will read something of spirit photographs,—"Planchette," page, 137:

"In the first edition of this work, we stated that no evidence had been adduced that Mumler was an impostor. We had been informed that those who knew him personally, did not doubt his honesty. We have since had reason to believe that the many intelligent Spiritualists who distrusted him from the first, were right; that Mumler, so far as spirit photographs are concerned, is a clever cheat. And our principal witness against Mumler, is Mumler himself,—not the most conclusive authority, some will say, but still a witness whose testimony is sufficient under the circumstances."

Now, you can go to any honest photographer, and he will tell you that by laying aside plates that have been used, and after a time bringing them forth for use, the face will reappear. This Mumler understood, and did, and credulous persons would go and have their pictures taken, and when they saw the shadow of the face long since taken on the plate, would exclaim, "That is my long departed mother," or, "That is my spirit wife," or, "That is my spirit sister." It was all in their imaginations, that they saw the likeness of their friends. Mumler understood what it was, and any honest photographer can tell you they can do the same. In fact, it is a great difficulty they have to contend with.

We must not assume a proposition that we are not prepared to prove. Now, I want Mr. Wilson to prove the assertions he has made in regard to the teachings of Spiritualism, and show that it is worthy of your support and confidence.

The proof of a principle is in the teachings of that principle, for the teachings of a principle must correspond to the nature of that principle, or theory, to be sustained.

Spiritualism in Pennsylvania.

Wonderful Manifestations.

The narrative given by Doctor Barr, will be read with interest. We have full confidence in the Doctor's veracity, and have seen some of the coins and notes found under the direction of the spirits.

Such facts as these, furnish positive evidence that some spirits retain very clear and distinct recollections of events connected with their experiences in this life.

It has been said, "the ruling passion is strong in death,' and we believe that those things which have made a strong impression upon the mind here, will be likely to be retained in the after-life. Thus the burying of a tomahawk and beads by the friends of an Indian, appears to have been distinctly remembered more than one hundred and fifty years.

We hope to hear further from the Doctor, and would recommend our friend Robert Dale Owen to investigate this matter, as it will furnish an interesting chapter for his forthcoming work on "The debatable land between this world and the next."

Singular Phenomenon.

The *Belfast Weekly News*, published in Ireland, gives an account of the following strange occurrence:

Several pleasure-seekers, who had taken a recreative stroll to the summit of Boltie Bracken, a hill near Clandy, the highest in the locality, after enjoying themselves for some time in admiring the surrounding scenery, were greatly astonished and amazed to behold in the Northern heavens the dim and shadowy outline of apparent buildings, &c., which, gradually becoming more and more distinct, they unmistakably perceived to be an ethereal representation of the "Maiden City." The Cathedral, Walker's Pillar, and various other prominent and well-known features of the city were so strikingly and vividly defined that there could be no doubt whatever as to the genuine reality of this remarkable case of atmospheric reflection. This singular phenomenon lasted for about five minutes, and was alternately lucid and partially obscure, presenting to the enraptured beholders a series of the most extraordinary aerial phenomena ever witnessed in this country.

I AM DYING.

Raise my pillow, husband, dearest—
  Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And those shadows stealing slowly,
  Must, I know, be those of death.

Sit down close beside me, darling,
  Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me,
  To the borders of this land.

I've had visions and been dreaming
  O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
  Till I was a child again.

Dreaming of girlhood and the moment
  When I stood your wife and bride.
How my heart thrilled love's triumph
  In that hour of woman's pride.

Dreaming of these and all the earth-chords
Firmly twined about my heart,
  Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

It has passed; and God has promised
  All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother,
  He'll be with you to the end.

There's no shadow o'er the portals,
  Leading to my heavenly home—
Angels have promised life immortal,
  And 'tis they that bid me come.

When life's trials await around thee,
  And its chilling billows swell;
Thou'lt thank heaven that I am spared them,
  Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."

Bring our boys unto my bedside;
  My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping, do not wake them,
  They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
  Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
  Love them doubly for my sake.

Clasp my hand still closer darling,
  This the last night of my life,
For to-morrow I shall never
  Answer when you call me "wife."

Fare thee well, my noble husband,
  Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arm 'round our children,
  Keep them close to thee—and God.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INDIANA.

Dreadful Fatality at Camden, Pennville Post Office.

Bro. S S Jones:—The tender feelings and humanitary sympathies of our community, have been intensely shocked and sorely afflicted by the occurrence of one of the most horrible tragedies which never before has it been our painful misfortune to witness. And presuming that a recital of some of the sad realities connected with the event could not fail to interest many of your readers, therefore I will detail to you a few of the heart rending facts, which you can use at your discretion. A neighbor girl, Miss May Richie, aged some thirty years, possessing fine natural and well cultured abilities, a gentle disposition, refined accomplishments, and of a graceful and lofty bearing. In person, she was portly, dignified, and attractive. In these characteristics she had few equals and no superiors. In the circle of young friends she was a favorite with both sexes, and some four years since, her love nature was besieged and her confiding heart led captive by the wooing caresses or enchantments of a worthy and noble appearing young man, of our neighborhood.

He was enterprising, generous and of unquestionable reputation. The families of both parties rank high in the community.

Matrimonial alliances had been entered into, and the requisite preparations to consummate the connubial ties, and her queenly heart ardently looked forward to the golden day when the silken cords of wedlock would crown her highest hopes, her proudest ambition, and the holiest aspirations of her nature. But whilst her rapturous soul was voluptuously feasting amidst those Paradisacal joys of the golden future, she dreamed not that a gathering storm cloud of disappointment and adversity would ere long burst upon her, and sweep over her halcyon bosom like an avalanche, sundering into shreds the most sacred and sensitive tendrils of her heart, and the meridian sun of her terrestrial glory must soon sink behind the sable clouds of sorrow, to light her pathway of hope no more forever.

What strange chimera or fearful caprice could have flit before his affrighted vision we know not, but ere she came to realize the proffered prize of her unfaltering love, Mr. L's. ardor, of devotions from some unknown cause, had doubtless become somewhat estranged, and some two years since he left on business for Michigan, where he still remains. A mutual correspondence was indulged in for some months, until his epistles bore the unmistakeable tokens of disaffection. Her heart sickened within her as she imbibed this startling fact, this stern reality. And near the appointed time when the connubial ties were to have been solemnized, he bowed at the hymeneal altar with a young lady of Michigan.

This intelligence fell upon Miss Richie's plastic soul like an overwhelming tide, or surging billow. It was soon found that melancholy was making shipwreck of her vital powers, and despondency was poisoning every avenue to social enjoyment or temporal bliss. Her friends sought to rally her, and when in company she would put on an exterior of complacency, but she strove in vain to conceal the deep pent up agonies, and an unutterable burning void within, which no mortal could relieve or palliate. She had lost her mother many years in the past; she, her widowed sister, her son in law and daughter, constituted the congenial little family group.

Some months past she took great attachment to a revolver, professing that her practice with it was for mere pastime. On Saturday evening, the 25th ult., she repaired to her chamber, washed, combed and neatly attired her person, and prostrating herself upon her back on the carpet, crossed her feet, and with the revolver in her hand sent the fatal bullet through her heart. A low shriek was heard, the murderous weapon fell, and clasping her hands upon her storm swept bosom, a few short breaths, and was silenced forever the earthquake shock which had long spread wide desolation over the Eden of her soul.

Oh, Love! Thou secular yet divine element, thou strange phantom, yet real, thou exalting, yet abasing, thou happifying, yet soul destroying, yea, incomprehensible element or principle, where and what art thou? May thy ghastly shadows and shafts forever vanish from such unhallowed crusades against earth's fair angels.

Her lover's last words still lingered in her ears, and sounded the death knell to all her earthly enjoyments. The bridal robes at which her artistic fingers had assiduously toiled, were now transformed into draped habilments for the tomb. And while her numerous sympathising friends clustered around her coffin to take their last leave of her angel form, and administer words of consolation to the bereft family, whose bleeding hearts were convulsed within, and whose unspeakable anguish sank into the uttermost sanctuary of their souls and could find no adequate expression, the dreadful tragedy was indeed too awful for contemplation. Yet there was something sublimely grand and romantic connected with this tragic scene. No wild contortions or impetuous frenzy were depicted in her countenance, but a joyous triumphant air, placid as the moon-beams, held complete dominion over her every feature.

Oh! ye courtiers, ye lovers, ye devotees, who seek to bow at connubial's holy altar, and worship at nuptial's sacred shrine and enjoy its legitimate fruitions; beware how you tamper or sport with the sexual affections. Seek not admission or access to the deepest and purest fountain of the human soul, unless you reciprocate and respond in full measure to all those high and holy emotions of the heart which you may have honestly elicited or warmed into active life by artifice or duplicity. May you ponder upon this momentous subject with due seriousness, lest you poison forever the purest channels of human life and victimize the unsuspecting innocent recipients of your love advances and plighted vows. Oh! may the goddess of true platonic love ever sit enthroned in your bosoms and wield with might and efficiency the royal sceptre of fidelity throughout the entire sexual domain.

ACROSTIC DEDICATED TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF MAY RICHIE.

May guardian spirits guide thy gentle spirit home,
And crown thee victress in the realms above.
Yonder bright spheres now beckon thee to come,
Resplendent with glory, sympathy and love.
Immortal hosts thine anguish long hath felt,
Celestial joys that aching void have filled,
Henceforth in climes where false love never dwelt,
Is balm for thee, the troubled soul distilled,
Each plighted love vow faithfully fulfilled.

And ah! poor L, shall I say nothing to thee? Oh yes, the fierce fires of bitter sympathy and sorrow have been kindled and rekindled in the acute consciousness of thy interior being, and will long torment thee for that which thou ought not to have done. Ah! little didst thou think that thou wast planting wild thorn seeds in the hot-bed of fondest affections, which must ere long culminate and entwine its torturous branches around the heart strings of that devoted lover, and render life so intolerable, even amid her palmiest days, that she sought and welcomed death as a relief, by the violence of her own desperate hands.

H. Gregg.

Camden, July 20th, 1870.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

IOWA.

Letter from Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance.

Dear Journal:—Our two months engagement in Des Moines is closed, and we are on the wing for points on the line of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad. Of all the places in Iowa we have visited, Des Moines is to us the most interesting. Its scenery is romantic in the extreme. Its hills and ravines, its native forest trees and two rivers, make a landscape worthy of an artist.

But the people were to us even more interesting. The Spiritualists have a fine society, and are a very excellent class of people. The ladies are persons of fine culture and great refinement, radical in sentiment and fearless in spirit, demanding and receiving the respect of the whole city. They have furnished a good hall, and purchased an organ. Have been running a lyceum, but that adjourned for the heated term, while we were there.

This city seems to be a special point of spiritual manifestations, and mediums of various kinds are being developed, and circles are held at different places regularly. The demand for psychometric readings and clairvoyant examinations, were at times greater than we could attend to, and our patrons were from every church in the place.

It is astonishing how the principles of Spiritualism are creeping into the churches without their seeming to be aware of it. They cannot stand perfectly still while the whole universe is moving on to higher conditions, but are borne along upon the tide of progression, although constantly fighting against it.

The bold outspoken opposition to Spiritualism, has nearly ceased, and Orthodoxy fights it now in the dark and on the sly. The last *rotten egg* which ignorance and bigotry has hurled against reformers, *Free Love*, has hit as many of their own numbers, and has been coupled with such names as Beecher, Frothingham, Greely, and Colfax, until it is really quite palatable. What next will be resorted to, time only can divulge; and it matters not.

It is a homely saying and none the less true, that "curses, like chickens, always come home to roost," and it is always true that in the end, the wrong doer suffers worse than the wronged.

"I am here reminded of having just read Lois Waisbrooker's book, "Helen Harlow's Vow," and can truly say that the idea that woman should not accept the fate society metes out to her if she chances to be unfortunate, is there strongly and truly portrayed, and if women everywhere would demand the same purity of life in man as woman, it would work a mighty change in society.

No woman is ruined until she thinks she is; until she accepts the condition; and although the struggle to overcome the unjust judgments of the world be often severe and prolonged, yet truth and right will triumph if only backed by a strong will and divine purpose. Every liberal mind should read this book; it would do them good.

I find the Journal everywhere, and well received. May it's columns improve, and it's circulation increase AD INFINITUM.

Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRITUALISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Approximate Census.

A Year Book of Spiritualism is in preparation, giving the status of Spiritualism all over the world. The collection of statistics relating to this country is entrusted to my care; and, to fulfill my task, I must rely on the kind co-operation of Spiritualists to supply me with information, which will be a matter of gratification to us all. I shall be glad to furnish any quantity of this Form, to be sent to friends at a distance, to be filled up. No names will be published on any account, except with the express permission of the parties bearing them. Yet names and addresses are necessary, that no one may be counted more than once from different reports.

Give the names and addresses of all advanced Spiritualists in your district.

Give names and addresses of those who sympathize with the movement, but do not avow Spiritualism.

Give names and addreses of Spiritualists at a distance.

Give names and addresses of the mediums you know, and their form of mediumship.

Give paticulars of any circles you know of; the place where they are held; how often; with what results; and the address of the conductors.

If Spiritualists in your district combine in any form, describe it.

What meetings have you held, or now hold, and with what results?

Have any Lecturers visited you, and with what results?

What attention is devoted to Literature—books and periodicals—and with what results?

Give instances of remarkable phenomena, especially *Healing Mediumship*.

Notify the leading Spiritualists who take an active and prominent part in the movement.

Get up a list, of subscribers for the Year-Book of Spiritualism, for 1871. The price will be between one and two shillings.

If possible, make a return of these particulars by the middle of June. Give your attention to this important matter without hesitation, and continue to bestow your best interests on the cause of Human Progress.

J. Burns.

15 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

JOSEPH KNOWALL.

BY FLORIAN KAYNER.

There are many reformers. These reformers are called by some people fanatics. But do those persons who pronounce this appellation with so much contempt, know that some of the greatest movements on record were commenced by so-called fanatics? For instance, the abolishment of slavery. Some years ago, advocates for this cause were called fanatics. In my opinion, there kind of fanatics are quite needful, and without them, many of the reforms we now rejoice in, would not have existed.

Don't let any one think, however, that I take the side of certain extremists who are really monomaniacs on some question or idea. I take the word fanatic in a sense in which it is unjustly applied. If any one commences a work which unprejudiced and sensible persons call a needed reformation, there are always some who bestow upon the worker the name of fanatic. And to show what kind of men these are, we will take Joseph Knowall, Esq., as an illustration.

Joseph Knowall, Esq, when he first heard of Spiritualism, called it a humbug. When asked if he had seen any of the manifestations, or had examined any books upon this subject, he replied that he had not, but said he, "That does not make any difference,—it is a humbug any how." He called Spiritualism a humbug, and didn't know what Spiritualism was, and this shows the "enlightenment and civilization" of the present century, when we have such a number of persons who can give a name to something, before finding out what that something is. Mr. J. Knowall also said that media were fanatics. If he would only condescend to take off an inch or so of his dignity (?) and visit some fanatic and take the trouble to investigate a little, I shouldn't wonder but he might become a fanatic himself. But, oh no! He would not make himself so ridiculous. This little excitement about Spiritualism, will soon blow over; and he pushes back his hat, gives a curl to his mustache, and looks as if he knew it all, and perhaps more.

But us turn around and see J. Knowall, Esq., in the domestic circle. He comes home and tells his wife a new way to fry meat. She informs him that it was known to her many years ago, and that it wouldn't do at all. Joseph, Esq, insists, however, upon trying it, as a lady friend of his told him it was a new thing, and the best manner in which to fry meat. His wife does as he wishes, and the meat is spoiled. Joseph, Esq, thought he knew it all,—when he did seize upon an idea, from the want of investigation upon other points, he generally got hold of an insignificant one. J. Knowall, Esq., thought he could give better directions in relation to cooking than his wife, and although he had failed many times, yet he tried to keep up the show of his superior knowledge of something he didn't know anything about. We will go farther into the domestic affairs. One of his children broke a dish accidentally; immediately Joseph Knowall, Esq., flew into a rage, and said it was carelessness—needn't tell him, he *knew* it was "downright carelessness!" He said this before having a word of explanation—it was no difference—he knew how it was done, although he might have been a mile distant at the time.

J. Knowall Esq's. son came to him for the purpose of having a new pair of shoes purchased. Joseph examined the old ones, threw them down on the floor, and said they had been burned at the toe, and how many times had he told him not to put his shoes on the stove. His little son protested against the burning, but Joseph, Esq., replied: "Don't tell me—I know—I say they have been burned!"

Here, you workers for humanity, you much derided, so called fanatics, here is a class of men, and a large class at that, who are in need of reformation.

They may call you fanatics while you are endeavoring to show them the true road, but go ahead,—their numbers need diminishing. You will have the sympathy of many persons,—especially the children, in working for the extermination of the evil in these men. Every one knows of such characters, for the world is filled with them, and should it happen that one of this class should read this article, I hope he will turn fanatic enough to reform himself; or, if he finds it impossible, please call in a few other fanatics, and then be successful.

Keokuk, Iowa, July, 1870.

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

The Experimenter Becomes Clairvoyant.

A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the Sieur V. rushed into the electoral college, armed with a dagger, which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet.

The assassination was committed in the full light of day, and in the presence of an assembled multitude. V. was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death.

His high spirit and resolute character were well known, and it was suspected that he would seek, by a voluntary death, to evade the disgrace of perishing on the scaffold. He was therefore vigilantly watched, and every precaution taken to deprive him of the means of putting an end to his existence.

He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court of Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailers a portion of the food with which they supplied him, so as to make it be believed that he regularly took took his meals.

After three days' abstinence the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might the more speedily accomplish the object he had in view by eating with avidity. He thought that the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired.

He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously, choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was that he was siezed with a violent fit of indigestion, from which, contrary to his expectation, the prison doctor speedily cured him.

He then resumed his fatal design. He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst, too, was intolerable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand toward the jug of water which had been placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and, to use his own expression, "was restored to life."

To avoid yielding again to a similar temptation, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand. In this manner he passed eighteen days.

Every day, at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse, and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual wasting of his strength. In several parts of his melancholy memento, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confesses that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

He was surprised to find his sight becoming more and more clear, strong and accurate; it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself:

"It appears as though I could see through the thickest walls."

His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

The Sieur V. had devoted some attention to anatomy and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

His ideas, he says, were numerous and clear, and very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects, or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculation, a study for which he had previously felt very little inclination. In short, he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition, as throughout the whole duration of his physical torture.

He made notes in his album to the last moments of his physical existence.

He had scarcely strength sufficient to hold the pencil with which he traced the following words:

"My pulse has nearly ceased to beat, but my brain retains a degree of vigor which, in my sad condition, is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day. My jailers watch me, and think they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annulls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse."

V. expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to medical professors. The slow torture, endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

BY WASH A. DANSKIN.

[Delivered at the Calvert Assembly Rooms]

"It has, my friends, been sometimes said
That we are "talkers with the dead;"
That e'en like those, in days of yore,
Who sought in dark, forbidden lore,
To find that stone, whose touch we're told
Turned all things into purest gold;
So we, with impious gaze, would scan
The realms which God forbids to man—
That we, with bold, presumptuous eyes,
Would pierce the walls of paradise
But 'tis not so. We are not dreamers,
Nor are we visionary schemers;
We turn us from this lower plane,
Where much seems fickle, false or vain,
And rising o'er this scene of strife,
We seek a nobler, purer life.
We do desire to learn the doom
Of those whose bodies fill the tomb;
We ask our friends who've gone before,
To tell us of that other shore;
We call upon the world unseen,
The good, the wise, who once have been
The living counsellors of men,
To mingle with us yet again.
We call on heroes, martyrs, sages,
Whose glory fills the by-gone ages,
To cast from their bright upward track,
One gleam of holy radiance back,
To light the paths which mortals tread,
And show the world — "There are no dead."

—*New Life.*

HOW THE SPIRITS EXPLAIN IT.

The Davenport Exposure in Michigan.

"The Davenport Brothers, assisted by Prof. Fay, gave an exhibition of their *spirit* ualistic perform ance on Friday evening last. The endeavor to "raise up spirits from the vasty deep," would have been a complete success in the eyes of the audience had not Mr. Harding, one of the committee, interpolated a point or spot not down in the bills. When the closet, whence had issued the unmelodious sounds of guitar, banjo and bells, and in which the brothers had been tied, so that the spirits had to come to their relief, was opened, one of the performers was found to be well marked about the hand and wrist with ink—of course it was the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment which had been called up—and the audience might have been satisfied of it had not Mr. H. the audacity to explain it upon more tangible ground. In short, he showed his own hands to be covered with ink, and explained that while the spirit hands were flashing through the aperture of the dark closet, he not having the fear of the devil before his eyes, had seized a hand and left the impress of blackness upon it. As jugglers the Davenports are a success, but as developers of unseen agencies they are arrant humbugs, as have been all their predecessors since the days of the Witch of Endor."—*Bay City Journal, July 28th.*

The above would show that the spirits had been practicing the "black art" in Michigan, as Dr. Eddy called it here. It is but justice to the Davenports to say that when they were in Milwaukee a few weeks ago, the "spirit hand" was exhibited when two doors of the cabinet were wide open and both brothers were in plain view of the audience to the right of the platform.

WHAT THE "OLD MOHAWK" SAYS.

Wishing to get authentic information from the "other side" of the exposure, our reporter visite Dr. Herring, the great medium and magnetizer near the City Hall, and questioned the spirit of the old Mohawk chief, his indian control, as to the facts in the case. The old Mohawk says the general fact is given near enough, but the exposers themselves hav'nt the least idea of what they are exposing.

"How about the hands seen in the cabinet?"

"They are veritable spirit hands, belonging to veritable spirit bodies."

"How are they produced?"

"They are materialized from the vital forces of the medium. To make them tangible and visible, each spirit has to attach a sort of battery to the hands of the medium, and then draw from the magnetism of his body; the spirits are then able to organize and condense the magnetic elements as seen in the form of the delicate and flashing hands."

"How as to their structure?"

"They have no bones, no arteries, as you understand them, but they have a perfect nervous structure, subject to the control of the spirits."

"Where does their strength come from?"

"For the time being so much vital force as is necessary, is drawn from the medium, and the musical instruments can be flung about and played upon at the will of the spirits."

"Why do they want the light shut off?"

"Because spirit power is positive and darkness negative."

"What becomes of the spirit hands?"

"The moment the battery force, or will force, is 'let go,' the elemental particles that form the spirit hand, fly back to the hand of the medium, whence it came."

"And how about this ink business?"

"Any adhesive substance, such as pitch, paint, oil, ink or flour, even, coming in contact with the materialized spirit-hands, will inevitably be carried to the hands of the medium. Strange as this may seem, it is a simple law of spiritual chemistry, and has been demonstrated in public and private, numberless times."

That, then, explains the jugglery part?"

"The jugglery part! why, all the jugglers in Christendom can't produce a single rap."

☞ "It is a curious fact, say some entomologists, "that it is only the female musquito that torments us."

An old bachelor says that it is not at all "curious."

EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.

A distinguished Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, a professor of the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that those Egyptian mummies which are found in the ancient tombs on the Nile, in a complete state—that is to say, without having been deprived of their brains and entrails like most mummies—are not embalmed at all, but "are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation was lost." Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea—among others, his experiments during the ten years, which he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been marble, and it was so brittle that, had be allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments In this state he kept it for several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid the compostion of which is a secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to his government, requesting that a criminal, who has been condemned to earth may be given him to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life again in two years. It is understood that the man undergoing this experiment is to be pardoned. Of course, if a man can be in a state of suspended animation for two years, he may be kept two thousand years, and if the Professor succeeds we can lay up a few specimens of our cotemporaries for exhibitions in the thirty-ninth century.—*Appleton's Journal.*

PROGRESS OF THE LEDGER.

From the N. Y. Ledger]

My Dear Mr. Bonner:—Well, you have been to Princeton! When a nice little pie was making up in the way of an endowment for the President, you must needs have a finger in it; and now you have put your whole hand into the gymnasium, with ten thousand dollars in it! Oh, consider, what infinite capers, twirls, leaps, swingings, marchings, dances, hurlings, liftings, and athleticisms of every sort, will spring from that ten thousand dollars!

But there is yet a little left of Princeton. The college is not all. Take the Theological Seminary too. There is good matter in it for the *Ledger*. They have wise old heads at Princeton, and if their Theology were trimmed a little, root pruned, the water-shoots cut out, and a little fresh soil dug in about it, it would be admirable.

But then you must insist upon the recognition of the fact that all the clergymen and professors that come into the *Ledger* are right good fellows and take on no airs on account of their theology. They all write fictions. They all tell good stories. And why not? Does not the practice of sermon writing, especially sermons of high theology and high churchism, conduce directly to facility of invention, to unconscious fiction? What is fiction, in the literary sense, but telling things that never happened, just as if they had happened? Is not theology an admirable training for that?

Henry Ward Beecher.

REMARKS BY VIOLET.

I wonder if Henry Ward Beecher knew what a great truth he was uttering when he penned the above for the New York *Ledger*, and I wonder if he realized what a broad shield he was manufacturing, behind which "poor wicked infidels" might dodge.

"They all write fictions." Just think of that, ye poor, hungry souls, wending your way to an orthodox church, hoping and expecting to be spiritually fed,—just please remember that your minister whom you look up to as little less than a God, from whose mouth drop only pearls of wisdom and diamonds of truth (in your opinion), is about to treat you to a fiction, to tell you of things that never happened, just as if they had happened, and the worst of it is, he takes one of the greatest historical fictions that ever was written, for his text book, and tells you solemnly, prayerfully, perhaps tearfully, that every word between its two lids is truth, and your soul's salvation depends upon believing it, though he knows all the while that he is only uttering fiction! But he gets a good salary for it! What would you think if an infidel should mount the pulpit and solemnly and tearfully assert that the writings of Baron Munchausen were truth, instead of things that "never happened?"

"Is not theology an admirable training for that?"

Yes, Mr. Beecher; the world is beginning to get its eyes open and see that it is, and I have no doubt that in your secret soul you believe it too,—notwithstanding the playfulness with which the question was asked; and in the little paragraph heading this article, you have told as much truth as you probably would in a two hour's sermon—especially if your sermons are "fictions."

But I am glad the paragraph was written by a "celebrated divine." Had it been penned by a Spiritualist, it would never have gained admittance into the columns of the *Ledger*, unless the author were rich, and so the public would have lost the benefit of its perusal.

Violet.

Worcester, Mass.

Voices from the People.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.—A. J. Long writes.—We had a discussion of four evenings in the town of Salem, this county, a few weeks ago, between J. W. Pike, Materialist, and John W. Sweeny, of Chicago, Disciple minister. Question:

Resolved, That the Christianity of the Bible is an outgrowth of pre-existing paganism.

Pike affirmed; Elder Sweeny denied. During the discussion Elder Sweeny in attempting to prove the personality of the devil, said he knew there was a personal devil, as he had seen too many spiritual mediums rubbing their eyes while under his influence.

KIRKWOOD, MO.—R. Goodwin writes.—I am this moment impressed to inform you that I still remain in the shell, and have just received the Journal for this week, full of fresh fruit of the season. Oh! God, what a comfort it has been to me during the last four years which I have been doomed to spend in this fashionable hell, alone, without one "religious philosopher" [Spiritualist] within many miles of me, to whom I could pour out the breathings of my soul. I see that Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane has given a seance to the New York press reporters, and that they have been honest enough to acknowledge facts, for which I thank them, however much they may have been at fault heretofore.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Mrs. E. R. Follett writes.—During years of illness, I have been comforted by the assurance of angel presence, and now among strangers, I wish to know what progress our friends abroad are making, and consequently, renew my subscription.

BEAR CREEK, IND.—Granville Phillips writes.—Mrs. A. H. Colby has been lecturing in this vicinity, and she has troubled the waters of old theology considerably, which, like a tall oak with spreading branches, but rotten at the trunk, is already tottering to decay.

VICTORY, MICH.—Timothy Knox writes.—There is no orthodox church here of any kind, and we having no mediums. It is hard to impress our ideas on the minds of the people by hearsay, but the truth must prevail.

☞ A Long Branch belle, named Annie Walsh, dresses eight times a day, and dashes along the Beach behind four different teams during each twenty-four hours.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE SPIRIT'S DESIRE.

By D P. Kayner, M. D.

O home above! for thee I sigh,
When will the moments come
When I shall lay my body by,
And with the angels roam?

The fleeting joys in earth possessed
Do but an earnest give
Of those where through the ages blessed
Our souls will ever live.

And living in that Land of Life,
Where budding hopes all bloom,
All souls, with emulation rife,
Unite their rich perfume.

And like sweet incense doth arise
From spirit-altars, pure
Good-will, all souls to harmonize
And bind with love secure.

The weary souls, from earth set free,
Can their devotions join
In works of angel ministry,
To blend both worlds in one.

Then to that shore I stretch my hands,
And raise my weary eyes,
Waiting to see the angel bands
Before my vision rise,

And hear them call me to me to my home
On yonder blissful shore;
Watching they'll wait until I come,
And leave me nevermore.

FULFILLED PREDICTIONS.

From All the Year Round.

One of the many curious topics of every day talk is the real or alleged fulfillment of real or alleged predictions. We say "every-day talk;" because, for obvious reasons, the prophecies treated by the theologians cannot be noticed here. Of such predictions as seem to have been really fulfilled, let us speak with becoming fairness, keeping clear from all discussion as to the possession, by exceptional persons, of exceptional powers of foresight. There are many reasons why every prediction ought to be judged closely and searchingly to see whether it will stand its ground or not—whether it can render a good account of its birth, parentage and general history.

If we are puzzled at times about the apparent fulfillment of predictions in popular almanacs, it is worth while bearing in view the fact that, when very numerous predictions are made, some of them are likely to be followed by what looks like fulfillment, according to the law of probability—a law well known to actuaries and others engaged in computing tables for life assurance, annuities, survivorships, etc. Every such actuary predicts, in a scientific sense; but it is always by inferring the probabilities of the future from the teachings of the past. If life present the same phenomena in the next half century as it did in the last, then out of a certain number of persons of a certain age, a certain proportion will die in the next twelve months. A curious bit of computation has been made concerning the stupid superstition about thirteen at table. M. Quetelet, a distinguished Belgian savant, has computed that of any thirteen persons, containing a fair proportion of both sexes and different ages living at any one time, it is just about an even chance that some one of them will die within twelve months. If, therefore, one in a company of thirteen should die within this period, there is nothing wonderful in it; but if a predictor states that it is because they all sat down to dinner at one table, or if he asserts that the charm is broken by making the number twelve or fourteen instead of thirteen, then he is bound to prove his case. Besides, no account is ever taken of such of these social gatherings of thirteen, as are not followed by fatal results. The believers in ill omens are silent in such cases.

This opens the path to another aspect of so-called fulfilled predictions. As the law of probability can account for a small number of remarkable instances, so does it take account of the enormous preponderance of cases in which there is no observable coincidence at all. A very pungent truth is contained in the couplet—

What is hit is history;
But what is missed is mystery;

applicable to the fact that every-day believers in the marvelous do not imitate the actuaries or the probability-computers in their mode of reasoning; they are greatly interested in every "hit," every fulfilled prediction; but they do not tabulate those instances in which a "miss" or failure occurs. Lord Bacon so exactly expressed this that he may have been, for ought we know, the originator of the saying; he says that one reason why popular predictions are believed is, "That men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss, as they do generally." And he applies this observation to dreams as well as to predictions.

On a recent occasion, four whist-players cut for partners, and cut the four aces, one each—a thing so strange that it might well have been made the ground work for some omen of good or ill-luck; yet it admits of calculation that there is a probability of such a coincidence presenting itself once in a great number of times. True, the number is something tremendous; for it is computed that, if the players had the longevity of Methuselah, they might continue cutting to the end of their days, as fast as their hands could move, without turning up the four aces a second time. But by the ratio of misses to hits great or small, there is no magic about it. Take all the hundreds and thousands of predictions in a bundle of prophetic almanacs, and it would be strange indeed if none of them hit the mark.

Many predictions come true—that is, many apparent fulfilments take place—because the prophet is a shrewd observer of passing events, or well acquainted with the personal peculiarities of those to whom the prediction is intended to apply. This was, probably, the case with Mademoiselle Lenormand, who had a singularly long reign of popularity in Paris. From 1789 till 1843 she was consulted by a succession of important personages as a fortune teller of high class; every applicant wishing to know something of his or her future fate. Mirabeau, the Princesses de Lamballe, General Hoche, Marshal Lefebre, Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, Barrere, Barras, Madame Tallien, the Empress Josephine, Louis the Eighteenth, the Emperor Alexander, Talleyrand, Madame de Stael—all in turn consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand, and paid her handsomely for her foretellings. She knew the history of all her clients and the circumstances which surrounded them; she was probably shrewd in reading character in the countenance; and she may have made many lucky forecasts. Most likely the failures were not counted.

Fraud is unquestionably concerned in some predictions; those which, as Bacon says, have "by idle and crafty brains been securely contrived and figured after the event past." This is believed to have been the case in regard to many of the so called predictions of the great fire of London. Most of them kept clear of the precise date; while few having the required precision of date could with certainty be traced to a period anterior to the predicted event. Instances are well known in which predictions appear in manuscript in some old book, but with no satisfactory proof of the date of the writing. There is one, credited to the fifteenth century, seeming to prefigure the Crimean war:

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent will assail:
But if the Cock and Bull appear,
The Bear will not prevail.

Colloquialisms suspiciously like those of very recent times.

The French have a liking for a curious kind of prediction or omen, involving the addition of numbers contained in dates, and connected with the lives of distinguished personages. For instance, Robespierre fell from power in 1794, and the first germ of the Napoleon era may be dated from the same year; add to 1794 the four component numbers, one, seven, nine, four, and we come to 1815, the year when Napoleon's power finally ended. Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne in 1874; add 1774 to one, seven, seven, four, and they make 1793, the year when the ill-fated monarch was executed. The great French Revolution began in 1789; add this to one, seven, eight, nine, and we arrive at the year 1814, when the exile to Elba put an end to the French conquests in Europe. The Bourbons were restored in 1815; add this date to one, eight, one, five, and we have the date 1830, when the Bourbons were once more expelled. Louis Philippe was born in 1773, and came to the throne in 1830; add 1830 to one, seven, seven, three, and we come to 1848, the year of his expulsion. His queen, Amelie, was born in 1782; add 1880 to one, seven, eight, two, and we arrive in the same way at the precise year 1848. Once more, that royal couple were married in 1809; add 1830 to one, eight, nought, nine, and here again crops up the fatal year 1848. It is impossible to say how many hundreds of royal and imperial dates would have to be examined before these seven strange coincidence could be found; but we can scarcely wonder that a people fond of such numerical oddities should attach a sort of fatalism to dates. Early last year there was a good deal said on this subject in France, arising out of the following collocation of figures. The present Emperor, Napoleon the Third, was born in 1808, and became Emperor in 1852; add 1852 to one, eight, nought, eight, and you get 1869. Again, his Empress, Eugenie, was born in 1826; add 1852 to one, eight, two, six, and there similarly arises the date 1869. Again, add 1852 to one, eight, five, three, and for a third time you arrive at 1869 "Therefore," it was thought by some, "1869 will witness the downfall of the empire." When the year passed over without any such catastrophe, the figures were manipulated a bit; the Prince President was not actually crowned Emperor till 1853. Predictions can often be made to accommodate themselves to ascertained facts by some such manipulation as this. Still, there can be no doubt, that the dates here collected are very singular; they are odd coincidences, if not fulfilled predictions; and the world will probably see a good many more of them.

The hereditary nobility and old country families are the subjects of many curious speculations of this kind—mostly credited, if at all, by the uneducated peasantry of the neighborhood. Sir Bernard Burke has collected many such stories. One relates to the Lambton family. There is a legend that, in the time of the Crusaders, the head of the house consulted a witch as to the best mode of killing a serpent, monster, or dragon. The witch instructed him, but at the same time told him he must follow up that achievement by putting to death the first living thing he might afterward behold, under penalty that, "for nine generations, the lords of Lambton shall never die in their beds." A plan was laid that a dog should be the victim, but by a mischance the lord's father happened to be the first living being he saw after killing the serpent, Lambton refused to be a parricide. After that it was a fact that nine successive lords of Lambton died otherwise than in their beds. In the Ferrers family, also, there was an old tradition that, whenever a black calf was born at Chartley Park (where the cows were usually of a peculiar sandy white), a Ferrers would die that year. There were six deaths in the family in about thirty years, and each death was preceded by the birth of a black calf. Eastbourne, in like manner, has its local legend. Sir Anthony Browne was holding a revel at Cowdrey Hall in the time of Henry the Eight. A monk appeared, and warned him that, because he had received the church lands of Battle, and the prior lands of Eastbourne, the curse of fire and water should rest on his descendants. It was recorded that, in a period of one hundred years, Cowdrey Hall was burnt down, the owner was drowned in the Rhine on the same day, the male line became extinct, all the sons of the female line likewise became extinct, and the estate again fell to female recipients, who could not hold the title. Very few of these local legends, it is hardly necessary to say, have ever been traced to authentic sources.

A prevalent characteristic of predictions is the vagueness of the language in which they are expressed, so as to render apparent fulfillment possible at any one of the many different dates.

Nostradamus, a French physician who lived three centuries ago, poured forth predictions by the score, each generally contained in a quatrain or four-line stanza. Henry the Second and Charles the Ninth attached great importance to them; but the hits probably bore but a small ratio to the failures; and, indeed, the rhapsodies were illy fitted for exact fulfillment. His name became famous during the time of the Stuarts for the following lines:

Le sang de juste a Londres sera faute!
Le Senat de Londres meteront a mort le roy!
Le Olivier se plantera en terra firma!
Bruiez par feu; de vingt et trois, le six!

But there were suspicions that lines in some editions did not exist in the first published. He spoke in one of his predictions of the defeat of the French army in Italy; but as neither name nor date was mentioned, the fulfillment became a very elastic affair indeed.

In an old volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* it is stated that a prophecy was found in the tomb of a bishop who died during the Middle Ages, foretelling of a struggle between the Lion and the Eagle, Italy to be left desolate, Rome to be burned, and an English Prince to be King of France—all before the end of the nineteenth century. But the dates were not mentioned, nor is there any clue to the time of writing the paper which was "found" in the tomb.

A few years ago there was a report that an old book had predicted the Crimean war, and the price of the book rose accordingly in the market; but when it came to be examined, the announcement was to the effect that in 251 years after 1604, the downfall of the Mahomedan power in Turkey would take place. Now this was rather too much; for the defeat of Russia by the allies in 1855 could hardly be thus interpreted.

William Huntington, in the last century, in one of his sermons, foretold that, before 1870 the Papal See would be turned into darkness, and the Turkish moon into blood; words elastic enough, certainly, to meet very varied modes of fulfillment. Hartley, in his Observations on Man, said: "It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned: and that the present forms of church government will be dissolved," leaving the year and the century quite undetermined.

The mother of the first Napoleon, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, when the star of the house had sunk, often expressed a confidence that her grandson would one day be Emperor; but it was known that the son of Napoleon was the youth whom she had in her thoughts; and not the son of Louis who is now Emperor. A manuscript of old date says that

When time shall come that M and B
With its own fift shall joyned be,
And followed by an X and C
Then Britain shall tremble at the Blue Lilly.

Ominous, this; but then, when one interpreter makes it out to mean the year 1660, another prefers 1960. An old almanac is said (though we know not on what authority) to contain the prediction.

By the pow'rs to see the way through Heaven,
In eighteen hundred and thirty-seven,
Shall the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a King.

Only half true, at most, seeing that William the Fourth reigned the first half of that year. The *Caledonian Mercury* stated, some years ago, that a Scottish minister, named Linn, predicted public events which took place in 1827, 1830, 1843, and 1848, but, irrespective of the vagueness of his language, the old pastor made quite a hobby of foretelling; and he was pretty sure of hitting the mark now and then.

That predictions acting on the imagination, tend sometimes to bring about their fulfillment, is evident in various ways, and has in more countries than one, engaged the attention of the ruling powers. At one time the Roman law forbade the practicing of foretelling, if likely to influence the conduct of the person for or against whom the forecast was directed.

"When a person receives a prophecy, promising him some great elevation of dignity, his disposition is not to sit quiet, awaiting the spontaneous fulfillment of his destiny, but resort to active means for bringing about the event." Our Tudor sovereigns did not lose sight of this matter. Statutes were passed by Henry the Eighth and by Elizabeth, imposing penalties or punishments for the utterance of predictions of evil in national affairs. Coke remarked on this subject: "He that hath read histories shall find what lamentable and fatal events have fallen out upon some prophecies carried out by the invention of wicked men, pretended to be accurate, but merely framed to deceive; and withal, how credulous and inclinable our countrymen in previous times to these have been." Shakspeare had his thoughts in this direction when he drew the character of Macbeth; the prophecy having been uttered that he should be King, he could not wait for its spontaneous fulfillment, but killed Duncan in order to expedite and render certain the result.

The prediction of death is known to be often disastrous in its effects upon the imagination of the persons to whom it applies. And a dream sometimes acts in a similar way. On one occasion, in the last century, a man dreamed that he would die on a certain day; he mentioned the dream to others, but without attaching importance to it. The day passed, and he commented laughingly on the failure of the prediction. "Oh," said a mischief-maker near him, "this is new style, dreams and ghosts reckon by old style; there are eleven days more yet." During those eleven day the imagination of the man brooded over the matter, and he died.

Holinshed speaks of an early Scottish King, who sent one of his courtiers to consult a witch, or wise woman, about the result of a war in which he was engaged. The witch declared that the King would shortly be murdered, and by his own adherents. The prediction (according to the chronicler) brought about its own fulfillment. The courtier argued with himself, "If I tell this to the King, he will think that I am the predestined agent, and will kill me to prevent me from killing him. If I do not tell him, but he learns it of some one else, he will still more surely suspect me." Therefore the courtier, to make sure so far, killed the King. The famous story of Lord Lyttleton is too well known to call for more than a mere reference here.

Many predictions can only be regarded as fulfilled by a little twisting of names and words. The Empress Josephine, it is said, believed a prediction to the effect that she would fall from her high estate, and die in a hospital; she died at Malmaison, a name merely indirectly denoting a hospital.

The Duke of Suffolk, in 1450, was warned to beware of the tower, which would be fatal to him; he died on shipboard, but the interpreters dwelt on the fact that the ship was named St. Nicholas of the Tower. Nero was warned to beware of the seventy-third year; as his death occurred at another age, the interpreters took refuge in the fact that Galba was 73 when he succeeded Nero.

The affair of Birnam Wood and Dunsinane, in Macbeth, is a very good illustration of the mode in which a prediction may be accepted and verified, if those who interpret it are tempted by superstition to play fast and loose with words and phrases.

Speakers' Register.

Spker's Register and Notice of Meetings

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested.

HEREAFTER we shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED with a pledge on their part that they will keep us POSTED in regard to changes; and in addition to that, EXPRESSLY indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by WORD AND DEED.

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium 148, Fourth Ave Chicago Ill.
J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J.
C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
Harrison Augir, Charles City, Iowa.
Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.
Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 394 Laporte Ind.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beulah, Wisconsin.
Henry A. Beach, Spring Valley, N. Y.
J. S. Rouse, Casey, Ill.
H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St.. Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Pennville, Jay Co., Ind.
Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Adress Ancora, N. J.
A. J. Fishback, victoria, Missouri.
Rev. J. Francis, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
I. H. Garretson, Prichland, Iowa.
K. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.
Thomas Harding, box 306, Sturges, Mich.
Samuel S. Harman, Goshen, Ind.
L. D. Hay, late of Huntsville, Texas, will answer calls to lecture,
Mrs. Hoyse, Trance, and Test medium. Waterloo, Wis.
Daniel W. Hull, Inspirational speaker, Hobart, Ind.
Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn, Lecturer
Address him in care of this Office, 189, South Clark Sreet
D. P. Kayner, M. D., Clairvoyant, Erie, Pa.
R. P Lawrence, Inspirational Speaker, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.
J. Mansfield, Inspirational Speaker and Healing Medium, Seville, Ohio.
Miss M. C. McClendon, Inspirational Speaker, Rock Island, Ill.
P. C. Mills, Riverside, Maine.
Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 268 Superior st., Cleveland
Mrs. S. A. Pearsall inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium, Washington, D. C.
Harriet E. Pope, Morristown, Minn.
Dr. P. B Randolph, 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. S. A. Rogers, inspirational speaker. Address in care of A. J. Grover, Rock Island, Ill.
Warren Smith, Elexandria, Madison Co., Ind.
Job Smyth, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture
Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, M.D., lecturer, on Spiritualism, Medical Reform, Physical Culture, etc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn
Benjamin Todd, Portland, Oregon.
Mrs. Benjamin Todd, Inspirational Speaker, Portland, Oregon.
M. M. Tousey, Lake Mills.
J. B. Tupper, trance speaker, Jamestown, Wis.
Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.
Dr. Samuel Underhill, Tonica, Ill.
J. William Van Namee, Trance Speaker, Elmira, N. Y.
Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, inspirational speaker. Address Newcastle, Pa.
E. V. Wilson, Lombard. Ill.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.
Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls Iowa
Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.
John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.
Miss S. C. McClendon, Moline, Ill.
Miss Helen Briggs, Tarrytown, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture.
Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, Trance and Test Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Oil City, Pa
E B. Wheelock, Blairstown, Iowa
Mrs. Fanny Wheelock, Clairvoyant, Blairstown, Iowa.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO AUGUST 20, 1870.

TERMS OF THE
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☞ Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

☞ All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. JONES, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Search After God.

O God, where art thou? If we ascend the high mountain, to the regions of perpetual snow, where the bleak winds kiss the dreary rocks with their cold breath, art thou there? If we walk in the beautiful valley, where industrious man has caused the earth to bloom with flowers, and all nature to laugh with joy, art thou there, —in the tints of the rose and in the golden fields of wheat? If we traverse the arid desert, which has felt only the poisonous breath of the simoon, art thou there also, O God, exercising thy benign influence, and building up that which thou desirest? Art thou everywhere?

The question is indeed pertinent. Never having seen thee; never having heard the tones of thy voice, or felt the soothing influence of thy intelligence, we can not yet answer the question.

We are searching for thee, and we will never relax our efforts until we find thee,—land our frail bark on those shores that reveal thy true character, thy real nature, and thy relation to the worlds and systems of worlds that deck the fair firmament, and to man who dots their surface.

Yes, where art thou? We wish to know, and never will we relinquish our efforts to unveil thee, so long as life tingles in our veins, or energy and strength can sustain us.

We desire to know thee. The Arab sees thee through Mahomet, the Christian through Jesus Christ, the Chinese through Confucius, the Indian hears thee in the wind, sees thee in the storm-cloud, beholds thy smiles in the lurid lightning, feels thy presence in the pattering rain-drops,—in fact, there are those, O God, who seem to see thee in nature and in different individuals, but we do not now recognize thee there.

Bold and fearless, we shall traverse disputed domains, until we are able to draw aside the curtain that screens thee from mortal gaze.

Yes, the question may be well asked, Where is God? We never saw him; you never saw him; the wisest sage in the spirit world never saw him. Then, where is he? O, tell us! We are searching for him, and we *will* discover him. But our mission in this article is to unfold the true character of the orthodox God.

In the creation of this earth, he became weary, and was compelled to rest from all his labors for one day, and as we have never heard of his resuming his work, it is possible he may be resting yet. He made the beasts of the field innocent in disposition, harmoniously organized, and adapted to live in peace together, but he could not keep them so; it is probable that he was very weary. Having made the earth, with its lakes, its rivers, its valleys and hills, its towering mountains and beautiful scenery, and pronounced them perfect in all respects, and in a fit of petulance, cursed it, it is well that he let his cruel, vengeful disposition rest, at least for one day. Having made Adam from the dust of the earth, and Eve from a rib of his, he called them good, but was so grossly negligent in the discharge of his duties that he did not keep them so, it is, therefore, well that he rested from his labors and retired from the field in disgust. After making the beautiful Garden of Eden, and placing Adam and Eve therein, it turned out that he had not given them strength to withstand the seductive wiles of the contemptible Serpent. In view of all these failures, which he committed in six days, it is well that he rested on the seventh to contemplate his extreme foolishness. Having made the serpent and pronounced him good, when he was not good, it was well that he shrunk away to some secluded place to rest,—yes, to rest through all eternity. Having put flaming swords around the Tree of Life, and then allowed some one to steal them,—for they are not there now,—he exhibited his weakness, and showed conclusively that he needed rest. Having allowed the Serpent to thwart him in his designs, to overcome his works, and cast a shadow of gloom over the world, he is unworthy of the name he bears, and should remain at rest through endless ages. Who desires him to resume his works? We arraign him before the Bar of Public Opinion. He is here on trial. You act in the capacity of jury and judge. The orthodoxy are here to defend, while we are the prosecuting attorney, representing 11,000,000 of Spiritualists.

This day we have preferred our charges, knowing full well that the orthodox God is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. The Bible is the weapon of defence of the orthodoxy, and from that book we propose to show that their God is vindictive, revengeful, pusillanimous, given to anger, and wholly unworthy of the position he occupies in the religious horizon.

1st, he made man, but did not protect him.

2d, he made the earth free from vexatious weeds, but could not keep it so.

3d, he made the Serpent more subtle than all the beasts of the field, showing that when he pronounced the work of his hand good, he told a falsehood.

4th, he said Let there be light, and there was light, but he had to go to work as any tailor would, to make garments for Adam and Eve.

5th, he made man and woman, and then repented that he had done the deed.

We pronounce, then, the orthodox God a failure. His works show it; they point significantly at him the hand of scorn and condemnation, and with sarcasm, proclaim that he really is a stupenduous failure. Possessing infinite power, he could not control and direct finite power in the path of happiness. He tried, and failed; and failure in execution always indicates a lack of power and wisdom in devising. He has failed in everything. Nothing, according to the accounts of the orthodox, your own witnesses, has proved a success.

We never saw God. Who ever did see him? He may sparkle in the sunbeam, glisten in the flower, shine forth from the eye, and appear in all the works of nature, yet outside of them, we never saw him and never expect to see him.

When a mere boy, we uttered fervent, innocent, childish prayers to him, sparkling all over with love for a being that we supposed existed somewhere in the regions of space. While we thus worshiped God, we were taught that he had an adversary in the devil, who was distinguished for his cloven foot, and his opposition to all of his works. We could not understand this. We have looked assiduously for the devil, but in vain. Where he is, no one can tell,—no one has ever seen him. God is the organizer, he is the disorganizer. The one builds up, the other tears down; the one creates humanity, the other gobbles it up. If God is omnipresent, his adversary must be likewise, for where there is sin,—according to orthodoxy,—there is the devil also.

Well, this is strange! God omnipresent; sin universal, and wherever there is sin, there is the manifestation of the devil, hence the devil is omnipresent. This is really remarkable! God and the devil omnipresent,—one good, the other evil; one striving to benefit humanity, the other to destroy all the children of earth. Both have eternally existed, and both have been contending for the mastery. The devil is always bad, and never good; God is occasionally bad, and since it is his particular *forte* to be good, he is not as perfect in his order of works and manifestations as the devil in his. Were he always good, he could contend successfully with His Satanic majesty; but then he gets fidgety, becomes angry and irritable, and does many foolish things. In fact, the devil is decidedly more cool and deliberate in his plans and manifestations of power than God. We never knew the devil to have a good streak in his nature, but have known God to have several bad ones.

We do not entertain the idea that the orthodox God ever will be seen. He is ashamed of himself, on account of the superior sagacity of the "arch fiend." Would you not rather be an orthodox devil than an orthodox God? Satan, self-reliant, and knowing exactly wherein lies the weakness of his antagonist, takes advantage of him and invariably comes out ahead. In the Garden of Eden, he was successful. He caused Abraham to lie, and through lying, to become wealthy. He caused God to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. He caused him to send his only begotten son to earth, and then caused the Jews to crucify him. In fact, the devil is still ahead, if reports from orthodox sources are to be relied upon. Still we have never seen either God or the devil. The former showed his back parts to Moses, and called to Adam in the Garden, and presented himself to others in olden times but lately he is more secluded in his habits Nor has the devil ever been seen. We cannot conceive of the cause of his continued absence. Perhaps he is temporarily watching God, and laying his plans to thwart him in some contemplated movement. Ah! we have found him,—he who baffled God in the Garden, and took Jesus on an aerial excursion, he who caused God to boil over with anger, and gave him battle in heaven, but was defeated by a flank movement, and thrust "downward," earthward. Yes, we have found him. He is in his private office. Visitors admitted in the order of their coming. No cards required. An usher always in attendance. No smell of sulphur near his office. All is quiet and orderly. We obtain our information from Elder Knapp of this city, through the *Times*. This Elder Knapp has a dispensary in this city, for doctoring sick souls. He is allopathic in religion, and never administers medicine in homeopathic doses. He prays with vehemence, and preaches as if he had Gabriel's trumpet, and stood with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, his mission being to declare "when time shall be no more." He is now on a raid after unbelievers, and his animadversions of their infidelity sounds as sonorous as a winter's blast But he knows where the devil is, and is constantly shooting towards him the denunciations of his tongue.

To illustrate the true character of the orthodox God, we take the following from *The Voices*, by Warren Sumner Barlow:

Again I ask, Who then can blame
A nation bowed with grief,
For seeking gods of higher aim,
To find with them relief,

Where peace might smooth their thorny path
And light some joyous way;
Where kindly words, displacing wrath,
Might cheer them day by day?

But sad their hopes, how quickly turned
Their day to dismal night;
For Godly wrath yet hotly burned,
With its vindictive might.

God sold them to their foes for slaves,
Where lingering hope might die;
Then tortured them to death's dark waves,
And scorned their bitter cry.

Thus Abraham's "unnumbered" race,
God's loved and chosen seed,
To people every land and race,
The ensign of his creed,

Are now abandoned to their fate,
Nay more—to meet his wrath,
With maledictions of his hate,
Converging in their path.

Thus God's great plan hath wholly failed,
Which clearly is revealed:
His rival having e'er prevailed
In each contested field.

Thus Satan, with unnumbered throng,
Embracing tribes and nations,
God's former hope, his joy and song,
Of many generations,

Are now within the devil's clasp,
Obedient to his will,
Who holds them all within his grasp,
His purpose to fulfil.

And yet it seems a peaceful reign
Would be the devil's choice;
If undisturbed he could remain,
And none oppose his voice;

For, who can read that he hath waged
A war on any nation?
Or even hath his foes outraged,
In any generation?

But like a worthy, peaceful king,
Whose throne seemed quite unshaken,
Devised the good and useful thing,
To have the census taken.

King David yielded his command;
With cheerful resignation,
He freely gave his willing hand
To Satan's wise vocation.

Thus David numbered Israel's seed,
This sore afflicted race,
By which he saw who were in need,
Or had no resting place.

An act that nations justify,
Where civil laws prevail,
Of which their records testify:
Then why should God bewail?

Though Satan took the census first,
Should envious hate pursue it?
Whate'er is good, should not be cursed,
No matter who may do it.

But David well performed his part,
While servant of the devil;
And numbered all with cheerful heart,
Without apparent evil.

No doubt he loved his new employ,
For which he had great cause;
For righteous deeds bring peace and joy,
Compared to kilns and saws

By which he murdered helpless man,
Impelled by God's intent,
As part of his vindictive plan
To torture and torment.

God's former host, and chosen seed,
Were few and far between,
While those who were to take the lead,
With open foes were seen.

Yet God to make his numbers great,
Called every man a hundred;
Which makes it plain why he should hate
To have them rightly numbered.

For which he was so much displeased,
His vengeance spoke again,
By blood would only be appeased,
To flood the earth like rain.

Three forms of death from which to choose,
Laid David in great straight,
For he could only two refuse,
Hence one must be his fate.

First, three years' famine in the land,
With starving, ling'ring death,
Or die by foes with sword in hand,
With three years' lease on breath;

Or three days' vengeance of the Lord,
Throughout fair Israel's coast,
Or pestilence so wide and broad,
Of which a fiend could boast.

He soon decides, though in a straight,
Within God's hands to fall;
In hope that mercies very great,
Might save himself and all.

But hope for mercy was in vain,
For pestilential ire
Baptizes seventy thousand slain,
Fulfilling God's desire.

An angel next in God's command,
Commissioned with his wrath,
Came down to desolate the land,
And darken every path.

Jerusalem in all its pride.
Was also doomed to fall;
Her streets to bear a crimson tide,
And float a funeral pall.

But David now their cause did plead,
And said it was not they,
Who counted Israel's wayward seed,
Then why this people slay?

'Twas I who numbered Israel's race,
Slay me, if any one;
Or strike my father's resting place,
For justice should be done.

This little speech assuaged the Lord,
Who now perceived his error,
His angel sheathed his thirsty sword,
And calmed the raging terror.

Thus while the wailings of despair
Were being hushed in death,
God's voice electrified the air,
With warm repenting breath.

At once he gave the countermand,
Revoking his decree,
"It is enough stay now thy hand,
And set the remnant free."

Thus God miscounts, decrees, debates,
Repents of maddened rage,
And clusters these conflicting traits
On one recorded page.

* * * * * * * *

O God of love—the father of the race,
Whose kindly care pervades all time and space,
Whose will is law, through all extent the same,
Whose law is changeless as thy holy name;
Whose throne and central point is everywhere;
Who giveth unto each thy constant care;
Teach us to know and love thee as thou art;
That thou canst not from laws ordained depart;
That plans matured ere Time's old march began,
Are yet the same unchanged and changeless plan;
That worlds and systems in their wondrous rounds,
Have their rotation, circuit, laws and bounds;
That every soul is moulded by thy hand;
Its being, end and aim by thee was planned;
That all alike are agents of thy will,
Thy grand design and noble end fulfill.
We love, O God! to venerate thy name,
But feel that Moses' God is not the same,
Or if the same, wert then misunderstood
By those who were considered wise and good.

It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a God, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, themselves describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A God of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

Not yet satisfied with the God of the Bible, we shall still continue our search, unveiling, by and by, some grand laws of nature.

☞ An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate, or wait for suthin to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

Strange Incident.

MRS. M. J. Wilcoxson, who has been East for some time, gives us the following incident in relation to the appearance of the likeness of a woman on a grave-stone:

"While in Bridgeport, Ct., I learned of a singular phenomenon, which has attracted much attention in that city. The story, whether true or not, runs thus: A child was grossly abused by its step-mother, and at last burst the chains of mortality, and its delicate form was thus early deposited in the bosom of Mother Earth. After an indefinite lapse of time, a dark figure of the form of a woman in full dress, came on the surface of the head stone, opposite the inscription. The step-mother was seen to go there, and attempt by scouring and washing, to remove it. At last, runs the story, the stone was removed, and another put in its place—when, in due course of time, the same figure appeared as before. It is to be seen at present in the old cemetery, and from personal examination, I can state that the appearance, however produced, is so striking as to attract the attention of visitors. Marks, as if some one had sought to remove it by scraping, are cut deep in the stone. The form from the neck down, is quite perfect, and appears with the face turned away, and the arms thrown up, as in some agony of excitement or horror. I doubt from indications of age upon the stone, which is dated back over twenty years, that any second stone has ever taken the site of the first, but the fact that the delineation is so complete, as to become matter of public notoriety,—places it in an important corner of spiritual science. Of course, much speculation is rife, and all express curiosity concerning it."

Strange occurrences happen in the human family. A gentleman in the employ of this office, was egregiously abused when a mere boy by his step mother, and though lame from the effects of rheumatism, and not able to do manual labor, he was ruthlessly driven away from home, and as he was taking his departure with four or five school books and two shirts, all his earthly possession, to go,—he knew not whither,—he remarked, "She will (his step mother) be lamer than I am sometime." Strange to say, within a few months she became lame, and has been compelled to use a crutch or cane during the last ten years. It is a fact, that no one can do a wrong deed without suffering therefrom in some manner. The effects thereof may not appear on a "tombstone" to haunt you, or make you lame, but we assure you, you can not avoid the effects thereof, and you will feel it here or hereafter. The boy that this step-mother turned out into the cold world, has prospered and occupied prominent positions, while the one who tried to crush him, is dragging out a miserable existence.

"The Blood of Christ."

VIRGIL, C. W., AUG., 10th.

BROTHER JONES:—I send you one dollar to renew my subscription, thinking one dollar better than none. I could get subscribers if it were not for those pieces that ridicule the blood of Christ. They think it sacriligious and irreverent, but I will do the best I can for you. I cannot do without the paper so long as I can get one dollar at a time.

E. A. BRISTOL.

REMARKS:—The RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is *iconoclastic*. Its mission is to break down images, the idols of idolatrous worshipers, to be found in modified forms among Christians as well as pagans.

What a God for sensible men and women to worship,—a God whose wrath is appeased, first, with the blood of bulls and rams—then with the sacrifice of his only son—avaunt, thou spectre of ignorance!

If the JOURNAL can only secure patronage by catering to a sentiment whose parentage was but a little in advance of the wild Hottentots, let it sink into oblivion, and there remain, if necessary, until, in the cycles of time, the human mind shall be sufficiently developed to bear the truth, even to the shaking off of theological dogmas of infallibility in men or sacred books. But that age has come. The desperate efforts now being made by Catholics and Protestants, to check what they are pleased to term infidelity, are but the writhings and last throes of a dying system of religion, based in ignorance and servitude.

The wisdom of the age ushers in a new era, where intelligence is master. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has appeared at the present time, just as pre determined by the *invisible powers of light* in the higher spheres. It has encountered and overcome foes within and without, and its intrinsic worth is now admitted and duly appreciated. It now has a *material* support which places it beyond any contingency of success.

It will wield the sword of truth without regard to the prejudice of ignorance, fully believing that men and women without number, can bear strong meat, and the *light* of reason and common-sense.

We thank our correspondent, as well as thousands of others who are making efforts to give circulation to the JOURNAL.

Letter from George Shumway.

Buxton, Aug. 10th.

S. S. Jones—Dear Brother:—I feel aggrieved—no, that is not the word,—I feel mad!

Some infidel scamp gets my papers and wears them out before they reach Buxton. I have borne this all summer, and now I want a stop put to it. If you can find out where the stoppage is, please do so, and oblige. Yours fraternally,

G. SHUMWAY.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest, etc."

The thief who steals your paper is made up like the rest of the world, with slight variations. He is a thief, yet he in degree likes the truth. The JOURNAL is just the thing for him. He will soon be honest enough to subscribe and pay for it. Then yours will go safely through to you. If we knew his name, we would put it on the free list.

Now, brother, whenever you miss a number, send to this office, and we will make it good to you. Be patient with the undeveloped sinner who steals the JOURNAL.

Dr. J. K. Bailey

Addressed an attentive audience at Charles City, Iowa, on the 7th inst. Subject:

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

His argument was clear, logical, forcible, and eloquent. As an orator he has few equals. His progressive teachings are fully up to the standard of this progressive age.

Spiritualists should use every honorable means to assist such men, by their influence, money and kind, brotherly actions, when they tarry at their homes. By so doing they greatly assist in bringing good results to all concerned.

Mrs. J. M. Lanston.

Hannibal, Mo., Aug. 10, 1870.

S. S. JONES:—Believing that the Spiritual Library Association of this place owes it, as an act of justice to a noble and every way worthy woman, that we should bear testimony in her favor. I, according to instructions, will do so. Please insert in your columns, as coming from us, the following notice, and oblige.

Respectfully,

G. A. RICHARDSON,
Sec'y Spiritual Library Association, Hannibal, Mo.

TESTIMONIAL.

Mrs J. M. Lanston, of Washington, D. C., has been lecturing for us since last April, and will probably leave us about the 1st of September. Mrs. Lanston is a talented inspirational speaker on all the topics of the day, connected with Spiritualism, and has dealt some of the heaviest blows old theology has received since that staunch old wheel-horse, E. V. Wilson, lectured here, and has had good audiences all through her engagement, and will "hold her own" with the best of our speakers. She is also a fine psychometric reader, both clairvoyant and clairaudient. She is not only a *lady* in every respect, but is thoroughly and truely a *woman*. She will carry the best wishes of the Spiritualists of Hannibal with her wherever she goes.

The Debate.

We have transferred the FRONTIER DEPARTMENT to the first page of the JOURNAL, where it will remain during the publication of the debate between E. V. Wilson and Geo. C. Haddock. It will run through several numbers of the JOURNAL, and will prove of great interest to our readers.

J. R. Murphy.

Formerly took the JOURNAL at Northfield, Minnesota. He has left that place, owing for this paper the sum of $2 50. The Post master at Northfield does not know his present place of residence.

We hope he will respond by remitting the amount due, and save his name from appearing in the 'Black List.'"

The Sick Are Cured.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth avenue, Chicago, continues to receive letters from all parts of the country, for diagnoses of the diseases of the sick, and for prescriptions to heal them. No medium now before the public has met with greater success in curing all manner of diseases that flesh is heir to.

Mrs. S. Lovering.

The above named lady is doing very finely as a healing and trance medium. She spends most of her time in towns adjacent to Chicago, and about a week at a time in each place, thereby giving the sick, as well as the investigator, an opportunity to test her powers. We with pleasure bespeak for her a hearty welcome among our friends wherever she may go. She may be addressed in care of this office.

Dr. William Persons,

The well-known healing medium, has returned to Chicago, and can be found at the Adams House for a few weeks.

The Doctor has a world-wide reputation as a first-class healer.

Personal and Local.

—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is now east. She is one of our most able lecturers. Her every day life bears a demonstration of her teachings. She should be kept constantly in the field.

—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou was in the city during the past week. She has been sojourning for some time in Minnesota.

—Dr. Underhill is still at Tonica, Ill.

—Dr. Kayner, of Erie, Penn., will answer calls to lecture. He is an excellent clairvoyant, a skillful physician, and an entertaining speaker.

—A. B. Whiting will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, the Sundays of August. He will answer calls to lecture week evenings, in this vicinity. Address care Dr. S. L. Avery, 85 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Literary Notices.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, devoted to the development of the country. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, San Francisco, California. For sale by all News-dealers.

We have often spoken in high terms of this most excellent magazine, and again recommend it to our readers. The *Overland*, though published on the Pacific Coast, is excelled by none, and equalled by but few of its Eastern contemporaries. Volume 5th commences with the July number, and all who desire to become better acquainted with the great West, should subscribe for it.

Amusements.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Mr. Collins closes his first week at McVickers this evening, with "The Irish Ambassador," and "His Last Legs."

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

This afternoon and evening "Foul Play" will be given at the Museum, with the following cast:

Robert Penfold, Frank Aiken; *Mr. Wardlaw*, Keller; *Arthur Wardlaw*, Blaisdell; *Sir Edward Rolleston*, Wentworth; *Michael Penfold*, Browne; *Joe Wylie*, Jennings; *Hawkins*, Mortimer; *Burtenshaw*, Soggs; *Atkins*, Ladey; *Messenger*, Bairnard; *Servant*, Wade; *Helen*, Mrs. Allen; *Nancy*, Mrs. Stonecall; *Maid*, Miss Marble. In addition to "Foul Play," "The Wandering Minstrel" will be given, with Mr. Fawcett in the leading *role*.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Lydia Thompson closes her engagement at the Opera House this evening, with the performance of "Mosquito," originally written for her by Dumas.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

The Minstrels repeat their week's bill this evening at the Dearborn. We need not urge any one to go, as it would be a positive injustice to the Minstrels and the public. The theatre is crowded nightly, and the Minstrels deserve it.

Philadelphia Department.

BY........................ H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail. at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Rest.

There are hours when the soul, wearied with the toilsome routine of this busy life, mounts upward, and leaving these earthly surroundings, reaches out into a quiet, peaceful atmosphere that is so congenial to it, that it would fain remain there evermore. We have all experienced these seasons of transfiguration in which it seemed indeed that we must build for ourselves tabernacles wherein we may ever remain. But it is not to be so. We must come down to the daily plodding routine of life.

We learn by these heavenly visions,—for they are such, that it is possible to increase the sum of our happiness by living in conditions which will enable us frequently to realize such rest. One of the best ideas of heaven is, that it is a place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary soul finds rest.

There is a philosophy in this, but weariness does not come alone from labor. The very worst forms of it come from the inability to labor, and especially to accomplish that which the soul desires. Our heaven will be one of work, and it must be successful work,—work that *accomplishes its object*, for in this is the sum of our happiness.

We can look back upon the most severe and painful struggles of life, and when they have been successful, and produced the desired results, their contemplation is a source of happiness to us.

We weary each other in this life by our misunderstanding and want of appreciation. Mankind, especially the more sensitive portion of them, are every where suffering from this cause, and the most sensitive feel the keenest anguish, because no one fully realizes their conditions, their aspirations or their necessities.

From the earliest experience, it has ever been the earnest desire of the soul to be appreciated, and those who can reach to the depths of the human soul, and discover its real conditions and wants, are the ministering angels who bless us all through life. To be able to tell a person what they are thinking, and especially what they really need, is a power which should not be lightly valued, for it is the key that will unlock the secrets of true happiness. There are many spirits who are seeking thus to minister at the altar of the human soul, and to enable their mediums to be in reality, helpers of their fellow men. One of the most beautiful phases of modern Spiritualism, is that it teaches all who truely appreciate and understand it, to find rest.

In the proper relations of life here, where soul with soul blends in beauty, then the angels always come to bless us. In all the directions we have received for forming circles for the reception of spirit communion, the first and most important point is, that there shall be harmony and good feeling on the part of all who compose it. Some very superficial observers, have been weak enough to boast that they can break up any circle, and prevent the spirits from communicating. Wonderful power! Why, the great Behemoth, as he trampled over the earth, might as well boast that with his huge feet, he could crush out the products of the farm, and especially the beautiful and delicate flowers of the garden.

The nearer souls are drawn together, in true sympathy and pure love, the more perfectly can the spirits bring their influence upon us.

The most perfect rest may be obtained in this sweet and holy communion, where the loved ones come, and with a freedom which comes alone from truth and purity, they fan our brows with celestial airs, and breathe into our spirits the calm and holy reliance which will sustain us in all the trials and conflicts of life, and enable us to go on our way rejoicing, even when trouble is all around us.

Spirits do not desire to take us out of the world or its labors, but to strengthen us and give us that rest which will enable us to do our part well in the great drama of life. One of the most important results of the spiritual movement, is that power which it gives to the individual to rise above the storms and tempests of this life, and in calmness and serenity walk amid the rolling billows, and be able to say, thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. That this can be done, we know, for like Jesus we may call upon legions of angels, and though they may not save us from being crucified, as they could not him, still they may give that which is more, the power to triumph over all. They may lift us as they did him and many others, entirely above the influence which would crucify the body.

The mission of Spiritualism is unquestionably to give rest to the weary souls, and show us that love and truth are more mighty than strife and falsehood.

The Spiritualist who has thus understood its mission, can turn away from the turmoil of life, and find in the sweet communion of the angel hosts, a rest which the world can neither give nor take away. We should seek for, and practice this, every day, and thus enable the soul by receiving the blessings which are designed for it, to put forth its petals, and give out its fragrance to all around it. We have failed to express our feelings, but perhaps some one may find in these suggestions, a stepping-stone for them to walk into the shades of some beautiful grove, where they may find rest.

Buried Alive.

We have reason to believe that premature interments do occasionally occur. The ordinary signs of death are very uncertain. We have seen that persons may be entranced for days, and even weeks, and be in a condition to present none of the ordinary signs of life. As a general rule, there is little difficulty in determining when death has taken place. The ordinary phenomenal changes which precede it, are familiar to most persons, and the result is generally unmistakable, but as there are cases where these fail to determine the question, it is important that all should know what are the positive and reliable signs of death.

The only one that we know of, is decomposition of that part of the system in which the central, vital organs are located. Decomposition may take place on the extremities before the vital spark has left the body, but never in the central organs. The proper course is to lay the body away in a room where the temperature is moderate, and let it remain there until decomposition begins to take place about the chest and abdomen.

We protest, most emphatically, against a practice, very common in our cities, even in the Winter season, when there is not the least excuse for it, of covering the body,—shortly after it is supposed to be dead, with ice. We do not see how any more effectual means of taking life, could be devised than this, and there is not the least necessity for it, for the decomposition which is the essential test of death, can be arrested at any moment by the application of ice in this way, and if the supposed "preservation of the beauty of the corpse," should result in the death of one in ten thousand, it would be a fearful price for so small a thing.

This subject assumes a higher degree of importance, since we have learned from spirits that they are seeking to entrance as many persons as they can, in order that they may escape, not only the pains, but even the consciousness of death, which a false theology has clothed in such dark and fearful habiliaments. Another test, which we as Spiritualists must ever rejoice in, is the return of the spirit which has left its outward tabernacle and prison-house, and gone forth into the beautiful land of the hereafter. Whenever these, accompanied by the loved ones, who have met them on the bright shore of the beyond, are enabled to come and give us the cheering response that our hearts have called for so earnestly, then indeed is there consolation for the mourner, and joy for those who weep. Suspense, either in regard to our friends still in the form, or to those who have gone forth into the vast unknown, is one of the most distressing feelings that can weigh down the human soul, and it is the blessed knowledge which Spiritualism brings, that has lifted this burden from thousands of human souls, and sent them on their way rejoicing even amid the shadows of earth, because they have realized something of the sunshine of eternity which has fallen across their pathway, and revealed to them a knowledge of the conditions of their loved ones, who have gone on before them. While, therefore, for us the victory of the grave is lost, and the sting of death is removed; we feel an interest in common with all mankind, in using all the means in our power to retain the spirit in the form, while it is a proper tabernacle for it, and we join in the general feeling of earnest protest, against consigning a living being to the tomb.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

SPIRITUAL GROVE MEETING.

There will be a Two Days Grove Meeting at Brother Jonas Rowe's in the town of Plymouth near Parker's Lake, on the Medina road from Minneapolis, Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of September.

Speakers—Mrs. Colburn, H. H. Smith, Wm. Wakefield, and your humble servant.

Come friends, let us have a good time with the angels, that are ever ready to minister to our wants.

Bring your dinners, and come prepared to feel at home. Invite everybody.

J. L. Patten.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fourth Annual Convention.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

Local Societies and Lyceums will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members and one for each fraction thereof.

Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates.

Emma Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

HUDSON TUTTLE, *Pres't.*
GEORGE WM. WILSON, *Sec'y.*

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 28th, 29th and 30th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

There will be good lectures for the occasion.

We cordially invite all lecturers and Free Thinkers to participate with us.

Come and see our young State Capitol, where we can speak our minds freely.

By Order of the Committee;

ALONZO ROGERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAONI, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Laoni, Chatauqua, Co., New York, on Saturday, and Sunday, September 3d and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

This Convention is called at Laoni by the solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

Past experiences at conventions of this kind furnish sufficient guarantee that another of those rich Pentecostal seasons will be enjoyed, and that good speaking and singing will abound. Invitations extended to all speakers for truth and Harmonial Philosophy.

J. W. Seaver,
F. I. Clum,
Frank Rice. } Committee,

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

—This Convention will be held at Eagle Hall, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, the last day of August, 1870.

Speakers will be entertained free. Board can be had in hotels and in private families, at prices ranging from $1.00 to $1.50 per day.

Efforts will be made to obtain reduction of fare on the railroads. Speakers and others desiring to attend will write to Mr. Josiah P. Hatch, Concord, N. H.

All persons from abroad are invited to attend and be at home with us the same as citizens of our own State.

Now, let us have a demonstration worthy of our cause. Let every village, town and hamlet in our State, be represented by all good Spiritualists, and others.

{ Frank Chase,
{ Mrs. Abijah Averill.
Secretaries.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists,

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province having organized Societies, is invited to send delegates, according to the number of representatives,—the District of Columbia to send two delegates,—to attend and participate in the business that will come before this meeting.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees;

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., *Secretary.*
634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Board will meet on Monday, the 19th of September at 3 o'clock p. m. at the hall above named.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Annual Grove Meeting in John Haskell's Grove, at Cicero, on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th. Warren Woolson is expected to speak.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRADE MARK.



PATENTED.

Phenomenal.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Parris and his "Circle."

From Upham's Review.

Mr. Parris had lived in the West Indies for some years, and had brought several slaves with him to Salem. One of these, an Indian named John, and Tituba his wife, seem to have been full of the gross superstitions of their people, and of the frame and temperament best adapted for the practice of demonology. In such a state of affairs the pastor actually formed, or allowed to be formed, a society of young girls between the ages of eight and eighteen to meet in his parsonage. It really seems that these young persons were laboring under strong nervous excitement, which was encouraged rather than repressed, by the means employed by their spiritual director. Instead of treating them as the subjects of morbid delusion, Mr. Parris regarded them as the victims of external diabolical influence; and this influence was, strangely enough, supposed to be exercised, on the evidence of the children themselves, by some of the most pious and respectable members of the community.

We need not describe the course of events. In the dull life of the country, the excitement of the proceedings in the "circle" was welcome, no doubt; and it was always on the increase. whatever trickery there might be—and no doupt there was plenty; whatever excitement to hysteria, whatever actual sharpening of common faculties, it is clear that there was more; and those who have given due and dispassionate attention to the processes of mesmerism and can have no difficulty in understanding the reports handed down of what these young creatures did, and said, and saw, under peculiar conditions of the nervous system. When the physicians of the district could see no explanation of the ailments of "the afflicted children" but "the evil hand," no doubt could remain to those who consulted them of these agonies being the work of Satan. The matter was settled at once. But Satan can work only through human agents; and who were his instruments for the affliction of these children? Here was the opening through which calamity rushed in; and for half a year this favored corner of the godly land of New England was turned into a hell. The more the children were stared at and pitied, the bolder they grew in their vagaries, till at last they broke through the restraints of public worship, and talked nonsense to the minister in the pulpit, and profaned the prayers. Mr. Parris assembled all the divines he could collect at the parsonage, and made his troop go through their performances—the result of which was a general groan over the presence of the evil one, and a passionate intercession for the "afflicted children."

THE INQUISITIONS.—SARAH GOOD.

The first step toward relief was to learn who it was that had stricken them; and the readiest means that occurred was to ask this question of the children themselves. At first, they named no names, or what they said was not disclosed; but there was soon an end of all such delicacy. The first symptoms had occurred in November, 1691; and the first public examination of witches took place on the 1st of March following. We shall cite as few of the cases as will suffice for our purpose; for they are exceedingly painful; and there is something more instructive for us in the spectacle of the consequences, and in the suggestions of the story, than in the scenery of persecution and murder.

In the first group of accused persons was one Sarah Good, a weak, ignorant, poor, despised woman, whose equally weak and ignorant husband had forsaken her, and left her to the mercy of evil tongues. He had called her an enemy to all good, and had said that if she was not a witch, he feared she would be one shortly. Her assertions under examination were that she knew nothing about the matter; that she had hurt nobody, nor employed anybody to hurt another; that she served God; and that the God she served was He who made heaven and earth. It appears, however, that she believed in the reality of the "affliction;" for she ended by accusing a fellow-prisoner of having hurt the children. The report of the examination, noted at the time by two of the heads of the congregation, is inane and silly beyond belief; yet the celebration was unutterably solemn to the assembled crowd of fellow-worshipers; and it sealed the doom of the community, in regard to peace and good repute.

A CHILD WITCH.

Mrs. Good was carried to jail. Not long after, her little daughter Dorcas, aged four years, was apprehended at the suit of the brothers Putnam, chief citizens of Salem. There was plenty of testimony produced of bitings, chokings and pinchings inflicted by this infant; and she was committed to prison, and probably, as Mr. Upham says, fettered with the same chains which bound her mother. Nothing short of chains could keep witches from flying away; and they were chained at the cost of the State, when they could not pay for their own irons. As these poor creatures were friendless and poverty-stricken, it is some comfort to find the jailer charging for "two blankets for Sarah Good's child," costing ten shillings.

What became of little Dorcas, with her healthy looks and natural child-like spirits, noticed by her accusers, we do not learn. Her mother lay in chains till the 29th of June, when she was brought out to receive sentence. She was hanged on the 19th of July, after having relieved her heart by a vehement speech, of some of the passion which weighed upon it. She does not seem to be capable of much thought. One of the accusers was convicted of a flagrant lie, in the act of giving testimony; but the narrator, Hutchinson, while giving the fact, treats it as of no consequence, because Sir Mathew Hale and the jury of his court were satisfied with the condemnation of a witch under precisely the same circumstances. The parting glimpse we have of this first victim is dismally true on the face of it. It is most characteristic.

"Sarah Good appears to have been an unfortunate woman, having been subject to poverty, and consequent sadness and melancholy. But she was not wholly broken in spirit. Mr. Noyes at the time of her execution, urged her very strenuously to confess. Among other things, he told her, 'she was a witch, and that she knew she was a witch.' She was conscious of her innocence, and felt that she was oppressed, outraged, trampled upon, and about to be murdered under the forms of law; and her indignation was roused against her persecutors. She could not bear in silence the cruel aspersion; and although she was about to be launched into eternity, the torrent of her feelings could not be restrained, but burst upon the head of him who uttered the false accusation. 'You are a liar,' said she. 'I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink.' Hutchinson says that in his day, there was a tradition among the people of Salem, and it has descended to the present time, that the manner of Mr. Noyes' death strangely verified the prediction thus wrung from the incensed spirit of the dying woman. He was exceedingly corpulent, of a plethoric habit, and died of an internal hemorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth." (Vol. ii. p. 269.)

When she had been in her grave nearly twenty years, her representatives,—little Dorcas perhaps for one, were presented with thirty pounds sterling, as a grant from the Crown, as a compensation for the mistake of hanging her without reason and against evidence.

THE TOWNE SISTERS.

In the early part of the century, a devout family named Towne were living at Great Yarmouth, in the English county of Norfolk. About the time of the King's execution they emigrated to Massachusetts. William Towne and his wife carried with them two daughters; and another daughter and a son were born to them afterward in Salem. The three daughters were baptized at long intervals, and the eldest, Rebecca, must have been at least twenty years older than Sarah, and a dozen or more years older than Mary. A sketch of the fate of these three sisters contains within it the history of a century.

On the map which Mr. Upham presents us with, one of the most conspicuous estates is an inclosure of 300 acres, which had a significant story of its own—too long for us to enter upon. We need only say that there had been many strifes about this property,—fights about boundaries, and stripping of timber, and a series o lawsuits. Yet, from 1678 onward, the actual residents in the mansion had lived in peace, taking no notice of wrangles which did not under the conditions of purchase affect them, but only the former proprietor. The frontispiece of Mr. Upham's book shows us what the mansion of an opulent landowner was like in the early days of the colony. It is the portrait of the house in which the eldest daughter of Wm. Towne was living at the date of the Salem Tragedy.

Rebecca, then the aged wife of Francis Nurse, was a great-grandmother, and between seventy and eighty years of age. No old age could have had a more lovely aspect than hers. Her husband was, as he had always been, devoted to her, and the estate was a colony of sons and daughters, and their wives and husbands; for "Landlord Nurse" had divided his land between his four sons and three sons-in-law, and had built homesteads for them all, as they married and settled. Mrs. Nurse was in full activity of faculty, except being somewhat deaf from age; and her health was good, except for certain infirmities of long standing, which required the zeal and malice of such a divine as Mr. Parris to convert into "devil's marks." As for her repute in the society of which she was the honored head, we learn what it was by the testimony supplied by forty persons,—neighbors and householders,—who were inquired of in regard to their opinion of her in the day of her sore trial. Some of them had known her above forty years; they had seen her bring up a large family in uprightness; they had remarked the beauty of her Christian profession and conduct, and had never heard or observed any evil of her. This was Rebecca the eldest.

The next, Mary, was now fifty-eight years old, the wife of "Goodman Easty," the owner of a large farm. She had seven children, and was living in ease and welfare of every sort when overtaken by the same calamity as her sister Nurse. Sarah, the youngest, had married twice. Her present husband was Peter Cloyse, whose name occurs in the parish records, and in various depositions which show that he was a prominent citizen. When Mr. Parish was publicly complaining of neglect in respect to firewood for the parsonage, and of lukewarmness on the part of the hearers of his services, "Landlord Nurse" was a member of the committee who had to deal with him; and his relatives were probably among the majority who were longing for Mr. Parris' departure. In these circumstances, it was not altogether surprising that "the afflicted children" trained in the parsonage parlor, ventured, after their first successes, to name the honored "Good Nurse" as one of the allies lately acquired by Satan. They saw her here, there, everywhere, when she was sitting quietly at home. They saw her biting the black servants, choking, pinching and pricking women and children; and if she was examined, devil's marks would doubtless be found upon her. She *was* examined by a jury of her own sex. Neither the testimony of her sisters and daughters as to her infirmities, nor the disgust of decent neighbors, nor the common suggestions of reason and feeling, availed to save her from the injury of being reported to have what the witnesses were looking for.

We have a glimpse of her in her home when the first conception of her impending fate opened upon her. Four esteemed persons, one of whom was her brother-in-law, Mr. Cloyse, made the following deposition, in the prospect of the victim being dragged before the public.

"We whose names are underwritten being desired to go to Goodman Nurse, his house, to speak with his wife, and to tell her that several of the afflicted persons mentioned her, and accordingly we went; and we found her in a weak and low condition in body as she told us, and had been sick a week. And we asked her how it was otherwise with her, and she said she blessed God for it, she had more of His presence in this sickness than sometimes she has had, but not so much as she desired; but she would with the Apostle, press forward to the mark; and many other places of Scripture to the like purpose. And then of her own accord she began to speak of the affliction that was among them, and in particular of Mr. Parris' family, and how she was grieved for them, though she had not been to see them by reason of fits that she formerly used to have; for people said it was awful to behold; but she pitied them with all her heart, and went to God for them. But she said she heard that there was persons spoke of that were innocent as she was, she believed; and after much to this purpose, we told her we heard that she was spoken of also. 'Well,' she said, 'if it be so, the Lord's will be done.' She sat still awhile being as it were amazed; and then she said, 'Well, as to this thing I am innocent as a child unborn; but surely,' she said, 'what sin hath God found out in me unrepented of, that he should lay such an affliction upon me in my old age?' and according to our best observation, we could not discern that she knew what we came for before we told her.

ISREAL PORTER, DANIEL ANDREW,
ELIZABETH PORTER, PETER CLOYSE."

On the 22nd of March she was brought into the thronged meeting house to be accused before the magistrates, and to answer as she best could. We must pass over those painful pages, where nonsense, spasms of hysteria, new and strange to their worships, cunning, cruelty, blasphemy, indecency, turned the house of prayer into a hell for the time. The aged woman could explained nothing. She simply asserted her innocence, and supposed that some evil spirit was at work. One thing more she could do,—she could endure with calmness, malice and injustice which are too much for our composure at a distance of nearly two centuries. She felt the *animus* of her enemies, and she pointed out how they perverted whatever she said, but no impatient word escaped her. She was evidently as much perplexed as anybody present. When weary and disheartened, and worn out with the noise and the numbers, and the hysterics of the afflicted, her head dropped on one shoulder. Immediately all the "afflicted" had twisted necks, and rude hands seized her head to set it upright, lest other necks should be broken by her ill offices." Everything went against her, and the result was what had been hoped by the agitators. The venerable matron was carried to jail and put in irons.

DEPOSITIONS OF PARRIS AND HIS TOOLS.

Now Mr. Parris' time had arrived, and he broadly accused her of murder, employing for the purpose a fitting instrument—Mrs. Ann Putnam, the mother of one of the afflicted children, and herself of highly nervous temperment, undisciplined mind, and absolute devotedness to her pastor. Her deposition, preceded by a short one of Mr. Parris, will show the quality of evidence upon which judicial murder was inflicted:

"Mr. Parris gave in a deposition against her, from which it appears, that a certain person being sick, Mercy Lewis was sent for. She was struck dumb on entering the sick chamber. She was asked to hold up her hand if she saw any of the witched afflicting the patient. Presently she held up her hand, then fell into a trance and after a while, coming to herself, said, that she saw the spectre of Goody Nurse and Goody Carrier having hold of the sick man's head. Mr. Parris swore to this statement with the utmost confidence in Mercy's declaration." (Vol. ii. p. 275.)

"The deposition of Ann Putnam, wife of Thomas Putnam, aged about thirty years, who testifieth and saith, that on March 18, 1692, I being wearied and out in helping to tend my poor afflicted child and maid, about the middle of the afternoon I lay me down on the bed to take a little rest, and immediately I was almost pressed and choked to death, that had it not been for the mercy of a gracious God and the help of those that were with me, I could not have live many moments; and presently I saw the apparition of Martha Corey, who did torture me so as I cannot express, ready to tear me all to pieces, and then departed from me a little while; but, before I could recover strength or well take breath, the apparition of Martha Corey fell upon me again with dreadful tortures, and hellish temptation to go along with her. And she also brought to me a little red book in her hand and a little black pen, urging me vehemently to write in her book; and several times that day she did most grievously torture me, almost ready to kill me. And on the 19th of March, Martha Corey again appeared to me, and also Rebecca Nurse, wife of Francis Nurse, Sen., and they both did torture me a great many times this day, with such tortures as no tongue can express, because I would not yield to their hellish temptations, that had I not been sustained by an Almighty arm, I could not have lived all night. The 20th, of March being Sabbath day, I had a deal of respite betweeen my fits The 21st of March being the day of the examination of Martha Corey, I had not many fits, though I was very weak,—my strength being, as I thought, almost gone; but, on the 22nd of March, 1692, the apparition of Rebecca Nurse did again set upon me in a dreadful manner very early in the morning, as soon as it was well light. And now she appeared to me only in her shirt, and brought a little red book in her hand, urging me vehemently to write in her book; and because I would not yield to her hellish temptations, she threatened to tear my soul out of my body, blasphemously denying the blessed God, and the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul; and denying several places of Scripture, which I told her of to repel her hellish temptations. And for near two hours together, at this time, the apparition of Rebecca Nurse did tempt and torture me, and also the greater part of this day, with but very little respite.

23d of March; am again afflicted by the apparitions of Rebecca Nurse and Martha Corey, but chiefly by Rebecca Nurse.

24th of March, being the day of the examination of Rebecca Nurse, I was several times afflicted in the morning by the apparition of Rebecca Nurse, but most dreadfully tortured by her in the time of her examination, insomuch that the honored magistrates gave my husband leave to carry me out of the meeting-house; and as soon as I was carried out of the meeting-house doors, it pleased Almighty God, for his free grace and mercy's sake, to deliver me out of the paws of these roaring lions, and jaws of these tearing bears, that, ever since that time, they have not had power so to afflict me, until this May 31st, 1692.

At the same moment that I was hearing my evidence read by the honored magistrates, to take my oath, I was again re-assaulted and tortured by my before-mentioned tormentor, Rebecca Nurse."

"The testimony of Ann Putnam, Jr., witnesseth and saith, that, being in the room where her mother was afflicted, she saw Martha Corey, Sarah Cloyse, and Rebecca Nurse, or their apparitions, upon her mother."

"Mrs. Ann Putnam made another deposition under oath at the same trial, which shows that she was determined to overwhelm the prisoner by the multitude of her charges. She says that Rebecca Nurse's apparition declared to her that she 'had killed Benjamin Houlton, John Fuller and Rebecca Shepherd;' and that she and her sister Cloyse, and Edward Bishop's wife, had killed young John Putnam's child; and she further deposed as followeth:

"'Immediately there did appear to me six children in winding-sheets, which called me aunt, which did most grievously affright me; and they told me that they were my sister Baker's children of Boston; and that Goody Nurse, and Mistress Corey of Charlestown, and an old deaf woman at Boston, had murdered them, and charged me to go and tell these things to the magistrates, or else they would tear me to pieces, for their blood did cry for vengeance. Also there appeared to me my own sister Bayley and three of her children, in winding-sheets, and told me that Goody Nurse had murdered them.'" (Vol. ii. page 278.)

All the efforts made to procure testimony against the venerable gentlewoman's character issued in a charge that she had so "railed at" a neighbor for allowing his pigs to get into her field that, some short time after, early in the morning, he had a sort of fit in his own entry, and languished in health from that day, and died in a fit at the end of the summer. "He departed this life by a cruel death," murdered by Goody Nurse. The jury did not consider this ground enough for hanging the old lady, who had been the ornament of their church, and the glory of their village and its society. Their verdict was "Not Guilty."

Not for a moment, however, could the prisoner and her family hope that their trial was over. The outside crowd clamored; the "afflicted howled and struggled; one judge declared himself dissatisfied; another promised to have her indicted anew; and the Chief Justice pointed out a phrase of the prisoner's which might be made to signify that she was one of the accused gang in guilt, as well as in jeopardy. It might really seem as if the authorities were all driveling together, when we see the ingenuity and persistence with which they discussed those three words, "of our company." Her remonstrance ought to have moved them:

"I intended no otherwise than as they were prisoners with us, and therefore did then, and yet do, judge them not legal evidence against their fellow prisoners. And I, being something hard of hearing, none informing me how the court took up my words, therefore had no opportunity to declare what I intended when I said they were of our company." (Vol. ii. page 285.)

The foreman of the jury would have taken the favorable view of the matter, and have allowed full consideration, while other jurymen were eager to recall the mistake of their verdict; but the prisoner's silence, from failing to hear, when she was expected to explain, turned the foreman against her, and caused him to declare: "whereupon these words were to me a principal evidence against her."

Still it seemed too monstrous to hang her. After her condemnation, the Governor reprieved her; probably on the ground of the illegality of setting aside the first verdict of the jury, in the absence of any new evidence. But the outcry against mercy was so fierce that the Governor withdrew his reprieve.

GOODY NURSE'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

On the next Sunday there was a scene in the church, the record of which was afterward annoted by the church-members in a spirit of grief and humiliation. After sacrament the elders propounded to the church, and the congregation unanimously agreed, that Sister Nurse, being convicted as a witch by the court, should be excommunicated in the afternoon of the same day.

The place was thronged; the reverend elders were in the pulpit; the deacons presided below; the sheriff and his officers brought in the witch, and led her up the broad aisle, her chains clanking as she moved.

As she stood in the middle of the aisle, the Reverend Mr. Noyes pronounced her sentence of expulsion from the Church on earth, and from all hope of salvation hereafter. As she had given her soul to Satan, she was delivered over to him forever. She was aware that every eye regarded her with horror and hate, unapproached under any other circumstances; but it appears that she was able to sustain it. She was still calm and at peace on that day, and during the fortnight of final waiting.

When the time came, she traversed the streets of Salem, between houses in which she had been an honored guest, and surrounded by well-known faces; and then there was the hard task for her aged limbs, of climbing the rocky and steep path on Witches' Hill to the place where the gibbets all stood in a row, and the hangman was waiting for her, and for Sarah Good, and several more of whom Salem chose to be rid that day.

It was the 19th of July, 1692. The bodies were put out of the way on the hill, like so many dead dogs; but this one did not remain there long. By pious hands it was—nobody knew when—brought home to the domestic cemetery, where the next generation pointed out the grave, next to her husband's, and surrounded by those of her children. As for her repute, Hutchinson, the historian, tells us that even excommunication could not permanently disgrace her. "Her life and conversation had been such, that the remembrance thereof, in a short time after, wiped off all the reproach occasioned by the civil or ecclesiastical sentence against her." (Vol. ii. page 292.)

[Great God! and is this the road our ancestors had to travel, in their pilgrimage in quest of freedom and Christianity? Are these the fruits of the misunderstood doctrine of total depravity?]

This much comfort her husband had till he died, in 1695. In a little while none of his eight children remained unmarried, and he wound up his affairs. He gave over the homestead to his son Samuel, and divided all he had among the others, reserving only a mare and her saddle, some favorite articles of furniture, and £14 a year, with a right to call on his children for any further amount that might be needful. He made no will, and his children made no difficulties, but tended his latter days, and laid him in his own ground when, at 77 years old, he died.

In 1711, the authorities of the Province, sanctioned by the Council of Queen Anne, proposed such reparation as their heart and conscience suggested. They made a grant to the representatives of Rebecca Nurse of £25!

The following year something better was done, on the petition of the son Samuel who inhabited the homestead. A church meeting was called; the facts of the excommunication of twenty years before were recited, and a reversal was proposed, "The General Court having taken off the attainder, and the testimony on which she was convicted being not now so satisfactory to ourselves and others as it was generally in that hour of darkness and temptation.'"

The remorseful congregregation blotted out the record in the church book, "humbly requesting that the merciful God would pardon whatsoever sin, error, or mistake was in the application of that censure, and of the whole affair, through our merciful High Priest, who knoweth how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those that are out of the way." (Vol. ii. page 483.)

MARY EASTY.

Such was the fate of Rebecca, the eldest of the three sisters. Mary, the next—once her playmate on the sands of Yarmouth, in the old country—was her companion to the last, in love and destiny.

Mrs. Easty was arrested, with many other accused persons, on the 21st of April, while her sister was in jail in irons. The testimony against her was a mere repetition of the charges of torturing, strangling, pricking, and pinching Mr. Parris' young friends, and rendering them dumb, or blind, or amazed.

Mrs. Easty was evidently so astonished and perplexed by the assertions of the children, that the magistrates inquired of the voluble witnesses whether they might not be mistaken.

As they were positive, and Mrs. Easty could only say that she supposed it was a "bad spirit," but did not know "whether it was witchcraft or not." there was nothing to be done but to send her to prison, and put her in irons.

The next we hear of her is that on the 18th of May she was free. The authorities, it seems, would not detain her on such evidence as was offered, She was at large for two days, and no more. The convulsions and tortures of the children returned instantly, on the news being told of Goody Easty being abroad again; and the ministers, and elders, and deacons, and all the zealous antagonists of Satan, went to work so vigorously to get up a fresh case, and they bore down all before them.

Mercy Lewis was so near death under the hands of Mrs. Easty's apparition that she was crying out "Dear Lord! receive my soul!" and thus there was clearly no time to be lost. "And this choking and convulsion," says an eminent citizen, acting as a witness, "occurred very often until such time as we understood that Mary Easty was laid in irons."

There she was lying when her sister Nurse was tried, excommunicated and executed; and to the agony of all this was added the arrest of her sister Sarah, Mrs. Cloyse. But she had such strength as kept her serene up to the moment of her death on the gibbet, on the 22d of September following. We would fain give, if we had room, the petition of the two sisters, Mrs. Easty and Mrs. Cloyse, to the court, when their trial was pending; but we can make room only for the last clause of its reasoning and remonstrance.

"Thirdly, that the testimony of witches, or such as are afflicted, as is supposed, by witches, may not be improved to condemn us without other legal evidence concurring. We hope the honored court and jury will be so tender of the lives of such as we are, who have for many years lived under the unblemished reputation of Christianity, as not to condemn them without a fair and equal hearing of what may be said for us as well as against us. And your poor suppliants shall be bound always to pray, etc." (Vol. ii. page 326.)

Still more affecting is the memorial of Mrs. Easty when under sentence of death, and fully aware of the hopelessness of her case. She addresses the judges, the magistrates, and the reverend ministers, imploring them to consider what they are doing, and how far their course in regard to accused persons is consistent with the rules and principles of justice. She asks nothing for herself; she is satisfied with her own innocency, and certain of her doom on earth and her hope in heaven. What she desires is to induce the authorities to take time, to use caution in receiving and strictness in sifting testimony; and so shall they ascertain the truth, and absolve the innocent, the blessing of God being upon their conscientious endeavors."

We do not know of any effect produced by her warning and remonstrance; but we find her case estimated twenty years afterward as meriting a compensation of £20!

Before setting forth from the jail to the Witches' Hill, on the day of her death, she serenely bade farewell to her husband, her many children and her friends, some of whom related afterwards that "her sayings were as serious, as religious, distinct and affectionate as could well be expressed, drawing the tears from the eyes of almost all present."

MRS. CLOYSE.

The third of this family of distinguished gentlewomen, seems to have had a keener sensibility than her sisters, or a frame less strong to endure the shocks prepared and inflicted by the malice of the enemy.

Some of the incidents of her implication in the great calamity are almost too moving to be dwelt on, even in a remote time and country. Mrs. Cloyse drew ill-will upon herself at the outset, by doing as her brother and sister Nurse did. They all absented themselves from the examinations in the church, and when the interruptions of the services became too flagrant, from Sabbath worship; and they said they took that course because they disapproved of the permission given to the profanation of the place and the service.

They were communicants and persons of consideration, both in regard to character and position; and their quiet disapprobation of the proceedings of the ministers and their company of accusers, subjected them to the full fury of clerical wrath and womanish spite. When the first examination of Mrs. Nurse took place, Mrs. Cloyse was, of course, overwhelmed with horror and grief. The next Sunday, however, was Sacrament Sunday; and she and her husband considered it their duty to attend the ordinance. The effort to Mrs. Cloyse was so great that when Mr. Parris gave out his text, "One of you is a devil. He spake of Judas Iscariot," etc., and when he opened his discourse with references in his special manner, to the transactions of the week, the afflicted sister of the last victim could not endure the outrage. She left the meeting. There was a fresh wind, and the door slammed as she went out, fixing the attention of all present, just as Mr. Parris could have desired. She had not to wait long for the consequences. On the 4th of April she was apprehended with several others; and on the 11th her examination took place, the questions being framed to suit the evidence knew to be forthcoming, and Mr. Parris being the secretary for the occasion.

The witness in one case was asked whether she saw a company eating and drinking at Mr. Parris', and she replied, as expected, that she did.

"What were they eating and drinking?"

Of course, it was the devil's sacrament; and Mr. Parris, by leading questions, brought out the testimony that about forty persons partook of that hell-sacrament, Mrs. Cloyse and Sarah Good being the two deacons!

When accused of the usual practices of cruelty to these innocent and suffering children, and to the ugly, hulking Indian slave, who pretended to show the marks of her teeth, Mrs. Cloyse gave some vent to her feelings.

"When did I hurt thee?"

"A great many times," said the Indian.

"O, you are a grievous liar!" exclaimed she. But the wrath gave way under the soul-sickness which overcame her when charged with biting and pinching a black man, and throttling children, and serving their blood at the blasphemous supper.

Her sisters in prison, her husband accused with her, and young girls—mere children—now manifesting a devilish cruelty to her who had felt nothing but good will to them; she could not sustain herself before the assembly whose eyes were upon her. She sank down, calling for water. She fainted on the floor, and some of the accusing children cried out. "Oh! her spirit has gone to prison to her sister Nurse!"

From that examination she was herself carried to prison.

When she joined her sister Easty, in the petition to the court in the next summer, she certainly had no idea of escaping the gallows; but it does not appear that she was ever brought to trial. Mr. Parris certainly never relented; for we find him from time to time torturing the feelings of this and every other family whom he supposed to be anything but affectionate to him. Some of the incidents would be almost incredible to us if they were not recorded in the church and parish books in Mr. Parris' own distinct handwriting.

On the 14th of August, when the corpse of Rebecca Nurse was lying among the rocks on the Witches' Hill, and her two sisters were in irons in Boston jail (for Boston had now taken the affair out of the hands of the unaided Salem authorities), and his predecessor, Mr. Burroughs, was awaiting his execution, Mr. Parris invited his church members to remain after service, to hear somthing that he had to say. He had to point out to the vigilance of the church, that Samuel Nurse, the son of Rebecca, and his wife, and Peter Cloyse and certain others, of late had failed to join the brethren at the Lord's table, and had, except Samuel Nurse, rarely appeared at ordinary worship. These outraged and mourning relatives of the accused sisters, were decreed to be visited by certain pious representatives of the church, and the reason of their absence to be demanded. The minister, the two deacons, and a chief member were appointed to this fearful task. The report delivered on the 1st of August, was:

"Brother Tarbell proves sick, unmeet for discourse; Brother Cloyse hard to be found at home, being often with his wife in the prison at Ipswich for witchcraft; and Brother Samuel Nurse, and sometimes his wife, attends our public meeting, and he the sacrament, 11th of September, 1692: upon all which we close our wait further." (Vol. ii. page 486.)

This decision to pause was noted as the first token of the decline of the power of the ministers. Mr. Parris was sorely unwilling to yield even this much advantage to Satan—that is, to family affection and instinct of justice. But his position was further lowered by the departure from the parish of some of the most eminent members of its society. Mr. Cloyse never brought his family to the village again, when his wife was once out of prison; and the name disappears from the history of Salem.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ A Sunday School teacher in Minnesota, upon inquiring of one of his juvenile pupils what he had learned during the week, was electrified by the answer that he had learned, "not to trump his partner's ace."

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Cedar Rapids Passenger	8:15 a. m.	6:50 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:30 a. m.	3:[illegible] p. m.
Rock Island Express	10,30 a. m.	*3:50 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	†9:15 p. m.	†7:00 a. m.
Rock Island Night Passenger	†9:15 p. m.	7.00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.

Freeport Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:00 a. m.	*2:30 a. m
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:45 p. m.	*6:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:5 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Junction Passenger	5:50 p. m.	8:10 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.

Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee Mail	*8:00 a. m.	*10:15 a. m.
Day Express	*10.00 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Evanstown Accommodation	*11:40 a. m.	*2.00 p. m.
Rose Hill, Evanston, and Highland Park	1.30 p. m.	4 00 p. m.
Afternoon Pass	*5:00 p.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kenosha Pass	*4:15 p m.	*9:10 a.m.
Waukegan Passenger	*5:25 p.m.	*4:25 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:15 p.m.	*7:55 am
Milwaukee do	11:00 p.m.	5:00 a.m

Kenosha and Waukegan trains leave from Wells street Depot.

Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street

	Leave.	Arrive.
St Paul Express	*10:00 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	*5:30 a. m
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	*1:00 p. m
Woodstock Accommodation	*5:30 p. m.	*10:10p m
Barrington Accommodation	6:30 p.m.	7:45 a. m.

GEO. L. DUNLAP, General Superintendent.

H. P. Stanwood, General Ticket Agent

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Depot corner Van Buren and Sherman streets. Ticket Office 56 South Clark street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*7:30 a. m.	*7:50 p m.
Special N Y Express	*11:30 a. m.	*4:00 p. m.
Elkhart Accommodation	*3 30 p m	*10 30 a. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	5:15 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
Night Express	*‡9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.

Detroit and Grand Rapids Line.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*7:30 a. m.	*7:50 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

F. E. Morse, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street

Ticket Office Lake st., cor. Dearborn—Passenger trains of this company leave and arrive at Chicago as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train	*5:00 a. m.	*8:05 p. m
Fast New York Express	*11.30 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡5:15 p. m.	†*7:00 a. m.
Night Express	‡*9:00 p. m.	†6 30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	*4:30 p. m.	*12:00 m

Cincinnati and Louisville Trains

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:00 a. m.	*9 20 p. m
Through Express	‡4:30 p. m.	†6.30 a. m.

for St. Joseph via New Buffalo.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9.00 a.m.	*11 30 a. m
Accommodation	*4 30 p. m.	*8.05 p. m

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*7:00 a. m.	*3:00 p. m
Mail and Express	†7:40 a. m.	3:45 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10.45 a. m.	*4 15 p.m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*1.30 p. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Mendota Passenger	*4.15 p. m.	*10 10 a. m.
Evening Express	*5:00 p. m.	*7.30 p. m
Aurora Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:15 a. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*5.15 p. m	*6 50 a m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	†9:40 a. m

Robert Harris, Superintendent.

Samuel Powell, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Gt. Cent. Depot

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*9:30 a. m.	*7 45 p. m
Cairo Express	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:45 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:45 p. m.	*8:50 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:00 a. m.	*9:15 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:50 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*5:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:25 p. m.

(St. Louis through Trains.)

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Fast Line	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

M. Hughitt, Gen'l Supt.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	6:40 a. m.	6:10 p. m.
Day Express	*11:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m
Pacific Express	5.15 p. m.	8 00 p. m.
New York Express	9.00 p. m.	9.00 a. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	3:20 p. m.	7:20 a. m.

W. C. Cleland, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 65 Clark st.

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Mail	†10:00 a. m.	†9:10 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation	†4:00 p. m.	†9:45 a. m.
Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	†12:45 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11.00 p. m.	†7:10 a. m.

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Columbus Express	*6:45 a. m.	*2:36 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	*9:25 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	
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Mormonism.

Joseph Smith and Hiram Smith—Incidents of their History.

BROTHER JONES:—Inclosed I send you photographs of Joseph and Hiram Smith, taken by I. T. Parker, at his "Palace of Fine Art," No. 1, corner of Wall and Maine Streets, Fort Scott, Kansas, from an old picture that was given me by a Mormon leader, years ago. It is genuine.

Now look at that head and those features a moment. How phrenology looked and hesitated at it, and physiognomy paused, and old orthodoxy assassinated it in cold blood, for it was eleven preachers of the different denominations that plotted and caused his death, by inciting secretly the mob. Notwithstanding this, three hundred thousand human beings soon embraced his belief, and followed in its wake. But Dr. Underhill, in his simple yet sublime little book on Mesmerism, page 113, says:

"More just rules can be drawn from phrenological development, than from health or illness. Nervous lymphatic, nervous billious, nervous sanguine, are favorable temperaments. With either of these, a *low place* on the top of the head [small veneration] furnish the most good cases."

Then Smith was a remarkable medium.

But this ruins the old Calvinistic doctrine, and the two seed doctrine, for Smith was naturally a rowdy, a "rough," had plenty of natural pluck, and nothing but actually seeing and talking with spirits for himself, could have done anything with his organization. When that was accomplished, then he had veneration, firmness and self esteem to "die on."

Now, how all mystery vanishes! Is not mystery another word for ignorance? Now, all sciences can "come in." You see Smith naturally had no veneration, firmness or self esteem, yet he founded a church; was firm unto death, and confident. Sometimes an anecdote is more illustrative than reasoning.

Smith, with a few others, organized his church April 6th, 1830. Soon after, being in a large building, full of all classes of people, he arose to preach his new doctrine, but stammered, blundered, and finally stopped suddenly, turned pale and trembled. One of his followers nodded to him to sit down. He turned to his friend, weeping and crying like a child, putting either his handkerchief or hand over his face to hide its contortions, and said:

"Brother Redfield, I can't speak; but *I know* I have seen and talked with angels. *I know* I had a vision. It seems as if it will kill me not to tell it. I *know* that the God-accursed churches of our day are *wrong*. They are grossly ignorant. They are blocking up the way of the spirit ministry. They are a disgrace and a curse! They have no faith. They pretend to hold to the Scriptures, and deny all that is worth anything. Take away the ministrations of angels, of spirits, and all falls to the ground, a rotten worthless fabric of ruins, only in the way."

At the word way he sat down, and the eloquent Sidney Rigdon whispered in his ear:

"Brother Joseph, a 'pirty good' sermon, after all, for there is not a dry eye in this house." Smith replied:

"I am glad of that, for the angels, the glorified spirits, can and will come to one or any place where tears are shed over ignorance and error."

Pausing, and wiping the tears from his cheeks, he continued:

"As when Christ came, he had to contend against the chief priests, so now the glorious spirits will have the churches all *down* on them, with all their ignorance, bigotry and enmity."

We have brought up this case to illustrate the great principle, that Spiritualism unfolds all other laws and sciences, reconciles phrenology with facts, physiology with appearances, and true orthodoxy with the Bible. To do so, we have taken the man with the best shaped mediumistic head that we have seen, a man the least understood, and more mystery about him than any other of his class, for twenty centuries.

Nothing but his wonderful mediumistic powers and tests could have given his followers such faith in him as to speak of him as they do in their "Book of Doctrine and Covenants," page 334 and 5, which we will give in their own words, viz: Section cxiii:

MARTYRDOM OF JOSEPH SMITH AND HIS BROTHER HIRAM.

1.—"To seal the testimony of the Book of Mormon, we close with the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the prophet, and Hiram Smith, the patriarch:"

"They were shot in Carthage jail, on the 27th of June, about five o'clock, P. M., by an armed mob, painted black, of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons. Hiram was shot first, and fell, calmly exclaiming, 'I am a dead man.' Joseph leaped from the window, and was shot dead in the attempt, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my God.' They were both shot after they were dead, in a brutal manner, and each received four balls.

2.—John Taylor and William Richards, two of the twelve, were the only persons in the room at the time; the former was wounded in a savage manner with four balls, but has since recovered; the latter, through the promises of God, escaped 'without even a hole in his robe.'

3.—Joseph Smith, the prophet and seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fullness of the everlasting gospel which it contains, to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of doctrines and covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of Latter Day Saints; founded a great city, and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and works with his own blood, and so has his brother Hiram. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated.

4.—When Joseph went to Carthage to deliver himself up to the pretended requirements of the law, two or three days previous to his assassination, he said:

'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as the summer morning; I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. *I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood.*'"

The same morning, after Hiram had made ready to go, shall it be said to the slaughter? yes; for so it was, he read the following paragraph from the Book of Mormon, and turned down the leaf upon it:

5.—"And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord that he would give unto the Gentiles grace, that they might have charity.

And it came to pass that the Lord said unto me, if they have not charity, it mattereth not unto thee, thou hast been faithful; wherefore thy garments are clean. And because thou hast seen thy weakness, thou shalt be made strong, even unto the sitting down in the place which I have prepared in the mansions of my Father. And now, I, Moroni, bid farewell unto the Gentiles, yea, and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood."

The testators are now dead, and their testament is in force.

6.—Hiram Smith was 44 years old February 1844, and Joseph Smith was 38 in December, 1843, and henceforward their names will be classed among the martyrs of religion, and the reader in every nation will be reminded that the Book of Mormon and this book of doctrines and covenants of the church, cost the best blood of the nineteenth century, to bring it forth for the salvation of a ruined world. And that if the fire can scathe the green tree for the glory of God, how easy it will burn up the "dry trees," to purify the vineyard of corruption.

They lived for glory, they died for glory, and glory is their eternal reward. From age to age shall their names go down to posterity as gems for the sanctified.

7.—"They were innocent of any crimes, as they had often been proved before, and were only confined in jail by the conspiracy of traitors and wicked men; and their innocent blood on the floor of Carthage jail, is a blood seal affixed to Mormonism that cannot be rejected by any court on earth; and their innocent blood on the escutcheon of the state of Illinois, with the broken faith of the state, as pledged by the governor, is a witness to the truth of the everlasting gospel, that all the world cannot impeach, and their innocent blood on the banner of liberty, and on the Magna Charta of the United States, is an ambassador for the religion of Jesus Christ that will touch the hearts of honest men among all nations; and their innocent blood, with the innocent blood of all the martyrs under the altar, that John saw, will cry unto the Lord of Hosts, till he avenges that blood on the earth. Amen."

As further illustration, we give hymn 286, of the Mormon hymn book:

"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah,
Jesus anointed that prophet and seer;
Blessed to open the lost dispensation,
Kings shall extol him, and nations revere.

Hail to the prophet ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain.
Pleading with God he can plan for his brethren,
Death cannot conquer that hero again.

Great is his memory—he died like a martyr,
Honored and blessed be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

Hail to the prophet ascended, etc.

Great is his memory, and endless his priesthood,
Ever and ever the keys he will hold,
Faithful and true, he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.

Hail to the prophet ascended, etc.

Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the blood of that man;
Wake up the world for the conflicts of justice—
Millions shall know brother Joseph again.

Hail to the prophet ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain.

To be continued.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Low Spirits.

Interesting Incidents—Answer to an unbeliever.

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

"I have the greatest contempt for, and the utmost horror of all rapping and table tipping. They are two low for anything."

The above expression was made in my presence some days ago, by a truly sincere and estimable lady, and is an evidence of how deeply orthodox prejudices have influenced those who are ignorant of the true nature of spirit communion, or the benefits to be derived from it. This lady would not have objected to spirit communion in any phase, if her sensibility had not been worked upon by bigoted ecclesiastics who made her believe that nothing but evil spirits communed at such places; consequently the aversion expressed in the above sentences. I will give the conversation which followed, but it will be necessary to premise, that I met the lady at the house of one of my convalescent patients, and after the usual greetings, the conversation turned upon the benefits to be derived from somnambulism, and the remarkable cures that had lately been made by the insensibility and the proper direction of the mind while in that condition.

This subject naturally led to the introduction of Spiritualism,—when the lady rather doubtingly remarked, "Do you really take the same interest in Spiritualism as formerly?"

My answer was, "Undoubtedly, yes, and if it were possible, more than ever; for the more I see and learn in regard to it, the more I am charmed and satisfied with its truths,—its moral tendencies, and its wise, good and practical instructions."

The remark at the head of this communication was then made by the lady, viz:

"Well, I must say that I have the greatest contempt for, and the utmost horror of, all rappings and table tippings. They are too low for anything!"

My answer was: "Indeed! I thought that truth, from whatever source, would certainly be prized by you, who, predjudice aside, I believe would be open to conviction."

The lady replied, "Yes, but the idea of sitting down to a table and communing with evil spirits is too degrading to think of."

"That may be so to some,—yet we walk the streets, and brush by those in the flesh, who are quite as evil, and certainly more dangerous than those in the spirit-life, and I do not see why we should refuse to aid them because they are less good than others, and in an unfortunate condition,—especially, as it is a law that spirits of this class cannot approach those who are in a higher condition, and therefore, cannot receive aid or information in that direction. They are consequently, obliged to return to earth for that knowledge which will enable them to progress, and if we should give them a cold reception, or did not permit them to approach us, they would be obliged to remain in their present unhappy condition, until some one more charitable than ourselves would permit them to commune, and yield them the necessary aid."

"This is a new feature to me, and, if true, certainly presents the matter in a different and better light."

"There can be no question about the truth of what I have stated. We permit all to come, no matter what their condition may be, and although they sometimes come roughly, and with oaths and dreadful imprecations, &c., positive firmness and kind words upon our part, will quiet, and often affect them to tears.

But to give you an idea of what good may be done to those cheerless and benighted souls, I will state the case of one who had passed from earth to spirit-life, scarcely conscious that the change had been made; and as she was ignorant, and had passed through life without being very good or bad, her condition in spirit-life was dark and cheerless. She approached our medium—who is clear-minded—and gave her name as Biddy McGuire, and said that she was hunting a priest. The medium not being disposed to listen to her, bade her begone, rather summarily, for which, I reprovingly said to him, "Do not drive her away, but let her speak to me. I will aid her if I can." Whereupon she stated that she was cheerless, and in darkness, and that she was hunting a priest to aid, or get her out of her unpleasant condition. I assured her that she would not be likely to find a priest, as they generally had enough to do to take care of themselves; but she did not seem willing to believe me, as I was no Catholic, but when about leaving, said, that if she did not find a priest, she would call again. I told her to do so at our next meeting, and if she did not find a priest, I would tell her how to get out of her misery. At the next meeting, she was almost the first one to present herself, and stated that I had "tould her the truth," and as she had not found a priest, was willing to follow my instructions.

I then told her that the only way to get out of her present condition, was to do some good act to the first spirit that was worse off than herself, and that if she did so, she certainly would be benefitted in return. I also stated, that as soon as she had done sufficient good to others, that she would be able to ascend the hill—the dark outline of which was to be seen in the distance—and that when she had reached its summit, she would then see, and be able to go down into the beautiful valley beyond it. She promised to do as I directed, and at our next meeting, she stated, that as she left the circle, she 'came across a little girl who had fallen from a high rock, and had hurt herself so much that she had fainted away. I took her in my arms, carried her to the muddy stream by the way, and bathed her face and head until she recovered, and as I did so,—would you believe it, the water became clear as crystal, nor was it long before I got half way up the hill, and saw the light over the valley.'

She was again instructed to do all the good she could, and she would soon be able to get into the happy valley beyond the hill, where she would find her friends and others to aid in her progress through the spheres. This spirit returned at our next meeting, and declared that, "she was out of the darkness head and shoulders, and would soon be in the beautiful valley stretched out before her." Since that time, she has often returned from the "happy valley" to greet us; and the medium (now separated from us) never writes to me but she makes him say, "God speed to the 'honest gintleman' that helped her out of darkness." This will give you an idea why we should not turn our backs upon those who are less good than others; for although they may not be fit companions, or capable of giving us lessons in morality in their present condition, it is nevertheless our duty so far as it is in our power, to minister to their necessities."

In conclusion, I will remark, that it always affords more pleasure to give than to receive, and as spirits cannot get the necessary advice or instructions in any other way, it is cruel, if not sinful, to refuse them audience.

God makes no difference in his creatures, and as he has pronounced all things good, we have no reason to doubt or say that it is not so. And if we are really the true children of a merciful Father, and deserve that good should be done unto us, we must let no false delicacy, prejudice or aversion, prevent us from doing kindness to others, whether they be spirits or men.



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Frontier Department.

DISCUSSION, AT FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Between

E. V. Wilson, ...*Spiritualist*,
Geo. C. Haddock, ...*Methodist*,

Phonographically reported for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by MISS JOSEPHINE F. SMITH.

[Discussion of Tuesday evening, July 26th, continued from last week.]

E. V. WILSON. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:

1st. Mr. Haddock says he would like to hear the names of the Methodist ministers that have left the church for Spiritualism. They are easily given, for they are well known to all methodists and Spiritualists. When the Methodist Church gets sore-heads in it, they come over to Spiritualism, and cause us more trouble than all others. These men left the Methodists, and sought to make Loveland the great mogul of the "Christian Spiritualist," and failed.

He has read you the report of the Committee at the Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, from the book "Planchette," but he did not tell you that that Committee was self appointed, and that that report was voted down, and voted out!" I myself arose against it, and fought against it, and assisted in killing it *dead*. Why did he not tell you that?

He concedes to our remarks on the European war. "It is a lamentable fact, but who is responsible but Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, both world-wide Spiritualists?"

We accept the concession, and the fact that those who hold the balance of power in Europe are Spiritualists, and hold the destiny of the world in their hands, (?) and the late vote on the "*Plebiscitum*" received a majority of 6 000,000. Are they deemed worthy the confidence of 40 000,000 Frenchmen? And yesterday's paper states that the war is so popular that the opposition or peace party dare not show their heads. What think you, is Napoleon, the Spiritualist, worthy the confidence and support of the French people?

3. "Spiritualists have claimed Henry Ward Beecher as a believer in spiritualism."

Well, whatever Spiritualists may have claimed for the great Beecher, one thing is certain, Mr. Haddock's letter elicited this fact. He says, "I don't believe in Spiritualism, or in their religious teachings, but we have no reason to think that intentional deception is practiced." He concedes the unquestionable truths of Spiritualism! Are the people ready to support his concessions?

4 "I want the witness to swear to it, and if they do swear to it, they *will swear to a lie*"

GEO. C. HADDOCK. Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order!

CHAIRMAN. What is your point of order?

GEO. C. HADDOCK I did not say what the gentleman says I said!

E. V. WILSON. You said just what I said you said!

CHAIRMAN. Mr. Haddock, you may make your corrections.

GEO C. HADDOCK. I said, "If any witness would come here and swear that such things were done by spirits, they would swear *to a lie*!

E V. WILSON. That is just what I said you said! (Laughter)

CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, am I to understand that the time taken in interrupting each other is to be included in your half hour?

WILSON. You are to understand that this debate is to be conducted under strict parliamentary rules!

CHAIRMAN. Then it is not included.

E. V. WILSON. This is the thirteenth or fourteenth discussion I have engaged in, and this is the first outrageous attack on the character of my witnesses ever made, and is but an effort on the part of the gentleman to prejudice an audience before hand, and unbecoming a Methodist minister. It is a personal insult, an attack upon the honesty of every Spiritualist present, and even upon the sacred dead.

5. "What does Mr. Wilson mean, has the dog a soul?"

What I mean is patent to any candid listener, that after the death of the dog, he repeats himself in the kingdom above him, retaining his individual character as a dog, whether hound or mastiff; overthrowing the masterly reason of the man, and enthroning the instincts of the dog. Then asking the question, "Has the dog a soul?" If the animal below can repeat himself in the kingdom above him, shall man be deprived of the same right to repeat himself in the kingdom above him, also, after death? I put in this case as one of the many facts under the head of the "Laws of Life." Has Haddock met it? Nay! I will now read the report:

"A melancholy, and in many respects singular death by hydrophobia occurred last week at Yonkers, Westchester County, New York; where the horrifying circumstance is at present engrossing an unusual amount of attention. To the medical men it is another terrible illustration of the fact, that although the poison conveyed in the bite of a rabid animal, may remain dormant in the system for an indefinite period, its power to torture and destroy life does not deteriorate.

"The victim, Thomas Lamb, who was in his twenty fourth year, was by trade an engineer, and employed at a foundry in the village named, throughout which he was well known as a trustworthy, industrious man. During last winter, while employed in a brewery in a neighboring village, deceased was bitten by a ferocious bloodhound owned by his employer, and, although the wound was not severe, the animal was at once dispatched, and the affected part having rapidly healed, the occurrence was soon forgotten by the deceased. On Tuesday of last week, deceased was married to a young woman whose mother had opposed his attentions to her daughter. Having by a little strategy realized their matrimonial wishes, the married pair had scarcely reached the domicile of the bridegroom, when the mother of the bride made her appearance, and after, on her knees, imploring curses and vengeance on the luckless couple, fervently prayed that her daughter might be a widow in less than three months.

"It appears that the diabolical imprecations of the mother had a most depressing effect on the minds of the young couple, and on the following day deceased evinced symptoms of the awful malady, the seeds of which had been sown in his system some months previously. Medical skill was resorted to without avail, and on Friday, the wretched man in one of his terrible paroxysms, escaped from his attendants, and after reaching some open lots, displayed cat like agility in bounding over fences, and otherwise deporting like an animal. He was subsequently secured by two police, who found it necessary to handcuff the madman on arriving at his home in Brook street. Either the sight or sound of water would throw the patient into the most agonizing convulsions, and as the malady developed itself, he would bark like a dog, snarling and snapping at those who were near him. He continued to grow more violent and dangerous, so that many hours before his dissolution, it was deemed necessary to bind him with strong cords, and while in this condition his struggles, shrieks and howls were truly shocking, until death ensued as above stated."

There is the report, and it will be seen that the dog repeated himself as a dog, dethroned the *man*, and enthroned the instinct of the bloodhound. Depressed by that mother's curse, he is seized with rabies, and goes howling to the grave. Here is the power of mind over mind; for it is in the power of man or woman to invoke the aid of God and the angels to hurl the creature to the dark grave.

6. "Mr. Wilson don't care if the spirits are good or bad."

No, if the good can come, so can the bad, and the coming of either proves that man is immortal; and there is no other way of *knowing* that he *is immortal*. And we know that the good come also. Those loved ones that have gone before, come to cheer us on our way, with love and sympathy, and by imparting a knowledge of our future life. It explodes the theory that death either makes angels or devils of us, for they come to us unchanged, with the same knowledge and powers, and personify their own selves, till we *know* that death is merely passing from one state to another.

7. "What good does Spiritualism do?"

It heals the sick and afflicted, as Jesus did of old. It imparts kowledge of light and truth, and proves that man eternally lives, and that he, by knowledge, can grow better and purer after the change called death. It imparts liberal ideas, and has made, and is making man free.

8 "Mr. Wilson complains that God is a man."

My friend mistakes, and misrepresents me. The statement I made was that Moses' God was a physical being, and that the God of Jesus was a spirit. Now the God of Moses *is* a physical God, a *man*, described in one hundred and fifty-five passages of the Bible. The God of Jesus was a spirit, "and has no flesh and bone."—

"God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John, 4:24)

"Behold, my hand and my feet that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see me have." (Luke, 24:39)

You remember that Mr. H denied a personal, physical God, saying that every one knew, who pretended to know anything of the Bible, that the quotations were metaphors, or figures of speech. Then, again he complains of us, because *we* deny a personal God, saying he has no need of head, hands or feet. What reasons can he give for saying this. None whatever.

We claim the God of Jesus, an eternal spirit, omnipresent and omniscient, all love and wisdom, and our Father. Jesus said, "My father and your father."

9. "We are not to assume a proposition that we cannot prove."

Why then does he lay down the proposition that the God of Moses is not a physical God? We can prove by the book here that he is. Let him prove that he is not.

10 "The proof of a principle is in the teachins of that principle."

I accept this proposition, and affirm the platform of Spiritualism. We teach morality, immortality, love toward God and man, and good will toward one another.

Because he finds a crime or a criminal in our midst, does this prove we are unworthy of the support of the people? If so, then every religious sect in the world is unworthy, for where is there one with whom there is not sin? None whatever!

11. "Spiritualists claim Spiritualism as a science; now they must prove it.

What constitutes a science? A collection of general principles, philosophy, and knowledge. Yes: we do claim that Spiritualism is a science, inculcating truth and knowledge by revealing nature's laws, hitherto not understood.

12. "Spiritualism is a system of individualism."

This is true, and we are governed by our reason, while he cannot give a reason outside of faith. Our reason was given us to use, and we use it in all things; accepting nobody's *ipse dixit* but only that which comes through our reason.

13. "There is a difficulty in defining what Spiritualism teaches."

Not in the least, sir. We defined it for you in seven clear statements. You have not answered one of them; but instead thereof, have laid down a platform of your own and debated that, not ours, or the resolution.

Spiritualism is readily understood by all who wish to understand it. Webster defines Spiritualism, as that which is opposite to Materialism or materiality.

14 Mr. H defines his platform, a series of *ipse dixits*, followed by a number of quotations from Davis, Potter, Mahan, and Jamieson. Three are Spiritualists, and all concede that Spiritualism is true.

15 "Man's responsibility to God."

How can man be responsible to a being who fails in one year thirteen times out of fourteen? And on Haddocks own confession, two-thirds of his converts are failures. How do we know he will not fail us again? How can we rely on his promises? May he not fail to fulfill them, as he has failed so many times before in what he has attempted?

16. "The mind of a man from beyond the sea can influence a man on this side of the sea, and the man does it."

It is the mind, not the body, that controls here. The spirit of a man effects the control, and is a spirit influence. If an embodied mind can control another, cannot a disembodied one do the same?

17 Darkness a condition of tricksters."

If this principle is adopted, every scene that took place in the dark that the Bible tells us of is a lie and a cheat; and God himself is a liar and a cheat, for Creation took place in the dark—there is the Bible for it.

18. "Planchette."

The instrument is of the church, not of Spiritualism. The churches hugged him to their souls till we used him, to his honor, and the little fellow began to talk Spiritualism, then they threw him overboard. The book is one man's idea, and as a whole is very good.

19 "Spiritual Photography."

Mumler was fully sustained in Justice Dowling's court, and no cause of fraud found against him. Professor Vasly (electrician), Judge Edmonds, Messrs. Livermore, and Gilmore, and others testify to the fact of spirit photography, clearly proving the case.

In 1869, the Methodist Conference in the nine North-Western counties of New York, including Livingston, published in the Dansville papers, that they had converted four hundred to God. "This was the work of the Holy Spirit" But, alas! it was a lamentable fact that only one hundred and fifty remained faithful; only this small number were converted after all. How do we know they were converted? This is a greater difference in the ratio than 7:10. Why not pronounce it of mundane origin, and not worthy of the confidence and support of the people?

We want to see it fully demonstrated that it is of the Holy Spirit, and why the Holy Spirit makes such failures. Was it a truthful spirit?

Dr. Spencer states that twenty-five per cent. of all converts are under twenty (many of them girls and children) and that seven per cent. go back again into sin. How can we distinguish the genuine conversion; and is *this* worthy of your confidence and support?

We were taught that the cause of man's sins lies between the snake and God. We know that the serpent charms the bird, but we cannot believe that he has more power than God over man.

The Holy Spirit throws a man on the floor, and leaves him insensible. Again, we differ, although we do not say that the power that does it is not immortal.

Mr. Haddock has been called to preach the gospel.

"George C. Haddock rise, go forth, and preach my gospel!" Who heard that call? How do we know that he was called? Let him demonstrate to us that he was called by the Holy Spirit.

Every liberal and progressive idea inside or outside of the church, has grown out of Spiritualism! It recognizes the rights of woman, and the rights of humanity. It recognizes the right of freedom of soul and body for all of God's children. It recognized the rights of the African slave, and the church did not till it was *forced* to. You never knew a genuine Spiritualist that was pro slavery! When was the church *anti-slavery*? When slavery was *no more*!

Every advance step the church has made in progress, it has been *compelled* to, by the progress of the age, while Spiritualism is the agitator and pioneer in progressive ideas. See the growth of freedom since the birth of Spiritualism! The church has grown out of hell, and has been compelled to drop infant damnation.

In Rome, five hundred and seventy-six bishops meet in convention, and say, "He who dares to say or think differently from these teachings, let him be anathema! If George C. Haddock or E. V. Wilson say these teachings are not correct, let them be anathema! If they dare to utter a progressive idea, let them be anathema!"

Dr. Tyng was suspended for six months for his liberal ideas. "Dr. Tyng, you may sit down; your teachings are too spiritual; you cannot preach in my church!"

The dual powers of the mind are a well known fact. Many persons can be in one place while their exact counterpart is seen in another place. Many of you have read of the teacher that could not retain her position in any school because of this dual power of the mind. While in the school-room, attending to her duties, she would be seen in other parts of the school-room, in the garden, and elsewhere. Horne, and others, have well authenticated facts of embodied spirits appearing, and even communicating at great distances from the body. This is another power of the human mind that is as yet, little understood, but we know it to be a fact.

GEO. C. HADDOCK. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:—We are here to prove Spiritualism to be either worthy or unworthy the confidence and support of the people, Mr. Wilson to affirm and myself to deny. If Mr. Wilson wishes to make this debate personal, he may, but *I* am going to stick to my subject. I don't expect he will meet my argument, for he cannot. In all my discussions with Spiritualists, I have not found one that would; but instead, throw out accusations against the church so as to divert me from my subject, for this thing does not bear the light of investigation. I am discussing Spiritualism, not the sacred dead or the Methodist Church, or any other church.

My friend complains that I indulge in personalities toward the dead, and all Spiritualists. I have not done so. I wish not to be misrepresented, nor do I intend to misrepresent others. I do not wish to call any one a liar, but if any one will swear that such things are done by spirits, they will swear to that which is not so.

Mr. Wilson may relate wonderful spirit visions to prove that Spiritualism is a fact; I can do the same to prove that Spiritualism is *not* a fact.

Margaretta E., in a somnambulic or mesmeric condition, saw spirits, and she saw hell with all its terrors. Now these spirits that she saw, had wings and golden crowns! Spiritualists don't believe spirits have wings, and ridicule the idea of golden crowns. So she could not have had a spiritual vision. It was only a reflection of the minds around her, while in a mesmeric state; for those minds surrounding her believed in a local hell, which she described. We know that the church once preached of, and believed in the torments of hell, but who for a moment believes in a literal hell now? I don't, nor does the church. This vision of Margaretta E., was only the reflection of the minds of individuals about her, and all spiritual visions can be accounted for in the same way, under the same law.

Mr. Wilson says that many ministers have become Spiritualists, and they have caused them more trouble than all others. Well, perhaps that is so, for all that have become Spiritualists, we were glad to get rid of, for they were unregenerated and depraved, and of demoralizing influence. Perhaps that is what the Lord has permitted Spiritualism to come upon the earth for, for a sort of a sewer, or slop bowl for us to throw our filth in.

There is also some Spiritualists that have become Methodists, but Mr. Wilson need have no fears, we don't want him.

All physical phenomena can be accounted for very easily, and the causes shown to be human agencies.

A family was disturbed by physical phenomena,—such as knockings and poundings, tables moving and chairs dancing,—and it could not be done by other than spirits. Upon close examination it was found to proceed from the crafty machination of the Irish girl, who by cunningly contrived devices, with wires and strings, made all these wonderful phenomena. She was sent to prison for six months, but by the intercessions of friends, only staid three.

Now, most of the physical phenomena of the Davenports and other spiritual mediums, can be accounted for in the same cunningly devised trickery.

On page 255 of "Planchette" (Now, the book is by a Spiritualist, and considered by Spiritualists as one of their best productions). we find, "Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, complains of the deceptive character of many of the mediums. "I cannot," he says, "now point to a single medium, and I know many, and say that he or she is perfectly reliable." Judge Edmonds, in his Spiritual Tract, No 7, says, "It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not produce. As far as my experience goes, this is a mistake. I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them."

Those are acknowledgements of prominent Spiritualists, that there is trickery.

Telegraphic operators, having control of the electricity, may send over those wires any communication that they choose. Why not call that a spiritual phenomena, as Spiritualists claim to use electricity, and that Spiritualism is a science and a philosophy?

We know that physical bodies can be moved by the will, if touched by the hand. For instance, take the watch, suspend it by a string,—holding the string in the hand. You may bid it turn to the right or left, and it will do so,—but suspend it from the wall, and bid it move, and it will not. It is done by the action of the mind, combined with animal magnetism.

As to trance, I must confess I know but little about it; but I do know that what mediums say and do in the so-called trance state, is done by other persons while in the mesmerized condition, and there are no spirits about it.

Spiritualists make no distinction between good and evil. Many say there is no evil, but only an undeveloped, not understood good. Many, also, say that there is no higher power than man, that there is no need of a God! Is this worthy of your confidence and support?

I will read you more to show that these communications and manifestations are wholly unreliable.

A. J. Davis, the great Seer of Spiritualism, in his "Present Age," page 20, says, "There is no security in asking questions which come within the jurisdiction of the judgement or inclination of the medium, or questioner."

Communications are very reliable, are they not?

Again, Judge Edmonds, in his Spiritual Tract, No 7, says, "One day their came to me through Laura as a medium, the spirit of one with whom I had been well acquainted, but from whom I had been separated some fifteen years. His was a very peculiar character, one unlike that of any other man I ever saw; and so strongly marked it was not easy for me to mistake his identity. He was not at all in my mind at the time, and he was unknown to the medium, yet he identified himself unmistakably,—not only by his peculiar character, but by referring to matter unknown to any but him and myself. I took it for granted that he was dead, and was surprised to learn afterwards that he was not. He is yet living."

They can get communications from still embodied minds, and cannot distinguish them from the disembodied,—and I don't know but they get them from dogs, cats, and other animals.

Prof. Mason, of Appleton, told me himself, that he could get as good a communication from a haystack as anything else, and he is a Spiritualist!

Said an honest man, the father of a medium, "I don't understand these mysterious occurrences, but there is one thing I do know about them, and that is, we can obtain just as intelligent answers from the spirit of the beasts, birds and stones, as from any spirit that can be called upon. This I know absolutely, for I have made the experiment myself, till I am perfectly satisfied on the subject."

Then what confidence can the people place in such teachings as these? It may be the spirit of a person embodied, hundreds or thousands of miles away, or from the minds of those surrounding the medium, or from the medium's mind, or the mind of the questioner, or, it may be a haystack, or a beast or bird, or a stone that you are talking to, when you are happy in the thought of conversing with some loved one.

Ladies and gentlemen, there are natural phenomenon in nature that we do not, as yet, understand; there are mesmeric, psychological, and electricical elements that we know comparatively little about, as yet,—the progress of science will develope these mysteries that are now called spirits; and then we will find there is no spirits about it. Spiritualists claim to know all about these laws and sciences that govern their very being, but they don't know any more about it than you or I do. Mr. Wilson says he *knows* but he don't!

If their teachings are correct, what motive have we for doing good? for the worst man is just as good as the best, and will be just as happy hereafter. If that is so, what matter what we do?

I have volumes that I could read to you in regard to their teachings. I tell you I have read deeply in their literature, and that is the only way to learn of their peculiar teachings. I have not come here without knowing whereof I speak.

Joel Tiffany, in his discussion with Mahan, says, "Persons have supposed that when they get correct answers they get tests, but when we come to understand that the spirit can come in *rapport* with minds in the circle, we then discover that he can perceive the thoughts and get the answer as well as the question from the mind, and then being in communication with the medium, can answer all the questions and give perfect satisfaction as to his identity, while at the same time, he is a far different spirit than what he purports to be."

If getting such communication from, you don't know what, proves the immortality of the soul, then does the communications from animals, stones and haystacks prove the immortality of animals, stones and haystacks? Will Mr. Wilson tell us?

[To be continued]

"Artificial Somnambulism."

I have a high appreciation of Dr. Fahnestock's book, and his contributions to your JOURNAL. I hope he will give us more light on the subject of his method of inducing the Somnambulic state. Many are doubtless experimenting, and if with his instructions they are enabled to succeed, his theory will be confirmed and established on a solid scientific basis.

Should his methods of healing and inducing clairvoyance be generally and successfully adopted, Dr. Fahnestock will bear off the palm from the magicians, mesmerizers and magnetizers of former ages, and be recognized as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

A first-class Lecturer, and Medium wanted.

C. A. Reed, President of the Oregon State Association of Spiritualists, writes to us as follows, from Salem, Oregon:

In about six weeks from now, the Legislature and our Supreme Court will be in session at the capitol here, and the State Fair will take place early in October. We have a grand hall, "Reeds Opera." Such a lecturer as E V. Wilson or Emma Hardinge could draw full and paying houses. A medium like Foster or Mansfield, would get repaid for time and trouble in coming out here.

We can not promise that any but first-class would receive paying attention.

"BANNER OF LIGHT" please insert.

Salem, Oregon, July 24th, 1870.

☞ A colored clergyman has returned to Maryland after suffering five years' imprisonment and being sentenced to "perpetual banishment from the United States" (a slight stretch of power, by the way, by the authorities of Maryland), for having in his possession, in 1857, a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ROSICRUCIAN MUSINGS.

By F. B. Dowd.

Passing along the street one fine day, near to a very fashionable lady and gentleman locked arm and arm, we met the *Right Rev.* Bishop ——, never mind the name—it isn't dignified to call names;—suffice that he is Bishop, and a very pompous and dignified individual, weighing, perhaps 300 pounds gross. Pork would not be out of place as a name for him, were it not for the dignified manner in which he sweeps along. He bows profoundly to the lady, touching his beaver in a manner peculiar to him. "Who is that gentleman? Why, don't you know him, my dear? That is Bishop ——, one of the politest and most affable gentlemen I ever knew! He is a perfect embodiment of dignity!"

"I should judge so," said the gentleman, and they were lost in the crowd. But the word dignity set me musing; and when seated in my dingy office, with the shadows coming in and going out, one tarried by my side and said: Dignity is a great thing. 'Tis the one saving element, without which, the world would run mad. It is beyond analysis or description. It has ways of its own, not like any thing else. Dignity loves high places in church and state, and also inheres in clerks at railway stations or at hotels. Dignity is infectious. One seems to catch something indescribable on coming in contact with government officials, or those whom the world calls great. Dignity creates distinctions among men, which some fools call false,—but what would become of it, had we no distinguished characters? What is there which distinguishes a man more than dignity? Dignity is the soul of etiquette, and etiquette is art. Well, what of that? It won't do to be natural! The more art the better, for art is the soul of civilization. But, then, dignity is not always *civil*,—especially to inferiors. Indeed, sympathy has no part or place in dignity. To have a face, smiling and genial, and an eye beaming with the radiance of love and kindness, and a manner *at all approachable*, is not dignified. To have a position or place, one must assume to be what he is not, *i. e.*, he must put on the garments of the place, as a priest puts on his robes, so that the rabble may know he is one in authority, upon whom it is a crime to intrude. To lock daggers, and have a lofty manner in presence of one who applies for information, and turn haughtily away without deigning to speak when accosted by a stranger, is dignified,—especially if you have a shining beaver on your head, and a black cloth suit on your back. What matters it if you have but little sense, if you only keep your mouth shut, and look lofty and thoughtful, the world will call you great and dignified. Strike an attitude, and study to keep it on all occasions until it becomes automatic, and you need not fear for the result, for indeed all your feelings, heart, soul and gizzard, become automatic also, and run as rivulets into the grand all-absorbing river of dignity. It matters not if you are an iceberg, you stand out grand, silent, and over awing in your majesty, presenting no haven of hope for the ship-wrecked mariner, who may be driven against you on life's stormy main. It is feelings which break up the great deeps of being,—then why feel? No! no! feelings are natural. It will never do to be natural in society. All must be art, and the opposite of nature. Study to appear absorbed in thought,—it matters not if your thought be confined to your manner, your beaver, your cane, or the polish of your boots,—the world don't know what makes you thoughtful, and forthwith says it must be something great. If you are conductor on a railway train, don't speak to passengers only barely sufficient to collect the fare, which do in a stiff, gruff manner.

Why, if you should deign to smile on those who smile, or speak kindly to such as address you with questions on the way, you would be overrun by the rabble; for these think it such an horror to talk to such as you. But if Jacob Astor or President Grant is on the train, you must show them all kind of attentions. But be careful how you do this. Mind you don't lose your dignity in so doing. You must be courtly and affable now, without appearing to be so; for mind, their eyes are upon you, and if you appear a sycophant, they despise you.

Assume, and stick to your assumption, and they, too, will recognize you, for they are great by assumption, as well as you. If you fill your position with proper dignity, *i. e.*, so as to give credit and character to the place, you will speedily be promoted. The place must be exalted, and 'tis the individual who exalts the place, although at first, the place exalts the individual; but there is nothing which exalts like dignity. It is an easy matter to assume dignity, when once you have a position where the world has its eye on you,—for the world divests itself of its own dignity, and clothes you therewith. The more dignity you assume, the more debased do the unassuming appear; hence, by this assumption are gulfs digged between individuals, and castes created, which culminate in kings and emperors.

The rabble are such fools that they deserve only nobles and kings to rule, for what would the world be without dignity? To be without dignity, is to be a loafer. Are not the dignified the leaders of society,—"the upper crust," as they are insultingly called by the vulgar?

'Tis true, these are the froth and foam of civilization, wherein but little nature and common sense may be found, yet it is necessary in the boiling of a cauldron, that the froth and scum rise to the surface where it may be seen, before it can be removed.

What attracts more attention than dignity? What is more laughable than dignity in ways? Dignity *belongs* to *wealth*. To be poor is not dignified nor great. You may have all the manhood possible, but if you are poor, if your dress is shabby, if your look has not the fire of pride in it, you have no dignity, and the world puts you one side as one having no influence.

Christ had no dignity, for he ate with the low and vulgar, and the dignified hastened to crucify him. How could they do otherwise? Did he not say, "Woe unto you who seek the chief seats in the synagogues, and make long prayers to be heard of men?"

What can be more dignified than a clergyman? Their very walk on the street seems to say to the drayman, or the rag-picker, "Don't touch me, I am holier than thou!" Let a man once become elevated from the ranks of poverty to wealth, suddenly, and you who look, may behold the sickening spectacle of the growth of dignity—the transformation of nature into art.

His eye blazes with a new light; his house becomes suddenly too small for him. His old friends are now "bores." His manner is changed. Why? because of the dignity which the world attaches to gold. Man's whole nature changes with his coat. If you have gold, your every act becomes dignified, and every body hastens to ape you. If you happen by chance to be president or emperor, no matter how big a fool you may be, if you keep your mouth shut, and look grave, you are dignified, and, of course, great,—especially if you are careful to treat inferiors haughtily and coldly.

Take dignity away from a lady, and what is she? What kind of a judge would he be who had no dignity? Why, he would be the laughing stock of all lawyers; for these are good judges of dignity. Dignity is a great thing to keep people in their places. What if you are formal? forms are laws. What if you are frigid, and people feel relieved when you are gone? you certainly have the credit of being orderly.

I enjoy a hearty laugh, but I know 'tis not dignified to laugh. A smile and a little giggle is dignified. But this must not be indulged in the presence of inferiors, least they run mad with delight. Senators sometimes forget their dignity in the heat of debate, and shed it as a snake its skin; but it re-turns again by reason of their position.

Andy Johnson forgot his dignity ('tis said), and the great Republic of America was horror-struck, and hastened to depose the "accidental president."

It is said Horace Greeley has no dignity. If this is so, he never can be president, and never ought to be. If he had had any dignity, he never would have went bail for "Jeff Davis." "Jeff" had plenty of dignity, or he would have been hanged higher than old John Brown, who had none.

We sometimes accidentally send men, who have no dignity, to the courts of the "old world," to represent our free institutions; but off goes their heads as soon as the fact is known, that they are lacking in this great element which naturally belongs to rulers.

The rabble may think that the dignified man is uncivil, but those of the same class think differently; for are they not the leaders of civilization? In the first place, it is not civil to accost a gentleman without an introduction,—especially if your clothes are shabby, and your hands hard with toil. Learn your places, ye rif raf! and put your hats under your arm when you *dare* to speak to your betters.

What have we in common with you? Stand aside, sir! Palaces and palace cars for the rich; hovels and box-cars for emigrants and the rabble. Ho! John Chinaman! you are the man for us. You have no dignity. You know your place, and will keep it. And your sons of St. Crispin, who dare to demand that labor should be protected, just give way here; we are lords of this thing. And there's the "poor man's league," too; another despisable effort to combine the poor for the protection of what they call their rights,—as if they have any rights, except such as are derived from dignity,—soft hands, kid gloves and gold.

Talk of combining the poor upon principle. Bah! They have no principle, and can not unite upon any thing but "bread and butter." Look at the dignity of wealth and its combinations. See how we combine for railroad, insurance, banking, and manufacturing purposes. Talk of the relations of capital and labor, and of fixing those relations by law. What nonsense, as if dignity was not sufficient to establish these relations. If the poor had any dignity, they would know that their place is in quiet submission to the dignity of capital. If they had any common sense, they would know that the law of supply and demand is all the law needed. Of course, wealth needs protection, but the poor need none, for they have nothing to protect. The dignity of our government needs protection from these secret societies.

Washington saw this, and warned the American people against secret societies. But he did not mean the secret railroad rings, the corporation rings, the banking rings, the lobby rings, the board of trade rings, the election rings, and all the innumerable secret rings which circle around the heart of liberty, until the fair Goddess is black in the face with suffocation.

Oh, no! he didn't mean these, for there is dignity here. He did not mean the secret log-rolling of congressmen and the presidents cabinet, in the buying of places; for are not all these dignified gentlemen? Is not the dignity of the United States safe in their hands?

The poor can not unite, for they are too indifferent to every thing, except wages. They are too selfish, too envious, and too narrow in their views to unite, except as mobs. This may be so, but it remains to be seen, whether virtue belongs solely to dignity. We know dignity holds Nabobs together, as wealth holds governments together. If it had not been for the dignity of our monied aristocracy, Cuba would be a republic this hour.

Oh, no! it won't do to recognize a people struggling for liberty, for fear our monied interests will suffer.

No, the United States must recognize its position among the nations of the world,—none is more dignified, and it is not the place of dignity to take the part of any rabble, even if they are fighting, as we fought not long since, for liberty.

In our last bloody war, when brother butchered brother, the dignity of free institutions was at stake, and when volunteers were exhausted, and more men were wanted, my name and yours were put in a wheel and drawn. If chance said we must go to the slaughter house, we were torn from our little ones, and dressed in our grave clothes, and sent to the cemetery. What for? That the dignity of wealth might be upheld. We were fighting about wealth. Why was not wealth drafted, as well as the men? I demand an answer! Because of the dignity of wealth. Look at the enormous debt under which we groan this day. Every dollar could have been paid *at the time*, by the confiscation of wealth, the same as we confiscated the father of a family, and left the little ones at home paupers. Grand and sublime spectacle of the government of the people, respecting wealth more than the minds and persons of its subjects.

"Ah, Dowd, it won't do to talk in this manner of dignity. Why, dignity is as old as Cain," says one at my elbow. Yes, I know, and Cain stood on his dignity, when he said to God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "It won't do to get out of the beaten track,"—ha! Well, perhaps not; but recollect, this is the year 1870.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SOMNAMBULISM THE FOUNDATION OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

By Wm. B. Fahnestock.

I have no disposition, and but little time, to waste in a controversy upon the subject of "Animal Magnetism," or, as I, for want of a better name, call it, artificial somnambulism:

If any one, from his convictions, is pleased to differ from me as to the cause of the condition, I have no very great objection to giving him his own way, especially as time and experience will bring the truth to all minds in due season.

With respect to whether Dr. Franklin was or was not engaged in the experiments, as one of the commissioners appointed by the French king, does not matter, so far as the facts in the case are concerned. I can but refer the reader to the report, from which I made the extracts found in my work—viz: "Rapport des Commissaires Charges pour le roy due l'Examen du Magnetism Animal; a' Paris 1784."

The experiments there detailed will show whether "This was great investigation, truly, very great investigation," or not.

As clairvoyants can see what they imagine, as well as they can that which really exists,—their seeing "a halo encircling the head of the operator," or "streaming" from any other part of his body, is no proof that the halo or the stream of animal magnetism is really there. I can furnish any number of clairvoyants who can see nothing of the kind.

Ridicule is no argument, nor have quotations which do not bear upon the subject under consideration, any weight to convince, any more than mere assertions, which convey no proof with them.

Because Miss Keyser *believed* that she could not go into the somnambulic condition, when I was not present, prevented her from doing so, simply because she did not make the necessary effort. Let her free herself from her surroundings and false teachings, and she will soon be able to do as she pleases, independent of any one, but until she does so, she will be the slave of others.

With respect to what "Old Mohawk" says in regard to "magnetic control," etc., I have but to remark that, it is well known that spirits are not all perfect, nor do they know everything, although they may be honest in their convictions, and give us what they really believe to be true, but that is no proof that what they say is really so. They speak and act as they have been taught and will do otherwise when they progress to higher planes, but I will here remark, as I have done before upon several occasions in your valuable paper, that there can be no doubt that spirits can, and often do, aid in healing, but they can only do it by impressing the mind of the patient, and do it most readily when they are in a somnambulic condition, and not by any virtue emanating from them, as some spirits still suppose. Spirits upon a higher plane of spirit life, know better, as the case in point, which I am about to give in detail, will fully prove, and go to sustain what I, from the deepest convictions of its truth, thought it my duty to advocate. I give below one of the cases alluded to in my last letter. It is as follows:

Several letters having passed between us, Mr. Felix Schelling, of Philadelphia, by appointment, brought his son Felix, a youth of eleven years of age, to see me, with the view of having me teach his son how to throw himself into the somnambulic condition. This youth is finely organized—is a musical medium of a high order, has often been controlled by most of the spirits, who, as men, were cultivated in the art of music, such as Hayden, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Gluck, etc., etc. He was brought to me for the above purpose, *at the request of the above and other spirits*, and after his father had seated him for the purpose of spirit control, the father placing his hands upon the boy's head, as was his custom, he was soon entranced, and as soon as the controlling spirit was able through him, to converse with me, I requested the spirit to leave the youth, when he departed from him, in the same condition in which he found him when he took possession of his organism. He promised to do so.

You are aware that I long since advocated that all mediums were in a somnambulic condition when controlled by spirits, and that it was impossible for spirits to control any one, if they, or some part of their body was not in that condition. This case proves the fact under consideration, for, when the spirit in control, withdrew, and I directed the boy to cast his mind home to Philadelphia, he proved to be clear-minded and insensible, and while in this condition, visited clairvoyantly, among other places, the camps of the French and Prussian armies, described their relative positions, and what the men were respectively engaged in, etc.

I then requested him to return and awaken the head *only*.

This he did very readily, and was very much astonished to find his body in an insensible condition—so that he could not by pinching or pricking with pins, inflict pain upon any part of his body. He was then requested to let the head fall back into the condition again, and after some clairvoyant experiments, he was requested to throw himself out of the state entirely. He was then, after a few explanations, able to throw any part of his body into the insensible condition at will, independent of the head, and to keep it in that condition, when awake, as long as he pleased, and before he left for home, being here only thirty-six hours, he threw himself into the condition for spirit control as often as he pleased, *without* the interference of his father.

Mr. Schelling has since written me that his son is able to throw himself or any part of his body into the state at pleasure, independent of any one. He will soon make the case known, or give any information in regard to it. His residence is on 45th Street, below Hudson, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A GHOST STORY.

An Uneasy Grocer of Cleveland Leaves His Grave and Returns to his Home—Blue Lights, Table-Tipping and Davenport Mysteries.

From the Cleveland Herald.

We have a story to tell. Not a story of fiction, but one where stern fact assumes the mastery, and bids reason be silent and the tongue of the scoffer be still. You ask us of "reason, wisdom and learning?" We answer, "learn to unlearn." Wisdom is corrupted by venality, reason a thing for profound fools. The world whirls in a giddy dance, chasing the shadows into darkness and hailing the dawn with a revelry of brutal orgies, and calls it philosophy; while philosophy has yet to be born; science is an infant, and a fact a thing of the future. To the point:

A grocery merchant, whom we shall designate as Mr. W., dies, and is mourned as forever lost to earth, kindred and friends. Time passes on. His bereaved family do the best they can, with limited means, to gain a livelihood in following the business of the dead husband and father. The reader may say, "Give me the full name." It can easily be learned by asking almost any business man between Erie and Dodge streets, on St. Clair. So far we will go, no farther. The husband is dead, and the family attend to the business, as before stated, to gain an honest living.

About ten days ago, Mrs. W. became acquainted with a spiritual medium, and jocularly asked her to show her some sign of her dead husband, and, as stated to us, a pale, gray light filled the room, and to her astonishment and affright, the form of her departed lord stood before her. The form was as perfect as when last seen. The lips moved not, but the presence stood before her in all its ghostly and real significance. Of course a natural fear seized her, and she begged as a favor, that the medium permit her to remain all night with her. The request was granted, and the two retired for the night. After this latter episode all was still and quiet until about one o'clock, when the medium was startled by a bright light in the room. Looking around, she discovered her quondam friend seated in a chair, and her clothes being placed upon her as if by magic. Comprehending the whole matter, she was satisfied that the spirit was at work for some purpose of its own, and watched the proceeding. She stated to us, (and she is the wife of a hard-working mechanic, a rolling mill hand), that in less time than we can count ten, her companion was dressed without an effort, from shoes to collar, and moved noiselessly from the house. Having full faith in the spiritual belief, after the disappearance of her friend, she went to sleep and slept quietly until the return of her husband from the rolling mill, to whom she related the circumstance.

Next day she proceeded to the residence of her friend, who averred that all she knew about it was that she "suddenly found herself at the bed side of her husband's mother, who was suffering from a sudden attack of illness."

The wife of the deceased grocer, (both Germans, by the way), was still skeptical, even after her visitation. "Well," said the medium, "take a walk with me this evening." The walk was taken, and the results astonished herself as well as her friend. While quietly pursuing their way, the wife of the dead grocer suddenly grasped the arm of her companion, and whispered between blanched lips:

"Do you see him?"

"Certainly," remarked her companion, "he has been behind us for a square."

The frightened wife hugged closer to her friend, who shortly turned into her own door, and the scenes there enacted must be left to the imagination of the reader. Table turning, blue lights, bureaus dancing, and other eccentricities, are minor considerations, compared to the ghostly exhibitions dished up for the edification and terror of the affrighted ex-wife.

Since the above events, the shadowy presence, she contends, has haunted her, and now, on the verge of lunacy, the poor woman constantly talks to the air, as if in converse with some unseen but terrible power. The facts above narrated, are common talk in the locality referred to, and any one inquisitive enough, may be further gratified by inquiries. We have written the account as it was told to us, for the truth of which we do not vouch, as we believe in but little that cannot be seen felt or tasted, but of the sincerity of the parties we have no doubt.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

UNDERHILL'S DEFENCE OF MESMERISM.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Set for the defence of Mesmerism I have just read a work entitled "Library of Mesmerism;" the first part, a volume by Fishbrough, entitled Macrocosm,—meaning the Outer World; to be followed by Microcosm, or Inner Spiritual World, which, to say the least, is quite interesting, and although it refers to Mesmerism, it makes no pretensions to teach the science. The second part by John Newman, M. D., is entitled Fascination. The writer had experimented but little. He says that the seventh degree is death. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Had he called the seventh degree life, it would have been better; for it is in this degree that the subject is most lively, intellect the most brilliant, vision most perfect, —in short, it is the highest clairvoyant state. But how do you know that there are six degrees? I'll tell you. All the Clairvoyants say so. I had a subject who always had six spells of deep and hurried breathing, with intervals of, say one to two minutes. Ask what degree are you in, and he always answered: one at the first interval; two at the second, &c., &c. They sometimes divide them, and say at the final, twelve. Where are the thirty six of Newman's, of which he speaks, if they die at the sixth?

The next absurdity is this: "The Devil, no doubt, taught the magicians and soothsayers how to fascinate and cure by Mesmerism." He speaks of the girl that Paul scared out of being mesmerized by his overawing denunciations, as Peter frightened Annanias and his wife to death by priestly denunciations.

I have known many good clairvoyants frightened out of being clairvoyants by priestly denunciations.

I have been assured that spirits would not rap on a sacrament table or with the Bible on the table. So I tried it, and proved the statement false.

Had Paul understood the matter of clairvoyance, he would glady have let the Girl testify to her mission. He was a little ahead of the Mosaic day, when they put to death the natural somnambulists as witches.

There are many interesting facts in Newman's book, yet it abounds in "sops" thrown to ignorance and superstition, and I have to set him down as a narrow minded bigot, or out of respect for his attainments, believe him a lying hypocrite.

I think all talk about the Devil and many other stupid statements, are put in to make the book sell to those whose religious errors let them be afraid of magnetism, lest it overthrow their orthodoxy. One thing is certain, if the Devil has gone to doing good, he is a better fellow than Orthodoxy makes him. Jesus taught that if he went to doing good, his kingdom would fall. And if he teaches men how to cast out evils, or devils, he is doing good. He is a liar and the truth is not in him.

For a full description of the degrees, read Underhill on Mesmerism. The doctrines laid down in that work, are the fruits of twenty-five years of experience, and with a mind unbiassed by superstition or infidelity.

In my last article for the JOURNAL, there is a mistake in a name. I wrote Dr. Ducommun, and you have spelled it Dieconniu,—but this only hurts a quotation of minor importance.

I conclude by saying that Newman's work on Fascinations is full of errors, and an unsafe guide, and therefore unworthy of public confidence.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D.

Tonica, Ill.

INDIANA.

Letter from Dr. S. A. Thomas.

BROTHER JONES:—When we left your office, our steps were directed to Clarksburg, Decatur county, and there we found our former friends in religious matters, just where we left them just six years ago, and still wallowing in the cess pool of old theology—no chance to lecture there.

They are still looking for that "great and notable day of the Lord."

They have heard that the Lord is dead, but have not yet learned that he is resurrected, and as he told his disciples—"I will not leave you alone, but I will come to you."

They that are filthy let them be filthy still; and they that are ignorant let them be ignorant still.

We took the cars for Fort Wayne, and there found but little encouragement. We stayed over one night, and took the train for Bluffton. Lectured on Monday evening. Subject: "The Healing Art," which nettled old Theology somewhat, and brought us out in a lecture on old "Moses, as compared with Science." Our platform was free, but no takers.

We found there three workers for our beautiful philosophy,—Brother Mack, the Sheriff of the county—who lighted up the house for us the last evening, and Brother Filson, who is all that is required as a friend, brother, and true Spiritualist. Angels bless our brothers.

Took the stage for this, our old home, and oh! what a reception after sixteen long years; but the angels have been here, and filled the hearts of the people with love and good works.

Met the friends at their regular monthly meeting. Lectured to a full house. Here we met Sister Colby, who has been lecturing in this section something over a year, and the good fruits of her labor is to be found everywhere she has been. She gave us the experience of Thomas Paine in spirit-life in the afternoon, which was beautiful. We expect to remain here until the 15th of September, when we go to Richmond. From Richmond we will return to Minnesota, our field of labor.

We will lecture at different points along our route, if desired.

Our route will be from Richmond to Chicago; Chicago to Milwaukee; thence to La Crosse, Wis.; from there we will proceed by boat to Hastings and St. Paul, Minnesota.

Those wishing us to lecture at any convenient point along our proposed route, will please address us at Richmond, Wayne county, Ind., up to the time of our convention.

More anon.

S. A. THOMAS, M. D.

Pennville, Jay Co., Ind.
August 10, 1870.

Voices from the People.

LAKEVILLE, MINN.—Mrs. H. E. Johnson writes—As my time expires August 30th, and I have been a subscriber for two years, and am seeking after knowledge and the truth, I feel that the paper is my staff of life, and I hardly know how to live without it. I find much satisfaction in perusing the new and beautiful truths contained in it, and hope that you may always be guided by good angels to send us true spiritual food. Inclosed you will find three dollars with the exception of registry fee, for the paper another year.

STOCKHOLM, N. Y.—Austin Kent writes.—Will you permit me to state some facts to Dr. Fahnestock, and ask his explanation? Some thirty-three years ago, a friend came to me, and said, "My sister is very sick and in great suffering. Can you help her, or must I go for the doctor?" I raised a silent prayer to God, got a favorable answer, and replied, "You will find your sister better on your return." I give this instance as one in many. When I gave such an answer, I was never disappointed. I became what is called a modern Spiritualist two or three years later. But I confess I am not now sure whether I, my mind, or the spirits, healed in such cases. I think the last. Such facts, I believe, are not now so uncommon. Doctor, how do you explain such cases by your philosophy?

Some eighteen years ago, I went into a chamber among strangers, and after ten minutes in social chat, I turned to a woman who had been confined to her bed six or eight weeks, and said, "When we men go down, permit your sister to assist you in dressing, and meet us in the room below." She said:

"Do you think I can?"

I said, "yes."

She replied, "I will try."

In fifteen minutes she was there, dressed, and did not take to her bed again. In this case, I took her disease upon myself. So much I know. I believe I did it unaided by spirits. I have taken more or less of the diseases of others with whom I was in mental rapport, and they have more often taken mine when we were miles—even hundreds of miles apart. Doctor, how do you explain this by your philosophy? I am old, but not too old to learn.

MORRISTOWN, MINN.—Anthony Wayne Pool writes. I cannot think of doing without the paper. It is a welcome visitor, and I do not want it stopped. I have not been in the ranks but two years; but am sorry I did not find it sooner. I had a chance to investigate ten years ago, but was like a great many now-a-days, who think they know it all. I set it down as a humbug, but all I regret is, that I had not been humbugged much sooner.

MASON, MICH.—H. J. Wilson writes.—I would not be deprived of the pleasure that the reading of the paper affords me for twice the price of it. Long may it wave.

MILWAUKEE.—J. B. Burr writes.—I have been a subscriber to the BANNER ever since it first came out, and have become so attached to the JOURNAL that I look for it every week, the same as I do for the BANNER, and I expect to take them both as long as I am able to pay for them, while I remain on this side of my real home, and they both advocate the true light as they do now.

UNION, WIS.—S. G. Strong writes.—I lend the paper to people, to keep them alive until they can see through the mists of superstition and bigotry, —hoping they will become subscribers permanently, themselves.

Thank you, brother. If each old subscriber would do as much, our subscription list would grow rapidly.

SPARKVILLE, IND.—J. H. Nixon writes.—If there is another out spoken Spiritualist in this County, I do not know it. Several are beginning to inquire as to "what is it?" from the fact that I keep the subject before the people by lectures and otherwise. I think that I shall be able, in a short time, to give you a name or two, to whom to address the paper. The people need to be visited by media having awakening power; but such, for a time, would have to depend upon outside sources for remuneration. Just think of one whole county entirely in spiritual darkness, supremely overridden by the fear of his Satanic Majesty!

WORCESTER, MASS.—Mrs. H. N. Graves writes. —You certainly have reason, from my long silence, to count me among those ungrateful ones who are so plentifully scattered over our earth; yet you were never more mistaken, for whatever other sins I may be guilty of, ingratitude is not one of them. But oh, this terrible weather! Heat does not express it. Scalding, seething, sickening! and with this last adjective, comes my excuse, for I have been sick most of the time since the first of June—just lay on my couch and read the JOURNAL and BANNER, when able to read,—my only companions. It is astonishing to me how any true Spiritualist can live without one or both of these most excellent papers; yet I know several in this city, who are strong in the faith and quite wealthy, who do not take either, and consequently do not know how the cause is progressing in various parts of the country, but, like other ignorant ones, think Spiritualism is dying out. I have tried in vain to get you some subscribers among this class,—who remind me of the good old Methodist deacon, who "blessed God for this *free* religion. He had belonged to the church twenty-five years, and it hadn't cost him twenty five cents." His minister, who was present, sung out "God bless your stingy souls." But I had the promise of a club of four or five laboring men, that they would send. Have they done so? One has a brother in your city, to whom they were going to send the money and have him send the paper. Inclosed is one dollar and fifty cents for the coming six months, on my subscription. Do not stop the paper unless I request you, which I will do when I find that I can not pay for it. Heaven and all good angels bless you for your kindness to the poor, and the good and glorious work you are doing.

PORTLAND, MAINE.—F. W. Hatch writes.— While perusing my paper of the last issue, I noticed that the time for which it is paid, had expired; therefore will remit at once, as I suppose that the success of your valuable sheet depends some upon your subscribers. But such a bold and out spoken paper as yours can stand any way, because it presents the truth.

JONESBORO, IND.—Samuel Stewart writes.— Please find inclosed fifty cents for a trial subscription for three months. The people are becoming convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and many in this vicinity now speak well of the JOURNAL, who heretofore were bitterly opposed to it.

LANCASTER.—Wm. B. Fahnestock writes.—I am in receipt of so many lengthy letters in relation to artificial somnambulism, that I find it impossible, for want of time, to read, much less to answer them as I would desire, and as the great majority of such letters have no postage stamp inclosed, it is an additional tax upon good nature. I would be much obliged if you will, through the medium of your valuable paper, say to all who desire information, that I will answer all reasonable questions, if briefly put, and return postage stamps are inclosed. I have used the word *reasonable*, because I have received some letters which would require a repetition of all the ideas detailed in my book, and which, if properly studied, will convey all the facts in relation to that science,— the ideas of "animal magnetism," and the powers of operators, etc., to the contrary, notwithstanding.

There is a gentleman here, now studying the art, who has seen many new and interesting cases successfully treated in his presence, which, I presume, he will, in due time, make known. I wish you could have witnessed the same, with him, as I am certain that all ideas of power in the operator would have been dissipated, and the cause of relief ascribed to the true cause. At some future time, I will give you the cases in detail.

☞ Two farmers in Kansas recently had a lawsuit about seven pounds of butter. When the jury retired they took with them the butter, procured some crackers, ate them together, and returned a verdict of "No cause for action."

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE RADICALS.

BY ELIZA. A. PITTSINGER.

Oh! quiver 'neath the morning sun,
Ye arrows, in your speeding.
The Radicals have ever won
Their laurels in the leading!
Ye champions of freedom, hail!
Each law your force a moulding,
While yet our purpose may unveil
Some wisdom in unfolding.

Oh, would that fortune still might speed
Your mission, and defend it:
But ah, she gives but little heed
Until the strife is ended.
And yet our cause may never frown
On rights predestined equal,
With stars, like angels, looking down
Upon a golden sequel!

Most graciously within its sphere
Old earth is onward moving,
Conservatism in the rear
The backward march is proving;
The radicals are found ahead,
Grouped in a mass together,
Who test, as by a science led,
Its metal, weight and tether.

Well balanced on a polished plane,
Its orbit of extension
Unfolds a law from which they gain
Its molding might and tension!
Speed on, ye ever-moving wheels,
Speed onward with the ages,
Until your fiery magnet deals
Its lightning to our sages.

It is an age of will and steam,
Of energies gigantic,
Whose inner forces madly teem
With powers wild and frantic.
Then quiver through the noisy din,
Ye arrows upward glancing;
The Radicals shall ever win
Their laurels in advancing.

Speed Justice with her golden scales,
And Freedom with her teaching,
And speed the law that never quails
Before despotic preaching
Speed mind to wisdom, and to mind
Speed on the sweet communion,
Until a silver cord may bind
The two in heavenly union.

Oh, speed the hand that yet may sow
The seeds of revelation
Upon a soil from which they grow,
To bloom for every nation.
Speed charity, love, hope and truth,
Forevermore progressing,
And speed the martyr to the youth
Of an ever-enduring blessing!

Speed woman, till the future brings
Its mission to ensphere her,
And speed the poetess who sings
The crowning of her era!
Oh, speed the music of each tone
To a world-wide destination,
Until each clime, domain and zone
Give back its inspiration.

Speed, speed the car of progress on,
Ye Radicals, unheeding
Aught save the creed wherein ye won
Your laurels in the leading.
Speed earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Speed light and revelation,
And let the love of freedom girth
The limits of creation.

WRITTEN MESSAGES.

A Cause Why They are, in Early Development More Often Mistaken than a Later One, Given in Trance.

LYDIA H. BAKER, MEDIUM.

The human system, with its fine, soft texture of nervous fibre, was made transparent before me, while the spirit voice came in an explanation of the picture, showing me that the magnetic nerve fluid which spirits use to control the medium for writing, and to direct the mental action by, was in its first development unable to permeate this part of the system; that in development the larger and coarser muscles and nerves were first operated upon by this magnetic fluid, and did not contain within themselves alone, the ability to retain and use the spiritual magnetic force, without its being more easily diverted from the mental channels giving expression to spirit thought; that it was not unfrequently the case that a writing medium, controlled only through this coarser nervous fibre, had the spirit message diverted from its proper channel of thought, and mundane thoughts alone, or a mixture of them and the spirits, without being themselves aware of the change,—when a more complete development, taking control of all the finer nerve centers, distributed through the softer portions of flesh, would add power to the other, and prevent this, showing me that in the spreading of the spiritual magnetic force, to this fine texture of nerve, consisted the development of mediumship; that it was a growth that required time and opportunity to accomplish, and that as it advanced, the system became passive, not manifesting but little, and from that, to not any of the spasmodic action generally apparent; that a perfectly-developed control would for this reason, be as easy and natural, as if there were no other spirit controlling but the one owning the body, except in a little change of the expression of the eye, and pallor of the countenance; also showing me that when developed to this condition, mediumship would generally be as perfect as mental capacity would permit, and always as much so as that capacity and its conditions would allow.

With this message, there was a beautiful impression of the ease of spirit thoughts gliding through the sensorium of the brain, through the channel of the nerve centres of the human system, that made a developed mediumship one of the most delightful conditions, showing that through it there was a growth of human mental power, or perhaps, I should say "spiritual power," that lifted the soul more fully above all the conflicting conditions of an earth existence, producing unhappiness, consequently heaven or happiness within was more complete, while the intellect was placed in a higher circle of progress, and capable of expanding faster.

THADEUS STEPHENS.

Preferred burial in an obscure burying ground, rather than in either of the two beautiful cemeteries in Lancaster, in both of which he owned lots, because colored people could not be buried there; and over his grave in his obscure resting place, is a plain marble with his own inscription:—"I lie here because the earth is free to all."

THE FIRST VISIT.

Prentice Mentord gives the following account of a spirit's first communication after leaving earth:

A familiar intelligence had occupied a portion of the evening. At length she remarked:

"There is some one here very desirous of speaking with you; some one well known to you; I will give place to her."

There was a moment's pause. The calm, placid expression left the medium's face; the features were a little disturbed; the right hand trembled violently; then it was extended toward me, and a whispered voice came from the lips:

"Why don't you speak? Don't you know me?"

You may call it an impression or a guess; the thought came to me and I spoke it.

"Is it you, Annie Lockhardt?"

It was now an expression of joy that came over the lady's features.

The voice, still whispering, but eager, said:

"Yes, it is me. Come, all of you in the room, nearer to me. It helps me to keep control of her."

She then in a characteristic manner gave way for a moment to expressions of delight at her situation.

The voice now became clearer and rose above a whisper, saying: "Oh, I can control her so as to speak with you, can I not? How strange this is. I do not know how I do it, either. I am not within this body, as it seems to you. I stand here," (pointing with the arms behind her)

"Tell us, Annie, something about where you are and what you are doing?" said one.

"Oh," said she, "there is so much to tell. I can't say what I would wish. When I come again I will try and be better prepared. But this world I am in is so beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful! Such flowers, and birds, and scenery! So grand, so sublime! Why I would not come back to earth if it could there be made for me as happy as possible. You know it was not all happy for me. But if I knew my life was to be made happy I would not return. I don't think these intelligences tell you enough of the little things here.

I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire for higher attainments. And such beautiful spirits visit me. They help me, too. But it is ourselves that must make the step; and after we make it we must get on it. I will tell you one thing. We pray here; we do not despise prayer. Some on earth, when they come out of old belief, become too scoffing and scornful in these things. It is the Christ spirit that rules in this life. All must enter in by that door to attain happiness."

"Have you done anything in your old occupation?" I asked.

"O," said she, an air of half humorous self-condemnation, "I have done nothing save lounge and idle since I have been here."

"How did you look on death?"

"I was in a sort of lethargy when I passed away. I was not afraid to die. The doctor gave me opiates, I think. I wanted to send more messages to my friends. I wanted to get a word to H— about the books. Some of them would have been of so much use to him."

Miss Lockhardt had almost a morbid fear of intruding herself on others, or making as she feared, trouble. Soon this old characteristic reappeared, in her. She troubled herself because she had intruded on the conversation. This she mentioned several times in a self-depreciating manner which was annoying to us. She also distressed herself lest the medium should "take on" her own physical condition just previous to dissolution. "I shall make her sick,—I know I shall," she remarked several times. These thoughts marred the pleasure of her visit.

She spoke several times of two particular friends in San Francisco, and said, 'Well, you write and tell them I come?" I said I would write the next day.

"Will you? Will you indeed write to-morrow!" she explained; "O, that is splendid!"

The remainder of the conversation touched upon matters of a private nature. The entire interview had not the smoothness of the novelist's page. Our every day meetings and greetings are not in speech, planed to a book polish. I do not think they are in spirit-life either. It might even be said that Miss Lockhardt was flurried and excited. Her manner often showed that her utterances failed to convey what she wished. She wanted to say more to us. When she had gone, we thought of a hundred things we would have asked her, and it is not improbable that she was in a similar mental condition.

MIRACULOUS.

An old woman writes a language she never learned.

BY A. C. BOWMAN

Mr. Wm. Wherrett and his wife lived in Columbia, Fayette county, Indiana, in 1845, and for many years previous to that time they had resided there. They were an aged couple and members of the M. E Church. All who knew them regarded them as honest, truthful and religious persons. Both were benevolent, but Mrs. Wherrett in particular was noted for her kindness and strict regard for good understanding and truthfulness among neighbors. This, I doubt not, was her inherited disposition, but she cultivated it and ascribed it all to grace—the grace of God. That is a good way of Spiritual development, which the writer of this enjoyed for many years. All called her "Mother Wherrett," for she was a "Mother in Israel." She was not obtrusive or boastful of her religious experience, but in class meeting and sometimes in private conversation, would relate what she said the Lord had done for her.

One incident of her experience, regarded by her as of this character, she narrated to me, and afterwards in class meeting related the same, saying, as a reason for doing so, that as she was old and might be called away at any time, she thought it was her duty to tell what the Lord had done for her. This is what she said:

"When Mr. Wherrett and I were married in Pennsylvania, we moved to Kentucky, and I did not hear from my folks in Pennsylvania, for nearly two years, when I received a letter written in Dutch, that I knew was from them; but I could not read it because I never learned to read such writing. I enquired, but could not find a person where we were that could read Dutch. Then I felt much worse than if I had never got my letter, and I went out in the orchard, and I did cry, and pray, and something seemed to say to me, "You may go home now, you can read your letter." I went home and I did read it—every word. It was written in Dutch by two brothers, and I wrote answers to them both in the same language. I had never learned to write it, but they told me afterwards that I did write very well. But I forgot it right away, and never could write any more."

I asked Mother Wherrett, if she thought it was a miracle performed for her. She hesitated a moment, as if studying, I thought, as to what she ought to say, and meekly replied "It would seem as if it was."

I have headed the above 'Miraculous," but your readers will recognize it as a *Methodist miracle*, and Methodist writings of a century ago abound with similar experiences of members of that Society. There is not space enough to write of the Spiritual phenomena that have occurred among Methodists, and in other denominations of religious people, as well as with all sorts of persons in all ages. If preachers say that miracles ceased with the introduction of Christianity, many of the members of the churches do not believe them. It is but a few months since we read in a Methodist missionary publication, that a certain presiding elder on "returning from his work on the district, found his house and household goods burned, including his books, but his wife and children had escaped *but by the merest miracle*." I wondered why the writer did not reflect that if God wrought a miracle in saving *His Servants*, wife and children, He could just as easily have saved his house and those Godly library books from burning!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Are they Convertible and Inter-changeable Substances?

BY G. W. LAWSON.

In one of your late numbers, Mr. J. Tinney proposes some views of the relations and difference of spirit and matter, that vary so far from all ancient ideas and positions on the subject, that I beg leave to consider them somewhat in your valuable pages.

He takes the ground that all things are one and alike; but that spirit is the positive and matter the negative side thereof; that all is substance; that the evolution of spirit produces matter; and the action of matter produces spirit; that both states are in constant action.

I suppose he means that planets are forms of matter or negative to the laws and principles, or positive, that governs them, their spirit. Now I have long thought something of the kind.

My view has been that the Universe is God; that all suns and planets are but the body of Deity, while all laws, principles and intelligence, are the spirit; that atom contains attribute-matter spirit; that all things are positive and negative, male and female; that all are orbital, revolving; that the production of human beings is the conversion of matter into spirit and spirit into matter; that the highest law of motion is orbital, not spiral; is circular and interchanging, passing from positive or spirit, to negative of matter, and vice versa; that human souls and bodies are the product of human parentage of positive and negative in the properties of matter and spirit; that all forms, from an atom to a universe are negative; that all manifestations, from an attribute to a God are positive; and thus "they live and move and have their being;" that generation after generation is but the law of orbital and circular or convertible motion,—spirit changing into matter, and matter into spirit.

Now the idea that spirit is the author of matter or form, and vice versa, is at variance with the Chaldean, Judean, Persian, Hindoo, and the oriental belief in general,—that human souls were created in pairs, in some far-off heaven; and sent to earth "to find them bodies here," and some modern mediums, like Randolph and Hammond, have taught that there is an order, of Eons or spirits, like crystal points, created in some far off worlds or realms of spirits, and that enter into all space; that they become inhaled into mental, (parental) organisms, while floating in the impalpable air, and ultimately find them human bodies through the earthly system of human reproduction. Mr. Tinney's theory, that spirits produce bodies, does away with the ancient Eon theory entirely, and brings us right down to our own earth and ourselves, as the responsible parties in human organization and teaches us that "like will produce like," and that if parental atoms and attributes are defective and depraved, so will be the newly created soul and body. If the atoms that constitute the parentage, are an aggregate of tobacco, whiskey opium, war, murder, lust, or larceny, the children will inevitably be such as are brought forth in the slimes and purlieus of cities. A matter for grave consideration among reformers hinges upon the truth in these premises, for as this planet now is, the negative or female half moves and ever has moved in subjection or restraint to the positive or male half. And the question arises can this earth ever produce its perfect fruit, the complete man and woman, until those atoms and attributes are released to grow in full freedom and expansion like the male; and another also arises, have not children rights as well as women, for agitation and recognition,—the right to be born of love, and not of lust, of true, healthy hygienic atoms, and nobly spiritual attributes; in fact, to be created of the whole brain, and not of the cerebellum merely, as is too much now the case.

Speakers' Register.

Speaker's Register and Notice of Meetings

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested

HEREAFTER we shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED with a pledge on their part that they will keep us POSTED in regard to changes; and in addition to that, EXPRESSLY indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by WORD AND DEED.

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium 149, Fourth Ave Chicago Ill.

J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J.

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.

Harrison Angir, Charles City, Iowa.

Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 394 Laporte Ind.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beulah, Wisconsin.

Henry A. Beach, Spring Valley, N. Y.

J. S. Rouse, Casey, Ill.

H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Pennville, Jay Co., Ind.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Adress Ancora, N. J.

A. J. Fishback, Victoria, Missouri.

Rev. J. Francis, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

I. H. Garretson, Prichland, Iowa.

K. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.

Joseph F. Hamilton, Be laire, Iowa,

Thomas Harding, box 301, Sturges, Mich.

Samuel S. Harman, Goshen, Ind.

L. D. Hay, late of Huntsville, Texas, will answer calls to lecture,

Mrs. Hoyse, Trance, and Test medium Waterloo, Wis.

Daniel W. Hull, Inspirational speaker, Hobart, Ind.

Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn, Lecturer

Address him in care of this Office, 189, South Clark Sreet

D. P. Kayner, M. D., Clairvoyant, Erie, Pa.

R. P Lawrence, Inspirational Speaker, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

J. Mansfield, Inspirational Speaker and Healing Medium, Sevill e, Ohio.

Miss M. C. McClendon, Inspirational Speaker, Rock Island, Ill.

F. C Mills, Riverside, Maine.

Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 288 Superior st., Cleveland

Mrs. S. A. Pearsall inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium, Washington, D. C.

Harriet E. Pope, Morristown, Minn.

Dr. P. B Randolph, 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers, inspirational speaker. Address in care of A. J Grover, Rock Island, Ill.

Warren Smith, Elexandria, Madison Co., Ind.

Job Smyth, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture

Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, M.D, lecturer, on Spiritualism, Medical Reform, Physical Culture, etc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn

Benjamin Todd, Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Benjamin Todd, Inspirational Speaker, Portland, Oregon.

M. M. Tousey, Lake Mills.

J. B. Tupper, trance speaker, Jamestown, Wis.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Dr. Samuel Underhill, Tonica, Ill.

J. William Van Namee, Trance Speaker, Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, inspirational speaker. Address Newcastle, Pa.

E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls Iowa

Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.

John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.

Miss S. C. McClendon, Moline, Ill.

Miss Helen Briggs, Tarrytown, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, Trance and Test Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Oil City, Pa

E B. Wheelock, Blairstown, Iowa

Mrs. Fanny Wheelock, Clairvoyant, Blairstown, Iowa.

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Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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BY ELIZA. A. PITTSINGER.

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To a world-wide destination,
Until each clime, domain and zone
Give back its inspiration.

Speed, speed the car of progress on,
Ye Radicals, unheeding
Aught save the creed wherein ye won
Your laurels in the leading.
Speed earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Speed light and revelation,
And let the love of freedom girth
The limits of creation.

WRITTEN MESSAGES.

A Cause Why They are, in Early Development More Often Mistaken than a Later One, Given in Trance.

LYDIA H. BAKER, MEDIUM.

The human system, with its fine, soft texture of nervous fibre, was made transparent before me, while the spirit voice came in an explanation of the picture, showing me that the magnetic nerve fluid which spirits use to control the medium for writing, and to direct the mental action by, was in its first development unable to permeate this part of the system; that in development the larger and coarser muscles and nerves were first operated upon by this magnetic fluid, and did not contain within themselves alone, the ability to retain and use the spiritual magnetic force, without its being more easily diverted from the mental channels giving expression to spirit thought; that it was not unfrequently the case that a writing medium, controlled only through this coarser nervous fibre, had the spirit message diverted from its proper channel of thought, and mundane thoughts alone, or a mixture of them and the spirits, without being themselves aware of the change, —when a more complete development, taking control of all the finer nerve centers, distributed through the softer portions of flesh, would add power to the other, and prevent this, showing me that in the spreading of the spiritual magnetic force, to this fine texture of nerve, consisted the development of mediumship; that it was a growth that required time and opportunity to accomplish, and that as it advanced, the system became passive, not manifesting but little, and from that, to not any of the spasmodic action generally apparent; that a perfectly-developed control would for this reason, be as easy and natural, as if there were no other spirit controlling but the one owning the body, except in a little change of the expression of the eye, and pallor of the countenance; also showing me that when developed to this condition, mediumship would generally be as perfect as mental capacity would permit, and always as much so as that capacity and its conditions would allow.

With this message, there was a beautiful impression of the ease of spirit thoughts gliding through the sensorium of the brain, through the channel of the nerve centres of the human system, that made a developed mediumship one of the most delightful conditions, showing that through it there was a growth of human mental power, or perhaps, I should say "spiritual power," that lifted the soul more fully above all the conflicting conditions of an earth existence, producing unhappiness, consequently heaven or happiness within was more complete, while the intellect was placed in a higher circle of progress, and capable of expanding faster.

THADEUS STEPHENS.

Preferred burial in an obscure burying ground, rather than in either of the two beautiful cemeteries in Lancaster, in both of which he owned lots, because colored people could not be buried there; and over his grave in his obscure resting place, is a plain marble with his own inscription:—"I lie here because the earth is free to all."

THE FIRST VISIT.

Prentice Mentord gives the following account of a spirit's first communication after leaving earth:

A familiar intelligence had occupied a portion of the evening. At length she remarked:

"There is some one here very desirous of speaking with you; some one well known to you; I will give place to her."

There was a moment's pause. The calm, placid expression left the medium's face; the features were a little disturbed; the right hand trembled violently; then it was extended toward me, and a whispered voice came from the lips:

"Why don't you speak? Don't you know me?"

You may call it an impression or a guess; the thought came to me and I spoke it.

"Is it you, Annie Lockhardt?"

It was now an expression of joy that came over the lady's features.

The voice, still whispering, but eager, said:

"Yes, it is me. Come, all of you in the room, nearer to me. It helps me to keep control of her."

She then in a characteristic manner gave way for a moment to expressions of delight at her situation.

The voice now became clearer and rose above a whisper, saying: "Oh, I can control her so as to speak with you, can I not? How strange this is. I do not know how I do it, either. I am not within this body, as it seems to you. I stand here," (pointing with the arms behind her)

"Tell us, Annie, something about where you are and what you are doing?" said one.

"Oh," said she, "there is so much to tell. I can't say what I would wish. When I come again I will try and be better prepared. But this world I am in is so beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful! Such flowers, and birds, and scenery! So grand, so sublime! Why I would not come back to earth if it could there be made for me as happy as possible. You know it was not all happy for me. But if I knew my life was to be made happy I would not return. I don't think these intelligences tell you enough of the little things here.

I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire for higher attainments. And such beautiful spirits visit me. They help me, too. But it is ourselves that must make the step; and after we make it we must get on it. I will tell you one thing. We pray here; we do not despise prayer. Some on earth, when they come out of old belief, become too scoffing and scornful in these things. It is the Christ spirit that rules in this life. All must enter in by that door to attain happiness."

"Have you done anything in your old occupation?" I asked.

"O," said she, an air of half humorous self-condemnation, "I have done nothing save lounge and idle since I have been here."

"How did you look on death?"

"I was in a sort of lethargy when I passed away. I was not afraid to die. The doctor gave me opiates, I think. I wanted to send more messages to my friends. I wanted to get a word to H— about the books. Some of them would have been of so much use to him."

Miss Lockhardt had almost a morbid fear of intruding herself on others, or making as she feared, trouble. Soon this old characteristic reappeared in her. She troubled herself because she had intruded on the conversation. This she mentioned several times in a self-depreciating manner which was annoying to us. She also distressed herself lest the medium should "take on" her own physical condition just previous to dissolution. "I shall make her sick,—I know I shall," she remarked several times. These thoughts marred the pleasure of her visit.

She spoke several times of two particular friends in San Francisco, and said, "Well, you write and tell them I come?" I said I would write the next day.

"Will you? Will you indeed write to-morrow?" she explained; "O, that is splendid!"

The remainder of the conversation touched upon matters of a private nature. The entire interview had not the smoothness of the novelist's page. Our every day meetings and greetings are not in speech, planed to a book polish. I do not think they are in spirit-life either. It might even be said that Miss Lockhardt was flurried and excited. Her manner often showed that her utterances failed to convey what she wished. She wanted to say more to us. When she had gone, we thought of a hundred things we would have asked her, and it is not improbable that she was in a similar mental condition.

MIRACULOUS.

An old woman writes a language she never learned.

BY A. C. BOWMAN

Mr. Wm. Wherrett and his wife lived in Columbia, Fayette county, Indiana, in 1845, and for many years previous to that time they had resided there. They were an aged couple and members of the M. E Church. All who knew them regarded them as honest, truthful and religious persons. Both were benevolent, but Mrs. Wherrett in particular was noted for her kindness and strict regard for good understanding and truthfulness among neighbors. This, I doubt not, was her inherited disposition, but she cultivated it and ascribed it all to grace—the grace of God. That is a good way of Spiritual development, which the writer of this enjoyed for many years. All called her "Mother Wherrett," for she was a "Mother in Israel." She was not obtrusive or boastful of her religious experience, but in class meeting and sometimes in private conversation, would relate what she said the Lord had done for her.

One incident of her experience, regarded by her as of this character, she narrated to me, and afterwards in class meeting related the same, saying, as a reason for doing so, that as she was old and might be called away at any time, she thought it was her duty to tell what the Lord had done for her. This is what she said:

"When Mr. Wherrett and I were married in Pennsylvania, we moved to Kentucky, and I did not hear from my folks in Pennsylvania, for nearly two years, when I received a letter written in Dutch, that I knew was from them; but I could not read it because I never learned to read such writing. I enquired, but could not find a person where we were that could read Dutch. Then I felt much worse than if I had never got my letter, and I went out in the orchard, and I did cry, and pray, and something seemed to say to me, 'You may go home now, you can read your letter.' I went home and I did read it—every word. It was written in Dutch by two brothers, and I wrote answers to them both in the same language. I had never learned to write it, but they told me afterwards that I did write very well. But I forgot it right away, and never could write any more."

I asked Mother Wherrett, if she thought it was a miracle performed for her. She hesitated a moment, as if studying, I thought, as to what she ought to say, and meekly replied "It would seem as if it was."

I have headed the above "Miraculous," but your readers will recognize it as a *Methodist miracle*, and Methodist writings of a century ago abound with similar experiences of members of that Society. There is not space enough to write of the Spiritual phenomena that have occurred among Methodists, and in other denominations of religious people, as well as with all sorts of persons in all ages. If preachers say that miracles ceased with the introduction of Christianity, many of the members of the churches do not believe them. It is but a few months since we read in a Methodist missionary publication, that a certain presiding elder on "returning from his work on the district, found his house and household goods burned, including his books, but his wife and children had escaped *but by the merest miracle*." I wondered why the writer did not reflect that if God wrought a miracle in saving *His Servants*, wife and children, He could just as easily have saved his house and those Godly library books from burning!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Are they Convertible and Inter-changeable Substances?

BY G W. LAWSON.

In one of your late numbers, Mr. J. Tinney proposes some views of the relations and difference of spirit and matter, that vary so far from all ancient ideas and positions on the subject, that I beg leave to consider them somewhat in your valuable pages.

He takes the ground that all things are one and alike; but that spirit is the positive and matter the negative side thereof; that all is substance; that the evolution of spirit produces matter; and the action of matter produces spirit; that both states are in constant action.

I suppose he means that planets are forms of matter or negative to the laws and principles, or positive, that governs them, their spirit. Now I have long thought something of the kind.

My view has been that the Universe is God; that all suns and planets are but the body of Deity, while all laws, principles and intelligence, are the spirit; that atom contains attribute-matter spirit; that all things are positive and negative, male and female; that all are orbital, revolving; that the production of human beings is the conversion of matter into spirit and spirit into matter; that the highest law of motion is orbital, not spiral; is circular and interchanging, passing from positive or spirit, to negative of matter, and vice versa; that human souls and bodies are the product of human parentage of positive and negative in the properties of matter and spirit; that all forms, from an atom to a universe are negative; that all manifestations, from an attribute to a God are positive; and thus "they live and move and have their being;" that generation after generation is but the law of orbital and circular or convertible motion,—spirit changing into matter, and matter into spirit.

Now the idea that spirit is the author of matter or form, and vice versa, is at variance with the Chalder, Judean, Persian, Hindoo, and the oriental belief in general,—that human souls were created in pairs, in some far-off heaven, and sent to earth "to find them bodies here," and some modern mediums, like Randolph and Hammond, have taught that there is an order, of Eons or spirits, like crystal points, created in some far off worlds or realms of spirits, and that enter into all space; that they become inhaled into mental, (parental) organisms, while floating in the impalpable air, and ultimately find them human bodies through the earthly system of human reproduction. Mr. Tinney's theory, that spirits produce bodies, does away with the ancient Eon theory entirely, and brings us right down to our own earth and ourselves, as the responsible parties in human organization and teaches us that "like will produce like," and that if parental atoms and attributes are defective and depraved, so will be the newly created soul and body. If the atoms that constitute the parentage, are an aggregate of tobacco, whiskey opium, war, murder, lust, or larceny, the children will inevitably be such as are brought forth in the slimes and purlieus of cities. A matter for grave consideration among reformers hinges upon the truth in these premises, for as this planet now is, the negative or female half moves and ever has moved in subjection or restraint to the positive or male half. And the question arises can this earth ever produce its perfect fruit, the complete man and woman, until those atoms and attributes are released to grow in full freedom and expansion like the male; and another also arises, have not children rights as well as women, for agitation and recognition,—the right to be born of love, and not of lust, of true, healthy hygienic atoms, and nobly spiritual attributes; in fact, to be created of the whole brain, and not of the cerebellum merely, as is too much now the case.

Speakers' Register.

Speker's Register and Notice of Meetings

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested

☞ HEREAFTER we shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED with a pledge on their part that they will keep us POSTED in regard to changes; and in addition to that, EXPRESS indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by WORD AND DEED.

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Harrison Angir, Charles City, Iowa.

Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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A Search After God.

In all ages of the world, the question has risen, Is there a God? Even Virgil said:

God goes forth and spreads throughout the whole,
The heaven, the earth, the sea, the universal soul,
Each at its birth, from him all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air,
To him return, and loosed from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprang, to rest in God again,
Spurn at the grave, fearless in decay,
Dwell in high heaven and stay the etherial way.

In ancients times, as well as now, the query arose within the mind in reference to the existence of a God, through whose instrumentality worlds and suns were brought into existence, assigned a place, and started in those revolutions that now distinguish them. That God, it is said, who did all this, made man. But we must make no declaration in regard to the existence of that being whose identity we are endeavoring to establish. We fully appreciate the magnitude of this question, its grandeur, and the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion in reference thereto.

We never saw God; the ancients never saw him; he never was seen, and never can be seen, hence arises the difficulty in answering the question. Voltaire, Spinoza, Plato and Socrates, men who, in their day, were regarded with a certain degree of respect, on account of the searching nature of their minds, endeavored to unlock this most abstruse of all questions. Their statements were merely bare assertions, entitled to no more credit than that so beautifully expressed by Virgil, or in modern times by the poet in the thought:

"All matter is God's tongue,
And from its motion his thoughts are sung;
The realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music notes are the suns and stars."

But it matters not what Virgil sang, what Mahomet said, what Luther stated, or hundreds of other speculative philosophers have declared, for we can come to no conclusion in reference thereto.

We desire to demonstrate the actual existence of a God, or disprove the existence of any such being.

In two previous articles, headed, "Does God Keep a Cat?" we exhibited the misery that existed in the world, and the confusion that seemed to prevail in all departments of the vast universe, and, really, we could not see any evidence of the existence of God there. If two men were fighting, horribly mangling each other, each trying to kill the other, we certainly could not detect in the pugilistic encounter, that divine essence which is supposed to glisten so beautifully in God, namely, love. Certainly, if God is love, we should see it manifested in his works, whereas we apparently see the reverse. When two men are engaged in a deadly encounter, we see no evidence of divine wisdom in the strife. Where is the manifestation of a God there? Hate is manifested. The clenched fists, the wild, distorted eyes, the fiendish expression of countenance, glistening with the ferocity of the bull dog, the self-determination of each to hurt and mangle the other as much as possible, the devilish, glaring gaze of the human gladiators, present us no evidence that there is an All-wise God, *who is love*, through whose direct instrumentality they were brought into existence. Where is divine love manifested in the prize ring? Is God there, in each of the gladiators, manifesting his divine attributes?

Why this discord, contention, strife, animosity, war, famine and pestilence? Where is the divine love manifested in war? Is the cry of the wounded as it goes off on the breeze, dying out in sweet echoes, whispering of the endearments of home, any evidence that God's love and power is being exhibited? The wails of the widow and orphans, the moans and anguish of those suffering the excruciating torments of disease contracted in camp or on the battle field present to us no evidence of divine wisdom. This condition of affairs on earth shows no phase of life that points significantly to any well-defined source, and says: "There is God."

Look, for example, at the animal kingdom. The cat eats the mouse, and appears to take great pleasure in so doing. The mouse was created, it is claimed, by the same God that made the cat. But wherein the divine wisdom? The mouse suffers pain, but the cat evidently enjoys the work of devastation and ruin it carries on. If divine wisdom is connected therewith, the mouse that dies should experience as much pleasure as the cat that causes its death. Is there divine wisdom manifested in the murderous actions of the cat? If so, there should be divine wisdom also manifested in the death of the mouse. Divine wisdom, if it exists at all, must permeate all conditions of life, and the mouse should enjoy the process of death, just as much as the cat which makes of it a hearty meal. In the animal kingdom, especially, we see no harmony. There seems to be a constant warfare between different animals. The Eden-like condition of animals has long since passed away, if it ever existed.

See that hawk, with eyes of piercing brilliancy and glistening plumage, flying high in the air, soaring above the storm-clouds, defying the lightning's flash and thunder's roar,—it preys off of the little wren that sings so sweetly around our windows, and makes our life more pleasant and happy. The hawk enjoys the flesh of the little wren, and in so doing manifests a peculiar propensity given it by—— This discord that prevails in the animal kingdom, whereby one animal is made to destroy the life of, and eat, another, is certainly well worthy of careful study and reflection.

If divine wisdom in the pleasure of the hawk when making a morning's meal off of the sparrow, there must be divine wisdom also in the pain and fear which the latter suffers when dying.

Then, of course, if there is divine wisdom in all departments of life, it apparently stands in antagonistic relations to itself, for if it exists in the pleasure of the hawk, and in the fear and pain of the sparrow, such must be the case.

We are not, we desire to be understood, finding fault with *real* Deity,—we are only trying to unveil him. In the animal kingdom, in the manifestation of the peculiar instinctive propensities of different animals, we see now no evidence of a God infinitely wise and loving.

Can we judge of God from his works? Look at that little bird sitting on the limb overhanging our window, its feathers glistening in the sunbeams, and reflecting the variegated tints of the rainbow. It is warbling one of those beautiful songs that seem like angel whispers when borne off on the breeze, and echoing from surrounding objects. Sure, there we see a manifestation of Deity. None but a God could have so shaped that little tongue that it could sound forth music so exquisitely sweet. But stop! It suddenly darts to the ground, and seizing a hideous looking worm, returns to its resting place on the limb, with it dangling in its mouth. The tongue that could warble so sweetly, could also enjoy the agreeable taste imparted by the disgusting-looking worm. While enjoying itself, a hawk, maliciousness manifested in every movement, bounced upon the little bird, and in less than one minute, had made a meal of it. Here was an example of divine wisdom! Ah, indeed! can we find God in such contrarieties,—in the pleasure of one bird and the pain of another? But then, if divine wisdom is there, it manifests itself peculiarly. If divine wisdom in the sparrow singing its sweet songs, why did not that power, which in its wisdom created it, also throw around it a girdle of strength to protect it? Divine wisdom is a failure, if manifested in such a manner that the object upon which it is directed or manifested, can not sustain itself.

We are searching for God; we desire to unveil him, and in so doing, we propose to wander through the intricate labyrinths of creation, hoping that we will come to some green oasis, where bubbles up divine wisdom that can so illuminate our mind, that we can see the being after whom we are searching.

There is a constant war and strife in the animal kingdom. The ferocity of the bull-dog, the maliciousness of the hawk, the cunning of the fox, the venom of the rattlesnake, the sting of the wasp, the subtile poison of the antipides, present to us a knotty question for solution. The *innocent* cooing dove is just as malicious as the hawk, only the worm it eats does not present such a frightful aspect as the destruction of the little wren by the latter.

There is one eternal warfare within the animal kingdom. The strong prey upon the weak, as if there was a design down deep in their nature, prompting them to do so. In the venom of the rattlesnake, and sting of the wasp, and in the maliciousness of all animals, we see no evidence of divine wisdom; for animals are supposed to possess only instinct, and that instinct, if formed by an all-wise Creator, could have been directed in a channel wherein all the animals could have lived harmoniously together, instead of this ceaseless warfare.

The venom of the rattlesnake, when it is infused into the human system, is a curious manifestation of the love of a God for his children. The pain arising from the sting of a poisonous insect, don't prompt us to pay homage to an all-wise God, thanking him for the wails of anguish that it causes. If we should thank him for pleasure, we should also for pain. If the well-formed, healthy man, well developed throughout, should thank God, should not that cripple from birth, whose distorted features, diminutive capacity, dull comprehension, thank him also? If divine wisdom is in one phase of life, it must exist in all phases.

We fail now to see God in the wonderful antagonism that exists in the animal kingdom. We see the wild, glaring eyes of hate and animosity, behold the traits of disposition in animals that prompts their possessors to delight in the wails of anguish and fear manifested by those they can conquer. See the glaring eye of the snake, the ferocity of the bull-dog, and the wild contention everywhere; and amidst this din we look in vain for Deity! Appalled at the confusion that exists, and the task before us of harmonizing all things, we retire from the "Search After God" in this article, hoping that, by and by, we may be able to unveil him, and demonstrate that he exists, even in the discord that prevails.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Singular Scene.

Judge Lynch in Dacota—Hanging of Matt. Miller, the Murderer—A Clergyman Puts the Question of Life or Death.

My partner, Mr. J. G. Ogden, has just returned from Ponca, where he saw Matt. Miller hung, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. He states that he arrived there in season to see and hear all that transpired on that melancholy occasion.

The prisoner gave notice to the clergyman of the place, that he was willing to make a public confession of the awful crime of murder. Thereupon the sheriff of Dixon county took him to the Lutheran Church, and about three hundred gathered to hear the confession.

Before Miller was permitted to speak to the excited assembly, Rev. M. Beardshear, the Christian or Campbelite minister of Dixon county, arose and with great solemnity, said that he would read a chapter in the Bible about the crucifixion of Christ. He did so, and then sang, and offered up a very fervent prayer.

In his prayer he asked the Almighty to give abundant grace to the penitent and newly-converted prisoner, whereby he would be enabled to make a full and true confession.

After the confession of the prisoner, the Rev. Mr. Beardshear arose, and stated to the awe-struck assembly that he fully believed that the prisoner was correct in saying he had repented of his awful crime, and had received full pardon from an offended God.

"But," said he, in a clear, ringing voice, "we have before us a solemn duty to perform. We must all vote on the proposition to hang this young man. I want none of you to attempt to shirk this duty; every one should vote."

The excited assembly called for the question. The clergyman then commanded silence, and all voted in the affirmative on the question put by the minister, except two.

The preacher announced the decision as unanimous for hanging. Immediately after the vote was announced the sheriff was seized and held fast, while the prisoner was removed to a wagon which stood in readiness. The wagon was driven a short distance and halted under the gallows which had been hastily erected.

The rope was fastened around the prisoner's neck, he all the while remaining collected and apparently unmoved. He was asked if he had anything further to say. He replied in a calm, serene and imperturbed manner, that he did not blame any one for what they were about to do. He said he forgave all his enemies; that he had truly and savingly repented of all his sins; that he felt well prepared to die; that God was now reconciled to him, and that heaven was open to receive his regenerated and sanctified soul. The clergyman told him that he fully believed that the angels were waiting to welcome his soundly converted soul into the midst of the glories of paradise.

The two men who placed the rope around his neck, then shook hands with him, and gave the signal to the driver to start the wagon. The horses started, and as the prisoner was standing on boards placed on the wagon-box, he was forced off and hung dangling in the air.

After writhing, and drawing up his limbs convulsively, for almost twenty-eight minutes, Dr. Addis, the regular physician of Ponca, was called to feel his pulse. He came forward and made an examination, and pronounced him dead. His body was then taken down from the gallows, and placed on boards in the school-house, and no signs of returning life were discoverable.

At least three hundred persons surrounded the gallows. To the very last, the prisoner remained calm and serene as a summer's eve. He even aided in adjusting the fatal noose around his neck

Such an exhibition of stolidity, or of stoicism, or of exalted religious enthusiasm, is very rarely witnessed. Those of us who were acquainted with the prisoner are lost in amazement.
—*Omaha Herald*

This Rev. Mr. Beardshear was a human monster,—a fiend which the lowest hell the imagination could picture, would be too good a place for him until his nature became awakened to the fact that it is well to have charity, even in this life.

Just think of it,—a minister of God, an humble follower of the gentle Nazarene, staining his hands in the life-blood of a fellow-being, and exulting in the fact that he was about to be launched into eternity! Is this Beardshear any better than a wild Camanche Indian, who, as he sees his victim roasting at the stake, exults in his pains?

"I want none of you to shirk this duty; every one should vote." Caligula, Haynau, Nero, and all the monsters of the world, seem to have been concentrated in this orthodox divine.

Perhaps the criminal was a bad man; a dangerous citizen of society, and should have been punished. But this blood thirsty divine will yet atone for his mad act; and on the stool of repentance cry out for mercy, which he would not extend to the criminal, for even he has rights which those less unfortunate are bound to respect.

With his hands stained with the blood of a human being, his nature distorted, and like a rank, poisonous weed, he should be pitied by every Spiritualist and true man, and so acted upon by them that he would see the error of his ways, and lead such a life, that his marks of crime would be overshadowed by good deeds. Which is the greater criminal, Matt. Miller or Rev. Beardshear?

The Psalms of Life.

"The editor seems to have gone over the whole range of poetry, and exercised a fine taste in his selections. As a 'Hand-Book of Poetry,' it is worth four times the price at which it is sold."—*Boston Transcript.*

"It comprises much of the living poetry of the day, and such of the ancient as possesses vitality; treating upon living subjects to operate upon the hearts of living men."—*Evening Gazette.*

"We have never met with a more complete or beautiful collection of Sacred Melody."—*Anglo-Saxon.*

The great merit of this work, combined with its low price, is effecting large sales.

See advertisement.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, "A Bold Pioneer."

The BANNER OF LIGHT commenting on the removal of the *Present Age* to Chicago, says:

"The RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, long published in Chicago, holds its own in the field of reform. It has passed through great vicissitudes in times past, and we should be exceedingly grieved if any untoward circumstances intervened at this late day to dim its lustre. It has been and is a bold pioneer in the field of religious liberty in the West, has aided in causing Spiritualism to expand there to mammoth proportions, and deserves to be well patronized by our people, as we are assured it is. May its shadow never be less. The cause we advocate is, as the *Age* says, "great and grand," and with harmony among its leaders, can and will produce mighty results in the universe of mind and matter, for both, we hold, are inseparably connected."

Thank you, Brother Colby, for the complimentary notice in the columns of the glorious old BANNER OF LIGHT. With you we ever have been, and hope ever to be, in harmony.

"The cause we advocate is great and grand,"—aye, more, as you say, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL 'has been," is now, and will continue to be, "a bold pioneer in the fields of religious liberty." Its boldness has aroused the *ire* of something less than a baker's dozen, and made the JOURNAL a favorite with as many thousands, thus verifying the adage, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Upon the question of "harmony among its leaders," we would crave an explanation. Who are leaders? Would-be "leaders" are just the class of men that the JOURNAL has been compelled to contend against. Not much harmony there!

That selfish policy which sought to take a fee of five dollars from each person before he or she could become a member of the "American Association of Spiritualists," and put it into the pockets of "leaders," is just what the JOURNAL *has not* been in harmony with, and if we are correctly informed, our good friends of the BANNER stand by our side in the contest.

We hope ever to be in harmony with truth—never with error. But we do most devoutly pray for *light from the supernal spheres*, and that our columns may never be perverted from their legitimate purpose, of disseminating the *spiritual philosophy*, void of all sectarian dogmas, and that we may be bold and fearless in exposing error, however inharmonious with it we may be in the contest.

We owe no allegiance to, and hope never to be in harmony with, error.

Henry C. Wright.

Henry C. Wright, the speaker and author died suddenly a few days ago, at Pawtucket, R. I., of apoplexy. He was truly devoted to Spiritualism, and his whole soul seemed to be imbued with a philanthropic spirit. He was opposed to slavery in all its forms, was an earnest and eloquent speaker, and the seeds that he has sown will germinate, and producing an hundred fold, will ever bless his name. He was a terse and easy writer, his words cutting like a two edged sword. He is the author of the "Empire of the Mother"; "Errors of the Bible"; "Marriage and Parentage, etc." The cause has lost in him a noble advocate, and the material world a pure philanthropist.

A Word to Old Friends.

"The summer is past, and the harvest is ended," nearly so, and millions of souls are "not saved" from that fear which tormenteth,—the fear of annihilation, or never-ending hell torments after death. What is the duty of every true philanthropist, of every one who would like to see his or her neighbor happy in the full knowledge of the life hereafter,—of eternal progession, of the power of the loved-ones of spirit-life to commune with mortals? It is to give them *light*, even as you receive it. But for some circumstance, trifling in itself, we,—you and I, might have been to-day in the bonds of ignorance in regard to the spirit land,—the accidental reading of a newspaper, a book, or perchance a brief conversation with some one who recommended the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as an exponent of Spiritualism, leading to a subscription for it,—then to a full understanding of its philosophy and truth.

Our field of labor is broad, and demands the hearty co-operation of every liberal mind. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is an exponent of the *truths of Spiritualism*! It has no dogmatic creeds to urge upon the minds of the people, but seeks to know and present truths as they actually exist, and unfold from day to day.

To the point: we want our friends everywhere to aid in increasing the circulation of the JOURNAL, to place it where it has never been before. To that end we offer to send it for three months to any person, who has never taken it, for *fifty cents*, which is just the cost of the blank paper on which it is printed, and the expense of folding and mailing.

We continue this offer for the reasons above stated, and ask our subscribers to send it as a present to friends, when they can afford to do so, and to solicit liberal minded men and women to try it for *three months*, at this nominal price.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has already demonstrated itself to be a *permanent institution*, and every one can speak of it as such, without *fear* of failure, as unfortunately has been the case with almost every spiritual paper started.

Will our friends heed this urgent request? We trust so,—your past efforts are duly appreciated, and the many thousands of new subscribers which the JOURNAL has received during the last two years, is mainly attributable,—first, to a superior paper, then to the masterly efforts of friends inspired from the Spirit World, to give circulation to a paper they have confidence in; that the same effort will be continued this fall, we doubt not. The Spirit World, speaking through thousands of mediums in all parts of the country, affirm the same great truth—the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL must and shall be sustained.

Spirit Artists.

Among the most remarkable spirit artists of the present day, Brother N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., stands high

Brother Starr is controlled by eminent artists, now in spirit-life, to use the brush and oil-paint, as was their custom when in the earth-life. His work is executed with great rapidity, and often with an artistic skill which excites the admiration of connoisseurs of the fine arts.

We have two specimens executed through his mediumship in a few minutes' time, to which we invite the attention of our friends who may call at our Reception Room.

Dr. Persons' Book.

Theory and Success in the Treatment of Diseases, by Dr. Wm. Persons, the Successful Magnetic Healer, is the title of a pamphlet of 80 pages. Warren Chase & Co., News Dealers, St. Louis, publishers.

This work contains an interesting "introduction," with "testimony, ancient, and modern." It also treats of the Medical profession and Philosophy.

The remainder of the work contains numerous testimonials from eminent men and women, of the Doctor's skill in the healing art. It is a little pamphlet, well executed mechanically, and is destined to impart knowledge to tens of thousands of invalids in regard to their afflictions, teaching them that they must not despair of again recovering their lost health, as hundreds of others afflicted in a like manner, have been made whole through spirit-power.

This valuable work will be sent to any address, on the receipt of five cents, to cover expenses of mailing. Address Warren Chase & Co., 601 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

D. W. Ballard

Writes to Mr. Jones, but does not give his Post office address. He says he is going to Illinois. Some one who knows, will oblige by informing us of his post office address.

Hobart.

There will be a meeting of the Spiritualists at Hobart, Indiana, on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst. A grand good time is expected there.

The Journal of the Gynecological Society.

This Journal has been a decided success, its circulation having been equal to that of any other medical journal published in the United States, during its first year of existence. Mr. Jas. Campbell, publisher, Boston.

Fraternal Call.

John S. Lindsay and Fred T. Perris, who have been sojourning in England for several months, gave us a call a few days ago. They are connected with the Salt Lake *Tribune*, an ably edited and conducted paper.

A. B. Whiting.

A. B. Whiting's lectures are creating considerable interest at Crosby's Music Hall. His address last Sunday on "Guardian Angels," was replete with beautiful thoughts, and exhibited the grandeur of Spiritualism in a manner that pleased all. He is one of our most efficient laborers, and should be kept constantly employed

Personal and Local.

—Dr. H. P. Fairchild will lecture in Lynn, Mass., during September, and in Salem, same state, during the Sundays of October. His address is in care of Dr. John Gordon, Lynn, Mass.

—J. H. Powell's permanent address is No. 162 Chelsea St., East Boston.

—Thomas Gales Forster lectured twice in Rockport, Mass., receiving therefor $2, 50. What a miserly audience!

—We received a fraternal call from Brother Moses Hull, who has recently returned from an eastern tour. He is looking well and manifests his usual exuberance of spirits.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey has been lecturing and holding circles in various parts of Minnesota. He lectured at Mendota, Ill., on Sunday last. He is doing a good work, and should be kept constantly employed.

—Moses Hull speaks during September and October in Cincinnati—will lecture week day evenings in adjacent places.

Philadelphia Department.

BY .... H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Funeral of William H. Bayley.

Remarks of Henry T. Child, M. D.; and Thomas Gales Forster.

Dr. Child said: Again are we called upon in this family, to perform the last solemn rites over the remains of a departed one. Our young brother has followed rapidly in the footsteps of his beloved sister.

To those whose faith and want of knowledge of the conditions of the hereafter, give them no realizing sense of the presence of the loved ones around them, such repeated bereavements would seem overwhelming. But to this family and to our brother who has just gone to join the heavenly band, there is abundant consolation, and while we must feel sad, and drop the tear of sympathy at the departure of our friends from our midst,—we know, as he knew, that angel bands were ready to meet and welcome him on the shores of the beautiful Summer-Land.

Within a few hours, I have had a vision of this dear brother, and a beautiful group of young friends who were his associates and companions, who have gone from our lyceums here, to join the liberty group in the spheres. First, I heard sweet notes of music, falling softly on my listening ear. As I came nearer, I saw these beautiful young friends on a broad plane, with a large white tent. It was a joyful meeting; all were happy, and as the sweet music rolled up, I could catch the words, "Tenting, tenting to-night on our new camp ground, tenting to-night."

I could not retain a recollection of the words, much less convey to you the sweet and heavenly tones of music that fell upon my spiritual ear, and thrilled my whole being. I could name several who were there. Our noble young friend, Alleyne G Chase, one of them, comes now and says, "Oh, friends, could you realize the sublime grandeur and inexpressible happiness that fills our souls in this welcoming home to our band, a new born spirit,—you would indeed rejoice, and be exceedingly glad.

Like ourselves he had just entered upon manhood, full of hope and ambition, but the old casket was no longer fit to retain the gem, and the work which he was to do like ours, must be done here.

Tell the lone mother and the dear sisters and brother, that he is with them now; that he will be a stay and comfort to them all through the journey of life; that they shall know and realize his presence and influence all along life's pathway. You have seen us in the group, rejoicing and laboring together. We have a work to do here and with you. The lyceum here has received many earnest and active missionaries from those on earth, and while we are going forward with our labors here, we are happy to return and co-operate with our loved ones in the lyceums on earth. We shall be able to strengthen those among you, who are engaged in the good work in your city. A portion of our work is there, and we with you, will rejoice in the prosperity of your lyceums.

You need just such influences as come from the young and ardent souls, who have graduated from the lyceums of earth, and who with renewed interest and earnest purpose, are continuing here the good work thus begun.

Say to our friends, that our young brother has already entered upon his post here in our group, and we shall go on together, and as we see that they are conscious of this, we shall be encouraged.

Well, may they dry the tear, as they realize that while they have lost a son and brother on the outer plane, they have found the same among the spiritual band in the heavenly lyceum, and from time to time, as we come to bless and cheer them on their earthy pilgrimage, they shall rejoice in this blessed knowledge which has already lighted up the pathway of their loved ones, and which will continue to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day for them all.

ABSTRACT OF THE ADDRESS BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

When Jesus of Nazareth said that his disciples possessed that which the world could neither give nor take away, he but expressed the power of that living faith claimed for the Spiritualists, which makes one feel the certainty of their attainments, and the consciousness of their positions. This is the test of the true believer; this is the faith that Spiritualists should go before the world with,—not as a sectarian, but as expounded by his or her highest and holiest conceptions, as the purest and most beautiful faith that the world has ever had presented to it. This, my friends, was the faith of the dear brother, whose mortal remains are before you. It was this beautiful faith that cheered him all through his protracted illness; it was this faith that gave him such gentleness and such an uncomplaining disposition. It was this faith that taught him to realize the presence of his dear sister and dear Mary, and others; it was this beautiful faith that enabled Josie and Mary to be there; and, my friends, I may say it is this beautiful faith that is comforting the family that have thus been deprived, temporarily, of another of its beloved members. Therefore, my friends, I feel justified when I reflect upon the beauty of the young man's character,—reflect upon the holy nature of his religion, when I know the grandeur of his reception in the angel world, I can but say to those who remain of the family, "Oh, call not Willie dead. Lift up your eyes, and behold him among the living."

Other religious faiths, my friends, have taught a different conception of death and the future. Materialists have taught yet another conception. Perhaps, while standing around the mortal remains of one so much beloved, and one so eminently deserving of the hearts-affection; one to whom we know has gone to a better home,—perhaps, I say, it is best, for the sake of those who remain, that I should speak somewhat with regard to the faith that cheered the brother during his illness, and in his last moments.

The materialist has taught that the intelligent principle in man is the result of organization only, or that it is merely a function of the brain, and upon this assumption he has founded the declaration that, like the physical senses, the mind will be entirely annihilated when the bodily frame is dissolved. In contradistinction to this, ecclesiasticism or a portion of it, has taught that the beautiful intelligent principle of man,—the soul is to be buried in the ground with the body, and that there it is to remain an unexplained period, and eventually it is to be resuscitated, and by some chemical process of the matter, to be re-united with that body, and taken into a future state,—whilst others of the ecclesiastical school, teach that the spirit of man is nothing more or less than an immaterial substance, that has an indefinite existence, and is destined to be located within hades for an indefinite period, but to be awakened and united with the old matter.

In contradistinction to these,—oh, how beautiful and philosophical, and how glorious and truthful a faith was that of the dear brother, recognizing a higher and more glorious truth. This religion of Spiritualism teaches that mind and matter can not be compared together at all, that they have nothing whatever in common; that the most exquisite physical sensations, are dependent upon impressions for their exercise from the outer world.

For instance, if it were not for the light, and for some object to reflect the light, you would not be enabled to see. If it were possible to annihilate the light, the mind might remain in its complete perfection, and yet sight would be extinguished. The intelligent principle in man, owns no such dependence upon external things, except in so far as a knowledge of its origin requires, and when this knowledge has once been acquired, the mind retains it and recalls it at pleasure. The interior principle of the human soul, performs its various functions entirely independent of the external world; hence, scenes that have long since existed, are constantly before it. They are recalled, after having been long forgotten, by a power even still more wonderful.

The mind or soul, the intelligent principle,—all that makes the man, is capable of remembering, of recollecting, of conceiving and combining. It is capable of loving, of fearing, and of a feeling of hope, and these are manifested totally independent of any impressions from the external world, calculated in any manner to effect or influence these emotions. Hence, then it is perfectly legitimate to conclude, as Spiritualism teaches, that the mind would be enabled to exercise all these functions, if every thing material by which it is surrounded, were at once entirely annihilated.

Theology seems to forget this; materialism certainly has forgotten it.

Again, the beautiful faith of the brother enjoins upon every individual, to recollect that in their more quiet and reflecting moments, every person feels within themselves a power independent of, and superior to any of the functions of the body. To what other principle can be attributed the capability that man has of recalling the past, of providing for the future, of wandering from world to world, of ranging from system to system, of entering into the broad fields of speculation and of reason. I say, to what principle but this, can man attribute this power? What principle or function is there in matter, that man can attribute such a capacity to?

Spiritualism teaches that these changes of the interior principle,—that all these capacities that belong to the individual mind of man are independent,—not only of impressions from the external, but are independent even of the physical body, for it is a well known fact that every function may remain perfect, yet the mind may be raging with passion, fear and despair.

It is well known that the body may be racked by physical pain or by protracted disease, and yet the mind remain in perfect tranquility and happiness, as was the dear brother at times. Spiritualism is teaching man to look into the philosophy of these matters, and to draw those deductions which flow from such glorious phenomenal facts as those which were presented to the dear brother upon the eve of his departure. No one should attempt to speak with regard to this subject of death, who has not thus investigated these phenomena. There is no death. Spiritualism teaches, on the other hand, that even the particles and properties of the physical organization, do not die after the dissolution of the body; they pass out to perform other duties, and not one of them dies or is lost. Hence, then, in this analogy may be seen a truth that is certainly indicative of the fact of the perpetuity of being, of the intelligent principle,—since the assumption of decay is nothing more or less than another name for continued existence.

Therefore, Spiritualism says to the outside world, to the objector to this beautiful truth, that, to assert that any thing mental can die, when it is a well known fact that nothing corporeal can perish, is wholly unwarrantable, and by no rule of philosophical inquiry admissible; consequently, those who have this glorious faith, those who can sympathize with the idea of the dear brother seeing the spirits beckoning him on to the higher life, may rest satisfied with this consolation of the scientific fact of this glorious faith, that so well prepared him for the change he has already entered upon. This beautiful faith is cheering the lyceums of the sky. This beautiful faith teaches those who are here to-day, to believe that this brother and his dear sister have gone on missionaries from the lyceums here on earth, to the lyceums of the higher world.

Oh, then, let the family, let the friends take consolation from this religion founded in the affections of humanity, and known to be grounded on the eternal principles of truth, and in all the attributes of the divine.

Then, my friends, we should rejoice that the dear brother has been relieved from the muddy vesture of decay. We should rejoice that consumption no longer holds its sway over him; that he has gone where he can breathe and rest, and walk without pain; that he has gone where he can look back upon his dear mother and sisters and brother, and be more to them now than he could have been, if he had remained in the form. The two worlds are not removed, one from the other; there is but a thin gauzy veil that hangs between the two, and through the instrumentality of the phenomena of Spiritualism, whilst the prayers of earth can be heard in heaven, the rejoicing of the angels can be echoed in the hearts of earth.

Oh, then, whilst we may let fall the tear of sympathy, let no tear be shed in sorrow for him. If there be a tear in his behalf,—oh, let this grand and beautiful philosophy gild it with the rainbow hues of eternal joy, for his feet are already slippered in the multiflorals of peace, whilst his angelic brow is already wreathed with the lyceum coronal, that his former companions have placed there.

Truth is ever beautiful; truth is progressive, and this dear brother will, ere long, come back and tell you how much he has progressed, how much he has been benefitted on the other side of the Niagria of death.

Spiritualism, then, the brother's beautiful faith, should cheer this household. Oh, how we sympathize with households where the angels are not recognized. Oh, how we sympathize with those households who cannot realize but what their friends are lost! But, dear sister, dear brother of the departed one, and dear mother, you can realize that your vanished idols are not lost, are not gone; that your beloved Willie remains your beloved, and will remain thus throughout the endless ages of eternity, and that he will be enabled to come back and satisfy each and all of you of his personality, and the individuality of his spirit, the grandeur and glory of the destiny of which, his beautiful faith has unfolded to him.

In conclusion he says, "Tell us, Oh, friends, where is death. We do not find it here; we are where the flowers pour forth their fragrant breath, and no one in these heavenly bowers can tell us of death. No: 'tis said that we are dead, and must slumber in the ground, until at some far off future day, we hear the trumpets sound.

But list, sweet tones of melody are floating on the air. We know our home is heaven, for angels bright are here. We saw the burning tear-drops fall upon our pallid brow, we heard the cry of agony. Oh, could you have seen the angel throng that bore your dear ones away, you would not have shed another tear upon yon pulseless clay. Then never say, dear friends, that we are in the grave. Could you see the caystal font in which we lave, and could you feel upon your cheek, our warm seraphic breath, you would know that we have never felt the chilling kiss of death."

Philadelphia, Pa. }
July, 14, 1870. }

Delegates to Convention.

Through the kindness of the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the very best roads in the country, we have been enabled to make the following arrangements for delegates and friends going to the Meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists at Richmond, on the 20th of September. All persons desirous of procuring tickets, will please apply to me for "an order" to purchase the same, enclosing ten cents for postage.

Tickets from New York City should be procured at 526 Broadway.

To Pittsburg and return,	$17 80
From Pittsburg to Richmond,	11 00
Total,	$29.90
Free return passes on this road.	
From Philadelphia to Pittsburg and return,	$14 20
From Pittsburg to Richmond,	11 00
Total,	$25 00
From Harrisburg to Pittsburg and return,	$ 9 95
From Pittsburg to Richmond,	11.10
Total,	$21.05
From Baltimore to Columbus, Ohio, and return (tickets at No. 9 Calvert St.)	$21.70
Columbus to Richmond,	3.70
Total,	$25 40

All persons going to the Convention on any part of the Pan Handle route, from Pittsburg to Richmond, will be entitled to free return passes.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

THE IOWA SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION

Will hold its third anniversary at Des Moines, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of October, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m at Spiritualists' Hall, over Citizens' Bank.

Good speakers have been secured, and an earnest request is made for speakers in Iowa to come and aid us in making this an interesting and profitable meeting. We hope the Spiritualists of Iowa will feel the necessity of having the State fully represented. We had reduction of fare on some railroads last year, and expect it on more this time.

Papers friendly, please copy. In behalf of the Committee.

J. P. Davis, Pass't.

SPIRITUAL GROVE MEETING.

There will be a Two Days Grove Meeting at Brother Jonas Howe's in the town of Plymouth near Parker's Lake, on the Medina road from Minneapolis, Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of September.

Speakers: Mrs. Colburn, H. H. Smith, Wm. Wakefield, and your humble servant.

Come friends, let us have a good time with the angels that are ever ready to minister to our wants.

Bring your dinners, and come prepared to feel at home: Invite everybody.

J. L Potter.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Annual Grove Meeting in John Haskell's Grove, at Cicero, on saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th. Warren Woolson is expected to speak.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fourth Annual Convention.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

Local Societies and Lyceums will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members and one for each fraction thereof.

Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates.

Emma Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

HUDSON TUTTLE, *Pres't.*
GEORGE WM. WILSON, *Sec'y.*

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 28th, 29th and 30th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

There will be good lectures for the occasion.

We cordially invite all lecturers and Free Thinkers to participate with us.

Come and see our young State Capitol, where we can speak our minds freely.

By order of the Committee;

ALONZO ROGERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAONI, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Laoni, Chatauqua, Co., New York, on Saturday, and Sunday, September 3d and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

This Convention is called at Laoni by the solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

Past experiences at conventions of this kind furnish sufficient guarantee that another of those rich Pentecostal seasons will be enjoyed, and that good speaking and singing will abound. Invitations extended to all, seekers for truth and Harmonial Philosophy.

J. W. Seaver, }
F. I. Clum, } Committee,
Frank Rice. }

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—This Convention will be held at Eagle Hall, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, the last day of August, 1870.

Speakers will be entertained free. Board can be had in hotels and in private families, at prices ranging from $1.00 to $1 50 per day.

Efforts will be made to obtain reduction of fare on the railroads. Speakers and others desiring to attend will write to Mr. Josiah P. Hatch, Concord, N. H.

All persons from abroad are invited to attend and be at home with us the same as citizens of our own State.

Now, let us have a demonstration worthy of our cause. Let every village, town and hamlet in our State, be represented by all good Spiritualists, and others.

{ Frank Chase,
{ Mrs. Abijah Averill.
Secretaries.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists,

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province having organized Societies, is invited to send delegates, according to the number of representatives,—the District of Columbia to send two delegates,—to attend and participate in the business that will come before this meeting.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees:

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., *Secretary.*
634 Race St. Philadelphia.

The Board will meet on Monday, the 19th of September at 2 o'clock p. m. at the hall above named.

GROVE MEETINGS IN WISCONSIN.

At Neenah, on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett will be present as speakers.

At Belmont, Waupaca County, on the 1st Saturday and Sunday of September 3d and 4th, Dr. E. C. Dunn, the celebrated clairvoyant, and J. O. Barrett, speakers.

Should the weather be stormy, the meetings will be held in halls. Bring your baskets full of good things.

GROVE MEETING.

The Sterling Society of Spiritualists will hold their yearly meeting on the 1st Saturday and Sunday, 3d and 4th of September, in a grove ¼ mile east of Utica, Macomb county, Michigan.

Speakers: O B Stebbins and Mrs. L. A. Pearsall.

Those from a distance will be provided for.

Charles E. Huchins, PRESIDENT,
Hiram Smith, CLERK.

Obituary.

Passed to the Spirit Home, of Hemoptisis, Frederick Merrick Curl, on the 31st day of March, 1870, son of Dr. J. and S. P. Curl, aged 28 years.

He was an amiable and intellectual young man, of remarkable moral worth, beloved by all who knew him. Since his entrance into spirit life, he has returned from his beautiful home and held sweet communion with his friends, and gave us some remarkable tests, thereby fully identifying his presence.

J. Curl, M. D.

Paris, Ill.

Passed from earth to the "Evergreen Shore," Charles Edward Everett Davis, second son of S. W. and Rebecca Davis, of Sidney, O., August 5th, 1870, aged two years less one day.

We now have two little angel boys in the Summer-Land.

"We cannot make them dead!"
* * * * * * * *
They live! In all the past
They live, nor to the last
Of seeing them again will we despair."

The Rostrum.

A LECTURE.

BY N. FRANK WHITE.

Delivered at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on The Religion of Spiritualism.

Reported for the Journal by H. T. Child, M. D.

I am impressed to present for your consideration "The Religion of Spiritualism:" It is common for those who are ignorant of our distinctive position in regard to Spiritualism to assume that we have no religion in the matter, only a bare, cold philosophy which offers no comfort and consolation to the soul.

It is easy to see where this assumption originates. Educated under the religions of the past,—religions largely composed of mysterious and extravagant supernatural manifestations,—they cannot understand how a plain simple movement can form a basis for religion. They cannot understand how, without certain distinctive forms and recorded creeds, there can be built up a heaven, a temple and a religion.

The world has supposed that religion and philosophy must be divorced. Cold, calculating reason, said theologians, must come in conflict with religious aspirations, must quench the flames of religion, and leave only the bare, cold stones of scepticism in the place of that which is lovely and desirable. It is easy to perceive how they arrived at this conclusion. All through the history of the past, we find that where religious beliefs have been presented, they were not in opposition to the philosophy of the age. In fact, we shall find that they have been ever presented for the purpose of keeping abreast with the systems of philosophy. But the latter have made rapid strides upward and onward, while, unfortunately, religion has ever made its standards infallible. However great and glorious they were at the commencement, they have ever committed the mistake of throwing the shield of infallibility around them, which, however well it may protect the system, is certain to prevent its growth and progress, and, sooner or later, men and women who seek the truths of philosophy, find themselves leaving the old level of religion, which philosophy has outstripped.

A new inspiration becomes necessary. The great soul of humanity, ever progressing and advancing with the years, finds that the altars of religion are fed by smothered brands of the past. The fire is there, but it will not burn, and these theologians do not seem to understand what is the matter, and so they run here and there with their worthless efforts to keep up the fires with the damp and rotten wood of the past.

Then, from their high places, they bewail the degeneracy of the age, and ignoring the living present, deplore the loss of the dead past to the world. Knowing, then, how they arrive at this assumption, we see as clearly, that it is entirely without foundation. We find that it comes from the false idea, that religion consists of the feeble flames that come from the brands of the past.

Our position to-day as Spiritualists is sufficient to supply that want. We present to the world a philosophy and religion combined. Spiritualism, recognizing the uselessness of these smothered brands upon the altars of religion, has gone at once boldly at work. It has swept all these brands off the altar, preserving the living coals only. It has fed these coals with science and philosophy, and we see the flames rise to-day, giving no uncertain light.

Spiritualism presents to the world a religion and philosophy combined; a philosophy so well adapted to the wants of the soul, that while it supplies a digestible feast to the simplest mind, it also furnishes food for the sublimest intellect. Close by its side, as its sister, we have religion, —a religion which has no dogmatism. With its co-worker, it forms a combination possessing a mighty power.

I know that, so far, I am only making bold assertions. I do not mean to cram these down down your throats; neither do I assert that the forms of religion which have been high in authority, ancient or modern, are authority in themselves. We have had enough of this cramming and forcing operation in the past.

I ought, perhaps, to prove, as well as assert, that Spiritualism presents to the world a religion, which, while it responds to every demand of the soul, has no necessity to fortify itself by authority.

First, we present to the world a religion not of hope, because it gives a knowledge of the future existence of man. We do not ask you simply to believe this, because belief is not a matter of choice. Though ten thousand writers assert that there is a future existence, it does not convince my reason. I am not satisfied, and if this is not evidence, my soul reaches out into the great darkness and demands of those theologians, who recognize that demand of the soul, to answer it, and they would certainly endeavor to do this, if they were not so much engaged in explaining some infinite degrees of depravity, or something equally absurd, so that they have no time to spend in instructions in regard to the soul's wants.

The great soul of humanity to-day demands living knowledge. The fact cannot be denied, that within the last twenty-one years, millions in this country, through this communion, have come into a knowledge of the future existence. Then, who shall assume that we have not a religion? Who shall arrogate to himself or herself the right to declare that man can choose a belief as he would choose a new hat? We repeat, the millions in the last twenty-one years, who were before shrowded in uncertainty as to the future, basing their hopes upon a blind faith, have to-day come to such a knowledge of the future existence as to be entirely satisfied.

Spiritualism, then, presents to the world a religion of knowledge, for it brings it to a comprehension of the laws which govern it. Further, it brings it to a recognition of the fact that these laws must invariably ultimate in good. It leads the soul out of the follies of ignorance into the broad fields of knowledge. It bids the soul enter that arena as it throws off its garments of limitation, and is willing to accept the conclusions of the past as helpful to its own conclusions.

The soul feels free to reject the infallible standards, and so it comes into a comprehension of the laws, which it knows must ultimate in good.

So, through the influences of spiritual communion, we come into a religion of trust and confidence,—not based on a blind faith, but upon a comprehension of facts. Neither is it a selfish trust, which ignores its own light and relies upon some power to which it has no right. This noble, manly trust is recognized as distinguishing part of our religion, which enables us to look upon all the deep thinkers outside of our ranks, with respect and admiration, though this may be pronounced by the ignorant as a manifestation of depravity. We submit to be judged by these.

Next, we come through this communion into the religion of charity,—not that which, in the language of an old writer, is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal". I know it is said that the Christian Church accepted this charity before we did. Good Lord, deliver us from the distinctive charity of the Christian Church,—the charity that gathers its treasures to build monuments to God, while it neglects squalid poverty and want around it; the charity that bewails the degeneracy of the present, while, at the same time, it is pushing some soul deeper down in the degradation, for fear that its garments may be soiled; the charity that sheds tears over those who differ in religious opinion, and condemns the erring,—those whom Jesus commanded to "go and sin no more,"—while they pass proudly by, with carefully gathered robes.

We have taken a step in the right direction, for the religion of Spiritualism teaches us the necessity of experience. It teaches us that all these have their uses, and while we pity those poor souls down in their agony, we learn not to despise or scorn any. So thousands of hands have grown more gentle, thousands of eyes have lost their look of scorn.

Spiritualism also presents to the world a great amount of consolation. It has brought to the world a balm all through life. I know it is said that the Christian Church furnishes all this. It is said that Christ removes all sorrow from those who believe in him. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, he could remove the difficulty. If I were wrecked upon a broad ocean, floating upon a frail spar, a wilderness of waters about me, drenching me, my frail support driven hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, what would it avail should I receive a hail from some distant mariners, that if I would come to them I should be saved. In vain I implore for help. In God's name come to my support! You have a boat; you have strong arms; I am exhausted, —come to me! But I am left floating at random.

The cases are exactly parallel. I am floating upon the broad ocean of life,—all that makes existence valuable taken away from me. They have reached some distant shore, where all is peace, comfort and joy. Shall I some day reach that shore? If so, I should be satisfied. If so, the rough waves would no longer have any roughness for me. I see a boat in the distance; it may bring me some information. I hear a voice. I receive an answer that there is such a shore. I struggle on,—ah, how I struggle with the great waves! Am I to be mocked by the tantalizing cry, "Come unto me, and ye shall be saved?"

You cannot forsake the ways of reason,—try ever so hard; and even if you could reach that boat, you would find that you were still afloat upon the waves. You would only forget the reality under the satisfying influence of blind faith.

Now, Spiritualism does not float at a distance, mocking us with a tantalizing cry, 'Come unto me," when we cannot, but it comes floating beautifully down to us, with its waves of light, bringing us the forms of the departed, showing us that they live. We know them as they come to us, and the great waves of life no longer have any roughness for us; the storms which sweep all around us are bearing us on to higher and better conditions. All around us are the forms of the departed, loved ones, with their messages of love and instruction,—instruction, too, that does not lash up the waves of reason, but increases their power.

Such is the religion of comfort and consolation brought to us through these manifestations of Spiritualism. It is a religion which is universal in its application, opening the door for the admission of all the world, without regard to belief or condition.

From such a religion as this we have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope. It must make it noble, grand and strong; it must break down the great barriers of uncharitableness, until the rough, harsh features of condemnation will no longer be heard, and in the place thereof we shall have gentle and loving words. Under this religion all mankind will of necessity become one great brotherhood, bound by no fetters, and separated by no creeds. Then humanity will no longer dwell in the deep, dark valleys of past superstition, but their lives will be lighted up with bright, fresh sunbeams of truth, full of significance.

The tree of Spiritualism is growing, and it casts no sickening shadows of despair. There may be those who say, You present us a tree, but we see no fruit, the fifth of a century has passed and we see no fruit. I do not admit this, yet if it were true, it would not be strange.

It cannot be denied that its fruits are reaching out away through the ages, neither can it be denied that its branches are far-reaching. Having witnessed many winters of neglect, its branches to-day are thrifty and strong, and many a graft is sought for to be placed upon the withered old tree of theology.

I defy any religion in the first twenty-one years of its growth to present such greenness, such evidences of fruit. Prejudice does not care to see the fruit, so she goes all round, never lifting her eyes, lest she might see the fruit.

We know there are those who are ready to declare that no good has come from this tree, who are not ready to see any good that has come from it. They are not ready to hear of this joy, which comes up from thousands of souls who have arrived at a knowledge of the future through this communion,—who are made happy by the trust and confidence of this religion. All this falls unheeded upon their ears. But let some poor, unfortunate soul commit some folly or indiscretion, or even crime, and all eyes and ears are upon him, and their tongues are ready to proclaim, These are the legitimate fruits of Spiritualism.

The religion of Spiritualism does not teach us that we can escape any trial by changing our condition. It does not teach us that we can escape any penalty through the goodness and mercy of any power, be that power God himself. It teaches us that experiences have their uses, which, however severe they may be, we shall some day recognize. It teaches of a universe of order; of law fixed, and not to be set aside. It teaches us that every soul is destined to an eternity of progress; not a lazy reliance upon some one else. It teaches us that there is no dodging, no cowardly shrinking in this matter.

What must be the effect of such teachings as these upon the soul? Would it naturally lead the soul to live in vice, or would it naturally lead it to struggle away from vice and sin? The latter result is the only legitimate one that can follow from this.

If a man were plunged in the boiling rapids which were bearing him on to the falls that must destroy him, and were informed that there was a protecting ledge at the very edge of the cataract, which he could reach by a single feeble effort; if assured that he could reach this, he might be willing to float down and catch that ledge, but if he was assured that he could only escape through his own individual exertions, and were shown that the further he went down the more difficult it would be to rescue himself, he would doubtless make the exertion. Common sense, then, must decide what will be the effect upon the soul, and we are willing to leave it to the decision of common sense in the matter.

Our religion does not teach us to look for humanity to be redeemed in a moment, or in a few brief years. It will do for visionary theorists to talk of a strange mysterious millenium to be inaugurated with wonders and miracles, when the lion and lamb shall lie down together.

The religion of Spiritualism does not lead us to hope for any such sudden change. It teaches us that progress comes through slow, discrete development. Now and then, it is true, there comes a flood-wave which dashes us far ahead of time, but the tide flows on evenly. The history of the past should be sufficient to teach us that we need not expect such sudden growth.

When the Christians demand to know of us why in twenty one years we have produced no more fruit, they seem to forget their own infancy time. Cursing our fig tree, they seem to forget that theirs was almost barren for centuries, and indeed we might even now question the character of their fruit.

We know that these growths must come by gradual development. We can work for it hopefully and confidently, knowing that it will come. Evil after evil will be eradicated; error after error will be removed; vice after vice will be overcome. There is no fear but that the fruits of our glorious religion will be manifested. The Church has been experimenting for eighteen centuries, and if we cannot produce something better that the gnarly, knotty, worm eaten fruits presented by the tree of Christianity, then it will be time to condemn us.

Humanity will ever continue to reach out after something better.

Born of the Infinite, the soul cannot be confined by any limitation. It will overcome all these obstructions, and reach continually out for the higher. It will find a pathway for itself, in which nothing can obstruct it.

Our religion is well adapted to the wants of the human soul. It is adapted to an age in which reason is determined to assert its supremacy. It has no limits in its infinitude. It is only, as it were, giving us glimpses, grand and sublime glimpses, of the great beyond.

As one sees the great mountains of which he has only dreamed, mountains almost hidden in the mists of obscurity, yet giving the promise of glorious exploration,—mountains checkered all over by sunshine and shadow, yet full of promise in the luxuriant foliage which grows around their bases, and in the glory that floods their summits,—so, through these glimpses we are continually approaching these eternal realities. Exists there a soul so fossilized with the ideas of the past as not to recognize the beauty of this religion? Exists there a soul so bound down by the chain of authority that it cannot see the brightness of this holy standard, or so cringingly slavish and cowardly that it dares not look upon it because its leaders forbid it? It must speak or remain silent, shut or open its eyes, walk or stand still, until the flame of its soul-aspirations shall melt away these chains.

In the name of consistency, let not these assert that this standard does not exist. Our standard is not composed of such thin and gauzy material that reason will sweep it away. Superstition has not disfigured it with her unseemly impressions.

Broad as the universe, expansive as the human soul, free as the air of heaven, it floats over all humanity to-day.

At the close of the lecture, the following poem on "The Banner of Our Religion," was improvised:

Beneath its folds the timid soul grows strong,
And dares its glorious Godhood, birthright, claim,
Throws off the fetters which have bound it long,
And bows no longer with its load of shame.
Erect in conscious majesty it stands,
The ignorance mantles from its shoulders cast;
The mystery blinded eye, the fettered hands,
But nightmare shadows of the perished past.

The heavy clouds that gather round the path
O'er which the millions of the earth must tread,
Freighted with hurricanes of vengeful wrath,
Or mournful wailings for the precious dead,
Are scattered like the transient mist of morn
Before the banner-fold's reflected light.
Before its radiant flashes, heaven born,
Disperse the shadows o' the darkest night.

Then silent be the lip that dares deny
The living truth brought by these banner-gleams;
Dumb be the tongue encumbered with the lie,
That the bright flashing is not what it seems.
O'er all the temples of the perished past,
O'er all the living altars of to-day,
Religion ne'er before such glories cast
As those which now around her banners play.

Phenomenal.

[Continued from last week.]

SALEM WITCHCRAFT,

Parris and his "circle."

THE PROCTOR FAMILY.

We have sketched the life of one family out of many, and we will leave the rest for such of our readers as may choose to learn more. Some of the statements in the book before us disclose a whole family history in a few words; as the following in relation to John Proctor and his wife:

"The bitterness of the prosecutors against Proctor was so vehement that they not only arrested, and tried to destroy, his wife and all his family above the age of infancy in Salem, but all her relatives in Lynn, many of whom were thrown into prison. The helpless children were left destitute, and the house swept of its provisions by the sheriff. Proctor's wife gave birth to a child about a fortnight after his execution. This indicates to what alone she owed her life. John Proctor had spoken so boldly against the proceedings, and all who had part in them, that it was thought to be necessary to put him out of the way." (Vol. ii. p. 312)

The Rev. Mr. Noyes, the worthy coadjutor of Mr. Parris, refused to pray with Mr. Proctor before his death, unless he would confess; and the more danger there seemed to be of a revival of pity, humility and reason, the more zealous waxed the wrath of the pious pastors against the Enemy of Souls. When, on the fearful 22nd of September, Mr. Noyes stood looking at the execution, he exclaimed that it was a sad thing to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there! The spectacle was never seen again on Witches hill.

THE JACOBS FAMILY.

The Jacobs family was signalized by the confession of one of its members,—Margaret, one of the "afflicted" girls. She brought her grandfather to the gallows, and suffered as much as a weak, ignorant, impressionable person under evil influences could suffer from doubt and remorse. But she married well seven years afterward—still feeling enough in regard to the past to refuse to be married by Mr. Noyes. She deserved such peace of mind as she obtained, for she retracted the confession of witchcraft which she made, and went to prison. It was too late then to save her victims, Mr. Burroughs and her grandfather, but she obtained their full and free forgiveness. At that time this was the condition of the family:

"No account has come to us of the deportment of George Jacobs, Sen., at his execution. As he was remarkable in life for his firmness of mind, so he probably was in death. He had made his will before the delusion arose. It is dated January 29, 1692, and shows that he, like Proctor, had considerable estate. In his infirm old age he had been condemned to die for a crime of which he knew himself innocent, and which there is some reason to believe he did not think any one capable of committing. He regarded the whole thing as a wicked conspiracy and an absurd fabrication. He had to end his long life upon the scaffold in a week from that day. His house was desolated, and his property sequestered. His only son, charged with the same crime, had eluded the sheriff—leaving his family, in the hurry of his flight, unprovided for—and was an exile in foreign lands. The crazy wife of that son was in prison and in chains, awaiting trial on the same charge; her little children, including an unweaned infant, left in a deserted and destitute condition in the woods. The older children were scattered he knew not where, while one of them had completed the bitterness of his lot by becoming a confessor, upon being arrested with her mother as a witch. This granddaughter, Margaret, overwhelmed with fright and horror, bewildered by the statements of the accusers, and controlled probably by the arguments and arbitrary methods of address employed by her minister, Mr. Noyes,—whose peculiar function in those proceedings seems to have been to drive persons accused to make confession—had been betrayed into that position, and became a confessor and accusers of others." (Vol. ii. p. 312)

GILES AND MARTHA COREY.

The life and death of a prominent citizen, Giles Corey, should not be altogether passed over in a survey of such a community and at such a time. He had land, and was called "Goodman Corey," but he was unpopular from being too rough for even so young a state of society. He was once tried for the death of a man whom he had used roughly, and only fined. He had strifes and lawsuits with his neighbors; but he won three wives, and there was due affection between him and his children. He was eighty years old when the Witch Delusion broke out, and was living alone with his wife Martha,—a devout woman who spent much time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. She spoke freely of the tricks of children, the blindness of the magistrates, and the falling away of many from common sense and the word of God; and while her husband attended every public meeting, stayed at home to pray. In his fanaticism, he quarreled with her, and she was at once marked out for a victim, and one of the earliest. When visited by examiners, she smiled and conversed with composure, declaring that she was no witch, and that "she did not think there was any witches." By such sayings, and by the expressions of vexation that fell from her husband, and the fanaticism of her four sons-in-law, she was soon brought to extremity. But her husband was presently under accusation, and much amazed was he at his position. His wife was one of the eight "firebrands of hell" whom Mr. Noyes saw swung off on the 22nd of September. "Martha Corey," said the record, "protesting her innocence, concluded her life on the scaffold with an eminent prayer." Her husband had been supposed certain to die in the same way, but he had chosen a different one. His anguish at his rash folly at the outset of the delusion, excited the strongest desire to bear testimony on behalf of his wife and other innocent persons, and to give an emphatic blessing to the two sons-in-law who had been brave and faithful in his wife's cause. He executed a deed by which he presented his excellent children with his property in honor of their mother's memory; and aware that if tried he would be condemned, and executed, and his property forfeited, he resolved not to plead, and to submit to the consequences of standing mute. Old as he was, he endured it. He stood mute, and the court had, as the authorities believed, no alternative. He was pressed to death, as devoted husbands and fathers were here and there, in the Middle Ages, when they chose to save their families from the consequences of attainders by dying untried. We will not sicken our readers with the details of the slow, cruel and disgusting death. He bore it, only praying for heavier weights to shorten his agony. Such a death and such a testimony, and the execution of his wife two days later, weighed on every heart in the community, and no revival of old charges against the rough colonist had any effect in the presence of such an act as his last. He was long believed to haunt the places where he lived and died, and the attempt made by the ministers and one of their "afflicted" agents to impress the church and society with a vision which announced his damnation, was a failure. Cotton Mather showed that Ann Putnam had received a divine communication, proving Giles Corey a murderer, and Ann Putnam's father laid the facts before the Judge. But it was too late now for visions, and for insinuations to the Judges, and for clerical agitation to have any success. Brother Noyes hurried on a church meeting while Giles Corey was actually lying under the weights, to excommunicate him for witchcraft on the one hand, or suicide on the other, and the ordinance was passed, but was of no avail against the rising tide of reason and sympathy. This was the last vision, and the last attempt to establish one in Salem, if not in the Province. It remained for Mr. Noyes, and the Mathers, and Mr. Parris and every clergyman concerned, to endure the popular hatred and their own self questioning for the rest of their days. The lay authorities were stricken with remorse and humbled with grief, but their share of the retribution was more endurable than that of the pastors who had proved so wolfish toward their flock.

DECLINE OF THE DELUSION

In the month of September, 1692, they believed themselves in the thick of "the fight between the Devil and the Lamb." Cotton Mather was nimble and triumphant on the Witches' Hill whenever there were "firebrands of hell" swinging there; and they hoped to do much good work for the Lord yet, for they had lists of suspected persons in their pockets, who must be brought into the courts month by month, and carted off to the hill. One of the gayest and most complacent letters on the subject of this "fight" in the correspondence of Cotton Mather, is dated on the 20th of September, 1692, within a month of the day when he was improving the occasion at the foot of the gallows where the former pastor, Rev. George Burroughs, and four others were hung. In the interval, fifteen more received sentence of death; Giles Corey had received his fearful death the day before; and in two days after, Cory's widow and seven more were hanged. Mather, Noyes, and Parris had no idea that these eight would be the last. But so it was. Thus far one only had escaped after being made sure of in the courts. The married daughter of a clergyman had been condemned, was reprieved by the Governor, and was at last discharged on the ground of the insufficiency of the evidence. Henceforth, after that fearful September day, no evidence was found sufficient. The accusers had grown too audacious in their selection of victims; their clerical patrons had become too openly determined to give no quarter. The Rev. Francis Dane signed memorials to the Legislature and the Courts on the 18th of October, against the prosecutions. He had reason to know something about them, for we hear of nine at least of his children, grandchildren, relatives, and servants who had been brought under accusation. He pointed out the snare by which the public mind, as well as the accused themselves, had been misled—the escape afforded to such as would confess. When one spoke out, others followed. When a reasonable explanation was afforded, ordinary people were only too thankful to seize upon it. Though the prisons were filled, and the courts occupied over and over again, there were no more horrors; the accused were all acquitted; and in the following May, Sir William Phipps discharged all the prisoners by proclamation. "Such a jail-delivery has never been known in New England," is the testimony handed down. The Governor was aware that the clergy, magistrates, and judges, hitherto active, were full of wrath at his course; but public opinion now demanded a reversal of the administration of the last fearful year.

THE PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL CAUSES OF THE TROUBLE.

As to the striking feature of the case—the confessions of so large a proportion of the accused—Mr. Upham manifests the perplexity which we encounter in almost all narrators of similar scenes. In all countries and times in which trials for witchcraft have taken place, we find the historian dealing anxiously with the question—how it could happen that so many persons declared themselves guilty of an impossible offence, when the confession must seal their doom? The solution most commonly offered is one that may apply to a case here and there, but certainly cannot be accepted as disposing of any large number. It is assumed that the victim preferred being killed to living on under suspicion, insult, and ill-will, under the imputation of having dealt with the Devil. Probably as this may be in the case of a stout hearted, reasoning, forecasting persons possessed with nerve to carry out a policy of suicide, it can never be believed of a considerable proportion of the ordinary run of old men and women charged with sorcery. The love of life, and the horror of a cruel death at the hands of the mob or of the hangman, are too strong to admit of a deliberate sacrifice so bold, on the part of terrified old people like the vast majority of the accused; while the few of a higher order, clearer minds, and stronger nerves would not be likely to effect their escape from an unhappy life by a lie of the utmost conceivable gravity. If, in the Salem case, life was saved by confession toward the last, it was for a special reason, and it seems to be a single instance of such an escape. Some other explanation is needed, and the observations of modern inquiry supply it. There can be no doubt now that the sufferers under nervous disturbances, the subjects of abnormal conditions, found themselves in possession of strange faculties, and thought themselves able to do new and wonderful things. When urged upon to explain how it was, they could only suppose, as so many of the Salem victims did, that it was by "some evil spirit," and except where there was such an intervening agency as Mr. Parris' "circle," the only supposition was that the intercourse between the evil spirit and themselves was direct. It is impossible even now to witness the curious phenomena of somnambulism and catalepsy without a keen sense of how natural and even inevitable it was for similar subjects of the middle ages, and in Puritan times, to believe themselves ensnared by Satan, and actually endowed with his gifts, and to confess their calamity was the only relief to their scared and miserable minds. This explanation seems not to have occurred to the mind of Mr. Upham; and, for want of it, he falls into great amazement at the elaborate artifice with which the victims invented their confessions and adapted them to the state of mind of the authorities and the public. With the right key in his hand, he would have seen what was simple and natural, where he now bids us marvel at the pitch of artfulness and skill attained by poor wretches scared out of their natural wits.

The spectacle of the ruin that was left is very melancholy. Orphan children were dispersed; homes were shut up, and properties lost; and what the temper was in which these transactions left the churches and the village, and the society of the towns, the pastors and the flocks, the Lord's table, the social gathering, the justice hall, the market, and every place where men were wont to meet, we can conceive. It was evidently long before anything like a reasonable and genial temper returned to society in and about Salem. The acknowledgements of error made long after, were half hearted, and so were the expressions of grief and pity in regard to the intolerable woes of the victims. It is scarcely intelligible how the admissions on behalf of the wronged should have been so reluctant, and the sympathy with the devoted love of their nearest and dearest so cold. We must cite what Mr. Upham says in honor of these last, for such solace is needed:

"While, in the course of our story, we have witnessed some shocking instances of the violation of the most sacred affections and obligations of life, in husbands and wives, parents and children, testifying against each other, and exerting themselves for mutual destruction, we most not overlook the many instances in which filial, parental, and fraternal fidelity and love have shone conspicuously. It was dangerous to befriend an accused person. Proctor stood by his wife to protect her, and it cost him his life. Children protested against the treatment of their parents, and were all thrown into prison. Daniel Andrew, a citizen of high standing, who had been deputy to the General Court, asserted, in the boldest language, his belief of Rebecca Nurse's innocence; and he had to fly the country to save his life. Many devoted sons and daughters clung to their parents, visited them in prison in defiance of a blood thirsty mob; kept by their side on the way to execution; expressed their love, sympathy, and reverence to the last, and by brave and perilous enterprise, got possession of their remains, and bore them back under cover of midnight to their own thresholds, and to graves kept consecrated by their prayers and tears. One young man is said to have effected his mother's escape from the jail, and secreted her in the woods until after the delusion had passed away, provided food and clothing for her, erected a wigwam for shelter, and surrounded her with every comfort her situation would admit of. The poor creature must, however, have endured a great amount of suffering; for one of her larger limbs was fractured in the all but desperate attempt to rescue her from the prison walls." (Vol. ii. p. 348)

The act of reversal of attainder, passed early in the next century, tells us that "some of the principal accusers and witnesses in those dark and severe persecutions have since discovered themselves to be persons of profligate and vicious conversation;" and on no other authority we are assured that, "not without spct before, they became afterward abandoned to open vice." This was doubtless true of some; but of many it was not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESURRECTION.

There is a rainbow in the cloud
That overhangs the grave; the shrowd
Is tinged with its meek glory hues,
And for the dead there is good news.

The man is weary, and weak and old,
His heart is drowsy and numb with pain;
He falls asleep! he is still and cold!
He never will wake or rise again.

So sinks the sun, so falls the leaf!
So the flowers unfold and fade!
So the beautiful—frail and brief—
In the dreary, wintery grave are laid.

But do not weep, though the sun may sleep,
And dark and cloudy may be the night,
For the day will break, and the sun shall wake,
And scatter the clouds with his morning light.

And to the leaf, and to the flowers,
Winter is dreary and dark and cold;
But spring will come with her suns and showers,
And leaves and blossoms again unfold.

Then do not weep! Neither dark nor deep
The grave shall be to believing eyes;
The Lord hath risen, hath broken the prison,
And all who sleep in the grave shall rise.

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Rock Island Express	10,30 a. m.	*3:10 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	*9:15 p. m.	‡7:00 a. m.
Rock Island Night Passenger	‡9:15 p. m.	‡7:00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*3,30 p. m.	*11:20 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9:00 a. m.	[illegible]
Freeport and Dunleith Pass	*9.15 p. m.	[illegible]
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	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*7:30 a. m.	*7.50 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

F. E. MORSE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street

Ticket Office Lake st., cor. Dearborn—Passenger trains of this company leave and arrive at Chicago as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train	*6:00 a. m.	*8:05 p. m.
Fast New York Express	*11.30 a. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡5:15 p. m.	†*7:00 a. m.
Night Express	‡*9:00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	*4:30 p. m.	*12,00 m

Cincinnati and Louisville Trains

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:00 a. m.	*9.20 p. m.
Through Express	‡4:30 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.

for St. Joseph via New Buffalo.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*11 30 a. m.
Accommodation	*4 30 p. m.	*8.05 p. m.

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H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

Ticket Office 63 Clark St., opposite Sherman House. Union Depot, foot of Lake St.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*7:00 a. m.	*3:00 p. m.
Mail and Express	†7:40 a. m.	3:45 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10.45 a. m.	*4 15 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*1.30 p. m.	*5.30 p. m.
Mendota Passenger	*4.15 p. m.	*10 10 a. m.
Evening Express	*5:30 p. m.	*7:30 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:15 a. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6.15 p. m.	*6 50 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	†6:40 a. m.

ROBERT HARRIS, Superintendent.

SAMUEL POWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Ct. Cent. Depot

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*9:30 a. m.	*7.45 p. m.
Cairo Express	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:45 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:45 p. m.	*8:10 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:00 a. m.	*9:15 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:50 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*4:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.

(St. Louis through Trains.)

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9:30 a. m.	*7:45 p. m.
Fast Line	†8:30 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

M. HUGHITT, Gen'l Supt.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—Depot; Corner of Madison and Canal Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	6:40 a. m.	6:10 p. m.
Day Express	*11:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m.
Pacific Express	5.15 p. m.	8 00 p. m.
New York Express	9.00 p. m.	9.00 a. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	3:30 p. m.	7:20 a. m.

W. C. CLELAND, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 65 Clark st.

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express Mail	†10:00 a. m.	†3:10 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation	†4:00 p. m.	†2:45 a. m.
Night Express	†7:05 p. m.	†12:45 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11.00 p. m.	†7:10 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train Chicago time,	3:45 p. m.	9:15 a. m.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. cor Van Buren and Sherman Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific day Express	10:00 a. m.	‡1.45 p. m.
[illegible] Accommodation	*5:00 p. m.	*9:30 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡10,00 p. m.	*6 00 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*6:45 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
Columbus Express	*6:45 a. m.	*2:20 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	*9:25 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	
Lansing Accommodation	3.45 p. m.	9.15 a. m.

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Phenomenal.

Written for the Religio Philosophical Journal.

New Jersey.

Interesting Facts at Whitehill—Startling Demonstrations.

By Wm C. Waters

Truthfully, no doubt, it has been said, "Gods mills grind slow," still they grind some, even here in New Jersey. Recently there has been a little stir touching spiritual things at Whitehill, which is one of the suburban outposts of Bordentown, lying about one mile below the town. "Old Ironsides," or in other words, the brave Commodore Stuart, lived and died there during the past year. Of late there have been some interesting spirit manifestations there, coming through the mediumship of two or three boys. The governing spirit in the manifestations, seems to be one Dr. Cook, a very popular and talented physician, who died in this place a few years since.

More or less of the manifestations are given through the Planchette. One of the doctor's lady patients being present at a seance, desired the doctor, as a test, to give her, through the Planchette, a fac simile of a prescription he wrote for her on a certain occasion during his life time. It was promptly written out, and when she went home, she found it correct on comparing the two.

On another occasion, a young man desired to know if a friend of his residing in a town some miles away, was well, and what he was doing at that hour. He was informed that his friend was not well, but in the place of telling what he was then doing, drew the figure of a wagon wheel. The next day the friend came, and the young man inquired of him what he was doing the previous day at a certain hour. Upon deliberate calculation, he declared that he was standing by a wagon wheel, having intended to work upon it, but did not feel well enough to go to work

One evening the party were desired by the doctor to put out the lights and sit around the table. The Planchette was lighted up by a star of light resting on it, and each of the party was slapped on the back. Each one then charged his neighbor with striking him or her upon the back, all of which was stoutly denied. But to shut off all chance for fraud, they joined hands, and then finding themselves all the more soundly struck, they suddenly broke up in a fright.

Not long since, a young lady was drowned while bathing in the Delaware River, opposite Bordentown. The body was not recovered for a day or two. Meantime, the spirits came to this circle and with the Planchette gave a drawing of the wharf at Whitehill, and pointed out the spot where the body lay, it having drifted down about a mile from the spot where the lady went in to bathe. When the body was found, it was at the point indicated by the drawing.

A married lady having attended one of the seances, the next day she was telling some neighbors that she was obliged to believe in the truth of the manifestations. A gentleman present informed her that none but fools believed in any thing of the sort. The lady courteously thanked him for the information, and said that she had sometimes thought herself to be a fool, but had never met with any one before, so very sincere as to tell her of it, and she doubted not the gentleman himself belonged to an entirely opposite class.

Does not this answer prove that greater is a woman that ruleth her own spirit than one that breaks up in a storm? Very likely this man was one of those popular churchmen whose belief is abundant on statements that run so far back into the dust and darkness of the past that no proof can be had; but never thinks of doubting the sanity of one who believes that quails enough came up from the sea to cover an area of some sixty miles, several feet deep; or that two thousand pigs ran capering down to the sea, freighted with invisible devils.

Of course, little fancy stories of this kind are all right. But to believe that Dr. Cook could come back and give tests of his presence, give counsel to the sick, and words of comfort to his earthly friends, must be downright lunacy—stark madness! To be sure, the sacred record does say that Moses and Elias came back and talked, but the wary, tender footed churchman says, "I guess that was nothing only a vision, and if God did allow such things in the past, he don't permit it now." Oh, shades of the departed, does God really make blunders, back down and conclude to do nothing more about it? Has he broken down the law, torn up the track, or drawn up the ladder upon which Jacob saw angels descending and ascending? Do these dear Christians really want the truth, or do they only want to grovel and rot and fossilize around the supposed infallibility of a book, of which it has been aptly said, "points more ways on nearly every subject, than the many hands of a Hindoo deity at the crossing of roads."

Bordentown has some legendary stories of ghostly visitors in years gone by, though they may not be authenticated in the manner of the present manifestations. Just over the road from where I am now writing, stands a house built many years ago by Joseph Bonaparte, Ex King of Spain. It stands in a vale of enchanting beauty, surrounded with tall weeping willows. By an aged body servant of Bonaparte I have been told that the Ex-King set these willows down himself when they were little sticks. Joseph Bonaparte resided here for many years, and was greatly beloved as a noble hearted, generous, sympathizing man, in whom the poor always found a friend. He has gone to the Summer Land of souls, while the willows planted by his hands keep on waving in the wind and smiling in the sunshine. If I remember correctly, I have been told that the house referred to, was built for Prince Murat, and that he resided in it for some time, and I am inclined to think that Pierre Bonaparte, lately distinguished as the murderer of a French Republican, once lived in the same house. The building has stood vacant much of the time for some twenty years, and I have heard it said that tenants complain that "spirits, white, red and grey, hold nightly revels there."

Not far distant from me stands a building which, I am told, was once the residence of that robust infidel, Thomas Paine. I have been told that some persons in years gone by, think they have seen Thomas wandering in the lonely garrets of his former dwelling place. Had the air been really fragrant with sulphur at the same time, it might have been proof to an unmitigated sectarian, that it must have been Thomas, for after writing the "Age of Reason," it would be expected to take him a long time to shake off the odors of his tropical home

Bordentown, N. J., Aug. 1870.

A Singular Story.

Attempted Assassination, and the Cause.

On the second of May last a terrible tragedy occurred in a house of ill-fame in Louisville, Ky., kept by a woman named Annie Rabourne, in which a young man named Daniel Powers was shot and killed by John H. Morton, son of a prominent banker. Both men were enamored of a frail inmate of the establishment, hence the quarrel. After the shooting, young Morton was arrested, and held in $10 000 bail for trial. He claimed that the shooting was done in self defense, and the testimony of Annie Rabourne sustained that plea, and she is one of the most important witnesses for the defense.

On Friday morning last, Alfred Powers called at the house of Miss Rabourne, was admitted, and immediately proceeded to the landlady's room. She was standing near the bureau, and a negro girl was tying a ribbon around her neck. Powers said:

"Miss Annie, I want to see you."

She said: "Well, here I am."

He said: "I would rather see you alone."

She turned toward him, when he drew his pistol and fired. Miss Rabourne exclaimed: "My God, what have I done?" and fell into the arms of the negro girl, and then to the door. Powers walked out of the room, and on the stairway met one of the girls. He pointed a pistol at her, and said:

"If you say a word I will kill you."

He then walked out of the house and went to the corner of Green and Preston, where he surrendered himself to Officer John Corcoran, saying that he had shot Annie Rabourne because she held his brother while he was killed, and gave the officer the pistol, saying:

"That is what I did it with."

He was committed for trial.

On Sunday the murderer was interviewed by a reporter of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, when the following conversation occurred:

Reporter.—Al., how is it that you put this off so long?

Prisoner.—Well, I'll tell you Shortly after Dan's death, I was quietly lying in bed one night, trying to go to sleep, and all at once he came to my bedside and said:

"Al., I want you to go and kill that woman for me; it is impossible for me to do it."

I told him that I would do it, and after talking awhile, he left me and I went to sleep. Next day I thought the matter over and concluded that it was all a dream, and that I would not act on the suggestion of a dream. Three or four nights after that, and every time I went to bed, I thought about what he told me. I never saw him again until about six nights after his first visit, when he came again and asked me why I had not done as he requested me. I replied that I could not realize that he had been to see me, and thought that it was all a dream. He then told me that if I loved him as a brother, he wanted me to go and kill that woman, and he insisted that I should do it. I then told him again that I would do it. He then went away again. The next day I went and tried to get a pistol from a friend, but did not succeed. I was glad that I did not get one, as I did not want to kill her. I went home that night and tried to sleep, but it was impossible, and in an hour or so after I retired, he came to my bedside and said:

"Al., if you don't go and kill that woman, I will kill you."

I told him that I could get no pistol, and that I had tried but had failed. He told me to go and soak my coat and take the money to buy a pistol, and go immediately and kill the woman. I told him that I would do so, and this is why I did so. I took my coat and got $3, 75 for it, and bought the pistol, as my dead brother told me, and tried to kill her. Since my arrest Dan has not been to see me.

An Old Woman Returns.

Mrs. William Healy, writing from Wheeling, Va. gives the following rumors:

Since I commenced this letter, I have been informed that an old lady who left the form last fall, has returned and made quite a stir in the neighborhood. It seems she left forty dollars with a son to give the priest to say mass for the good of her soul; but the son keeping the money and not giving it to the priest, is the cause of the difficulty. This is the flying report. I cannot vouch for its correctness. She has been seen in day light, and gives those in the house some trouble.

California.

Extract from a Letter by Maria Culp

The medium I refer to, is Mary Beach, who crossed the plains some five or six years since, when there was so much trouble with the Indians. She was frequently controlled by the spirit of an Indian, and talked with them, so of course, their company had no trouble with them. She is a good medium now, and is becoming more developed daily. Her spirit guides say that they are going to make her one of the best speakers and test mediums. I do not think that she could be excelled now, if she only had a little better health, which I hope and trust that she will have soon. We had a circle last evening. The manifestations were beautiful, consisting of prayer, singing, poetry, speaking and personating. I have not time to describe any of them now, but, oh! it is beautiful to have our dear friends come and show that they care for us still. I often long to be with them, but strive to be patient, and willing to remain until my work is done here.

San Jose, Cal.

A Reverend Speculator.

Letter from C. W. Hudson

The Reverend Mr. Green, Baptist preacher, of Greensburgh, Indiana, who came to this city three or four months ago, and engaged his services for one year to the church, at one thousand dollars, procured five hundred dollars of the money, preached to suit the congregation, lectured to the children and young people, and was apparently a very pious man.

After making a plea for his son's indebtedness, he borrowed nineteen hundred dollars from the bank, giving church members for security. He also bought a watch and chain for two hundred dollars, paying only ten dollars down. After a few days, the jeweler became a little suspicious, and recovered his property again. This caused some uneasiness among his endorsers, and they desired him to give them something to secure them from loss. He said he had some notes that would cover the endorsements, which he placed in the bank, and this act secured him from further suspicion. He then shipped two boxes and a package to Richmond, Virginia.

On the 29th of July, himself, wife and little girl six or eight years old, took a walk of five miles to the nearest rail road station, and left on the first train, and have not been heard from since. The notes which he left in the bank are said to be forged. The above facts were related to me by one of his endorsers.

Greensburgh, Aug 8th, 1870.

Letter from J. M. Moulthrop.

Brother Jones:—Inclosed, find three dollars and a half for the present year's subscription to your excellent paper. Do please pardon me for neglecting to remit the same sooner. However, the energetic little paper has come faithfully on its weekly mission, so full of everything that is soul-inspiring, that we could not do without it. Already it has worked its way to hundreds of homes in the great west as well as east. May its circulation continue to increase, and may its enterprising publisher be rewarded for his indefatigable labors in its continued prosperity.

We have been blessed with those soul-inspiring lectures from Mrs. Emma Hardinge, to crowded and appreciative audiences. Such discourses must have a salutary effect upon hundreds who have scarcely thought for themselves before, as well as upon those who have long been seeking the true way, and have scarcely known how to find it.

Circles are held every Sunday evening at Bartlett's Hall. Aside from what I have written, there is but little that will be of interest to communicate from this place, as there is no society organized at present.

Rockford, Ill.